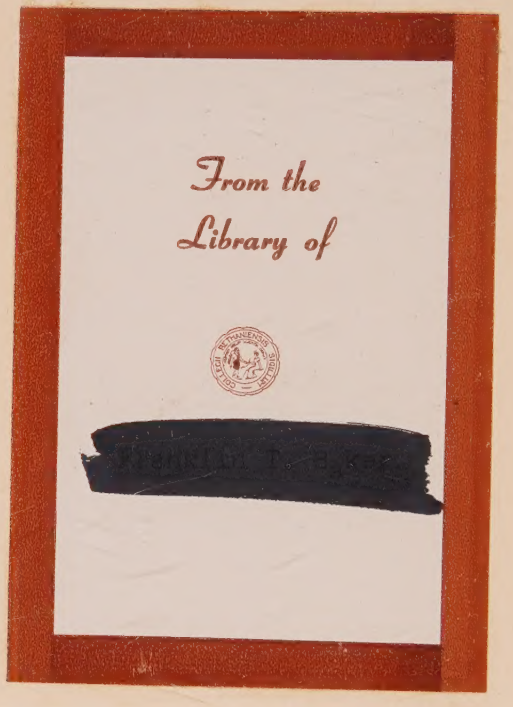
FOR REFERENCE

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

DISCARDED



BETHANY
COLLEGE
LIBRARY
DISCARDED
DISCARDED

VOLUME 10

FIELDING–GESTA

UNIVERSITY EDITION

THE WARNER LIBRARY

IN THIRTY VOLUMES

VOLS. 1–26

THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

VOL. 27

THE BOOK OF SONGS AND LYRICS

VOL. 28

THE READER'S DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS

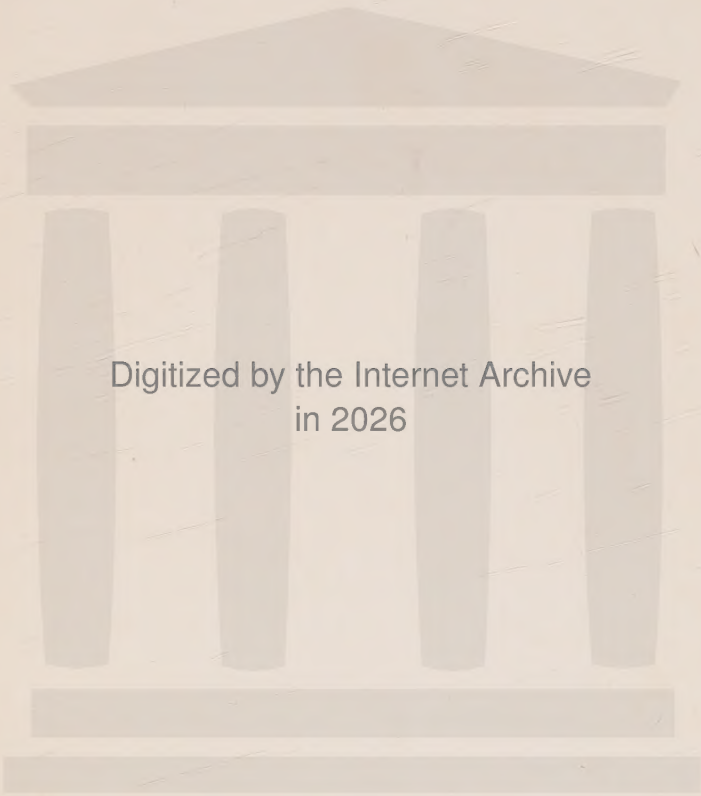
VOL. 29

THE READER'S DIGEST OF BOOKS

VOL. 30

THE STUDENT'S COURSE IN LITERATURE

GENERAL INDEX


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/thwworldsbestlit0010john

Incip̄ vespe bte marie.

Deus in adiutorium meum intende. Domine ad adiuuandum me festina. Gloria patri & filio & spiritu sancto. Sicut erat in principio & nunc & semper & in secula seculorum. Amen. Alleluya. Allia.

Antr. Post partum. Psalmus

Letatus sum in his que dicta sunt michi: in domum domini ibimus. Stantes erant pedes nostri: in atriis tuis ierusalem. Ierusalem que edificatur ut ciuitas: ciuius participatio eius ñdipm. Illuc enim ascenderunt tribus tribus domini testimoniū israel: ad confitendum nomini domini. Quia illic sederunt sedes in iudicio: sedes

JULIUS BIEN, LITH., N.Y.

UNIVERSITY EDITION
THE WARNER LIBRARY
IN THIRTY VOLUMES
VOLUME 10

THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

QUEEN MARY'S PRAYER BOOK

The manuscript from which the page shown is taken is one of the treasures of the British Museum. The style of ornament is of very common occurrence and was fully developed during the latter part of the reign of Henry VI., when a great taste for ornamented books of devotion existed among all classes. In most of the books of this kind the initial letter forms a frame for a miniature, in this case the flight into Egypt being shown. This specimen shows also one of the earliest examples of the introduction of grotesque animals into the ornamental border, without consideration of their appropriateness or connection with the text or the other decoration. The manuscript is considered a very good specimen of the style of ornament employed in the early part of the fifteenth century.

NEW YORK
PRINTED AT THE KNICKERBOCKER
PRESS FOR THE WARNER LIBRARY COMPANY
TORONTO: GLASGOW, BROOK & COMPANY
1917

QUEEN MARY'S PRAYER BOOK

The manuscript from which the page shown is taken is one of the treasures of the British Museum. The style of ornament is of very common occurrence and was fully developed during the latter part of the reign of Henry VI., when a great taste for ornamented books of devotion existed among all classes. In most of the books of this kind the initial letter forms a frame for a miniature, in this case the flight into Egypt being shown. This specimen shows also one of the earliest examples of the introduction of grotesque animals into the ornamental border, without consideration of their appropriateness or connection with the text of the other decoration. The manuscript is considered a very good specimen of the style of ornament employed in the early part of the fifteenth century.

UNIVERSITY EDITION

THE WARNER LIBRARY

IN THIRTY VOLUMES

VOLUME 10

THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

EDITORS

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE

ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE

PROFESSORS OF ENGLISH IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

FOUNDED BY

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

NEW YORK

PRINTED AT THE KNICKERBOCKER PRESS FOR THE WARNER LIBRARY COMPANY

TORONTO: GLASGOW, BROOK & COMPANY

1917

Copyright, 1896, by R. S. Peale and J. A. Hill
Copyright, 1902, by J. A. Hill
Copyright, 1913, by Warner Library Company
Copyright, 1917, by United States Publishers Association, Inc.
All Rights Reserved

ADVISORY COUNCIL

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN
President of the University of Virginia

RICHARD BURTON
Professor of English in the University of Minnesota

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN
American Ambassador to Denmark; Formerly Professor of Literature in the Catholic University of America

BRANDER MATTHEWS
Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
Professor of English in Yale University

PAUL SHOREY
Professor of Greek in the University of Chicago

WILLIAM M. SLOANE
Seth Low Professor of History in Columbia University

CRAWFORD H. TOY
Professor Emeritus of Hebrew in Harvard University

WILLIAM P. TRENT
Professor of English Literature in Columbia University

BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER
President of the University of California

GEORGE M. WRONG
Professor of History in the University of Toronto

4113

CONTENTS

HENRY FIELDING, 1707–1754

PAGE

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Leslie Stephen 5693
Parson Adams's Short Memory 5704
A Discourse from Parson Adams 5708
Tom Jones Appears in the Story with Bad Omens 5713
The Characters of Mr. Square the Philosopher and of Mr. Thwackum the Divine 5718
Partridge at the Playhouse 5720
The Farewell 5725
A Scene of the Tender Kind 5726

VINCENZO DA FILICAIA, 1642–1707

CRITICAL ESSAY 5732
Time 5733
Of Providence 5733
To Italy 5734

FIRDAUSĪ, 935–1020

CRITICAL ESSAY, by A. V. Williams Jackson 5735
The Beautiful Rudabah Discloses her Love to Zāl 5739
The Death of Dara 5745
The Warrior Sām Describes his Victory over a Dragon . . . 5749
Firdausī's Satire on Māhmūd 5750
Prince Sohrab Learns of his Birth, and Resolves to Find Rustem . . 5752

AGNOLO FIRENZUOLA, 1493–1545

CRITICAL ESSAY 5755
In the Garden 5757
Of the Forehead and Temples 5760
Of the Hand 5764

KUNO FISCHER, 1824–1907

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Richard Jones 5766
The Motive to Philosophy 5769
From 'Goethe's Faust'
The Methods of Exposition 5771
The Age when the Poem was Written 5771

PAGE

The Philosophical Method of Interpretation 5773
The Extreme Positions Taken by Both Schools 5774
The Religious Idea of the Poem 5775

JOHN FISKE, 1842–1901

CRITICAL ESSAY 5777
Ferdinand Magellan 5781

EDWARD FITZGERALD, 1809–1883

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Nathan Haskell Dole 5797
Chivalry. 5800
Apologues Translated from the 'Bird Parliament' of Farīd-uddīn Attar 5806
Chronomoros 5811

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, 1821–1880

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Paul Bourget 5815
The Sacred Parrot 5825
Salammbô Prepares for her Journey 5834
The Sacrifice to Moloch 5838

PAUL FLEMING, 1609–1640

CRITICAL ESSAY 5844
To Myself 5845
On a Long and Perilous Journey 5846
To My Ring 5848

JEAN PIERRE CLARIS DE FLORIAN, 1755–1794

CRITICAL ESSAY 5849
The Connoisseur 5850
The Courtiers 5851
The Dying Rose-Tree 5851
Serenade 5851
Song 5852

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO, 1842–1911

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Arthur Livingston . . . . . 5852 a
From 'The Patriot' . . . . . 5852 g

FOLK-SONG

CRITICAL ESSAY, by F. B. Gummere 5853

SAMUEL FOOTE, 1720–1777

PAGE

CRITICAL ESSAY 5878
How to be a Lawyer 5879
A Misfortune in Orthography 5882
From the 'Memoirs' 5883

JOHN FORD, 1586– ?

CRITICAL ESSAY 5889
From 'Perkin Warbeck' 5890
Penthea's Dying Song 5892
From 'The Lover's Melancholy': Amethus and Menaphon . . 5893

FRIEDRICH, BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ, 1777–1843

CRITICAL ESSAY 5895
The Marriage of Undine 5897
The Last Appearance of Undine 5904
Song from 'Minstrel Love' 5908

ANATOLE FRANCE, 1844–

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Curtis Hidden Page 5909
In the Gardens 5911
Child-Life 5916
From the 'Garden of Epicurus' . . . . . 5918 a
Women and Christianity . . . . . 5918 b
Our Lady's Juggler . . . . . 5918 j
Riquet . . . . . 5918 o
The First Clothes . . . . . 5918 r
The Breadline . . . . . 5918 v
The Dumb Wife Cured . . . . . 5919 e

ST. FRANCIS D'ASSISI, 1182–1226

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Maurice Francis Egan . . . . . 5919 l
Order 5923
The Canticle of the Sun 5923

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1706–1790

CRITICAL ESSAY, by John Bigelow 5925
Of Franklin's Family and Early Life 5937
Franklin's Journey to Philadelphia: His Arrival There . . . 5941
Franklin as a Printer 5943
Rules of Health 5945
The Way to Wealth. 5946
Speech in the Federal Convention, in Favor of Opening its Sessions with Prayer 5950

PAGE

On War 5951
Revenge: Letter to Madame Helvétius 5952
The Ephemera: an Emblem of Human Life 5953
A Prophecy 5955
Early Marriages 5956
The Art of Virtue 5957

LOUIS HONORÉ FRÉCHETTE, 1839–1908

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Maurice Francis Egan 5964
Our History 5967
Caughnawaga 5969
Louisiana 5969
The Dream of Life 5970

HAROLD FREDERIC, 1856–1898

CRITICAL ESSAY 5971
The Last Rite 5972

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN, 1823–1892

CRITICAL ESSAY, by John Bach McMaster 5977
The Altered Aspects of Rome 5982
The Continuity of English History 5987
Race and Language 5992
The Norman Council and the Assembly of Lillebonne 5995

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH, 1810–1876

CRITICAL ESSAY 6002
The Emigrants 6004
The Lion's Ride 6006
Rest in the Beloved 6008
Oh, Love so Long as Love Thou Canst 6009

GUSTAV FRENSSEN, 1863–

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Esther E. Lape . . . . . 6010 a
From 'Klaus Hinrich Baas' . . . . . 6010 c

GUSTAV FREYTAG, 1816–1895

CRITICAL ESSAY 6011
The German Professor 6015

FRIEDRICH FROEBEL, 1782–1852

PAGE

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Nora Archibald Smith 6022
The Right of the Child 6027
Evolution 6029
The Laws of the Mind 6031
For the Children 6031
Motives 6032
Aphorisms 6033

FROISSART, 1337–? 1410

CRITICAL ESSAY, by George McLean Harper 6035
The Invasion of France by King Edward III., and the Battle of Crécy 6041
How the King of England Rode through Normandy 6041
Of the Great Assembly that the French King Made to Resist the King of England 6042
Of the Battle of Caen, and How the Englishmen Took the Town . . 6044
How the French King Followed the King of England in Beauvoisinois . 6047
Of the Battle of Blanche-Taque 6049
Of the Order of the Englishmen at Cressy 6051
The Order of the Frenchmen at Cressy, and How they Beheld the Demeanor of the Englishmen 6052
Of the Battle of Cressy, August 26, 1346 6054

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, 1818–1894

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Charles Frederick Johnson 6059
The Growth of England's Navy 6064
The Death of Colonel Goring 6067
Scientific Method Applied to History. 6071
The Death of Thomas Becket 6076
Character of Henry VIII. 6083
On a Siding at a Railway Station 6086

HENRY B. FULLER, 1859–

CRITICAL ESSAY 6101
At the Head of the March 6102

SARAH MARGARET FULLER (MARCHIONESS OSSOLI), 1810–1850

CRITICAL ESSAY 6119
George Sand 6123
Americans Abroad in Europe 6124
A Character Sketch of Carlyle 6127

THOMAS FULLER, 1608–1661

PAGE

CRITICAL ESSAY 6129
The King's Children 6131
A Learned Lady 6131
Henry de Essex, Standard-Bearer to Henry II. 6132
The Good Schoolmaster 6133
On Books 6134
London 6135
Miscellaneous Sayings 6136

ÉMILE GABORIAU, 1835–1873

CRITICAL ESSAY 6137
The Impostor and the Banker's Wife: The Robbery 6138
M. Lecoq's System 6146

BENITO PEREZ GALDÓS, 1845–

CRITICAL ESSAY, by William Henry Bishop 6153
The First Night of a Famous Play 6163
Doña Perfecta's Daughter 6166
Above Stairs in a Royal Palace 6170

JOHN GALSWORTHY, 1867–

CRITICAL ESSAY, by H. W. Boynton . . . . . 6173 a
Bianca's "Day" . . . . . 6173 e
The Vagabonds . . . . . 6173 l
A Letter to the American People . . . . . 6173 q

FRANCIS GALTON, 1822–1911

CRITICAL ESSAY 6174
The Comparative Worth of Different Races 6176

ARNE GARBORG, 1851–

CRITICAL ESSAY 6185
The Conflict of the Creeds 6187

HAMLIN GARLAND, 1860–

CRITICAL ESSAY 6195
A Summer Mood 6196
A Storm on Lake Michigan 6197

ELIZABETH STEVENSON GASKELL, 1810–1865

CRITICAL ESSAY 6205
Our Society 6206
Visiting 6214

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, 1811–1872

PAGE

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Robert Sanderson 6221
The Entry of Pharaoh into Thebes 6225
From 'The Marsh' 6233
From 'The Dragon-Fly' 6233
The Doves 6233
The Pot of Flowers 6234
Prayer 6234
The Poet and the Crowd 6235
The First Smile of Spring 6235
The Veterans 6236

JOHN GAY, 1685–1732

CRITICAL ESSAY 6237
The Hare and Many Friends 6241
The Sick Man and the Angel 6242
The Juggler 6244
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan 6245
From 'What D'ye Call It?' 6247

EMANUEL VON GEIBEL, 1815–1884

CRITICAL ESSAY 6248
See'st Thou the Sea? 6249
As it will Happen 6250
Gondoliera 6251
The Woodland 6251
Onward 6252
At Last the Daylight Fadeth 6252

AULUS GELLIUS, SECOND CENTURY, A. D.

CRITICAL ESSAY 6253
From 'Attic Nights' 6254

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, 1863–

CRITICAL ESSAY, by Parker Thomas Moon 6259
An Appeal to the Nation . . . . . 6259 c
To American Comrades in Arms . . . . . 6259 n
Before the War . . . . . 6259 t

HENRY GEORGE, 1839–1897

CRITICAL ESSAY, by R. M. Haig . . . . . 6260 a
The Problem . . . . . 6260 e
The Remedy . . . . . 6260 m

GESTA ROMANORUM

PAGE

CRITICAL ESSAY 6261
Theodosius the Emperoure 6263
Moralite 6265
Ancelmus the Emperour 6265
Moralite 6269
How an Anchoress was Tempted by the Devil 6269

ILLUSTRATIONS

QUEEN MARY'S PRAYER BOOK
Illuminated manuscript . . . . . *Frontispiece*

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT
Half tone . . . . . *Facing page* 5815

SAMUEL FOOTE
Portrait from wood . . . . . " " 5878

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
Portrait from wood . . . . . " " 5925

GUSTAV FREYTAG
Half tone . . . . . " " 6011

TURKISH WRITING
Facsimile letter . . . . . " " 6206

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE
Photogravure . . . . . " " 6259

HENRY FIELDING

(1707–1754)

BY LESLIE STEPHEN

AM," says Fielding incidentally, in his most famous novel, "the founder of a new province of writing." The claim, though bold, is certainly not groundless. The English novel, as we know it, has in the main been developed upon the lines laid down by Fielding. It is true that Fielding, like every leader of a new literary dynasty, inherited much from earlier rulers. He looked back with reverence to Cervantes; and critics have shown that he was influenced by Le Sage, and more distinctly by Marivaux. In English literature, Defoe and Richardson in some respects anticipated him; but with differences which show his originality. 'Robinson Crusoe' is simply a narrative of facts, though the facts did not happen to take place. The author expects us to be interested in a strange series of adventures, and is not consciously aiming at the portrayal of life and character. Richardson, on the contrary, began by composing edifying moral epistles, into which a story was introduced by way of connecting thread. To his own mind the didactic element always represented the ultimate aim; though his readers become a good deal more interested in Clarissa than in the moral which she was intended to point.

But Fielding — as he again tells us — means deliberately to describe "human nature." Like Shakespeare before him or Scott after him, he is to set before us impartially the world as it presented itself to him; to give us living and moving types of the real human beings whom he had seen acting under the ordinary conditions of contemporary society. The novel, thus understood, has grown and flourished and taken many different forms. We wonder at times what our ancestors did to amuse themselves in the days before it was invented. Contemporary moralists denounced the habit of frivolous reading as they do now. What was the seduction to which these frivolous readers yielded? They had novels in the old sense of the word, stories such as had been once told by Boccaccio and had lately been furbished up by Mrs. Behn. Or they might seek for more prolonged enjoyment in the voluminous romances of the 'Grand Cyrus' kind, which, hopelessly unreadable as they appear to us, were still intensely fascinating to many readers; to Fielding's cousin Lady Mary Wortley

Montagu, for example, and to his contemporary Dr. Johnson. And then, of course, the drama formed a larger proportion of light reading than at present. But the comedy of the time to which they were principally confined, brilliant as some of it is, shows but a very limited aspect of human life. It introduced them to a smart game of intrigue played by fine ladies and gentlemen, always clearly before the footlights. The novel, with its flexibility, its freedom from all external restrictions, enables us to enjoy to the full the pleasure — obviously one of the greatest of pleasures — of steadily contemplating ourselves. We do not see the characters by a single flash, as they appear in some ingenious entanglement of affairs, but watch their growth and development, their conduct through a whole series of events, share their friendships and enmities, and are not prevented from following them by the necessities of scenical representation. Fielding showed his genius by perceiving the capabilities of the still crude form of art, and he turned them to account in some directions with a success scarcely surpassed.

Fielding explains his own theory of the art in some of those running commentaries in which some critics think — though I do not — that he indulged too freely. He aspired, as he tells us, to set forth human nature. Naturally it had to be the human nature of his own day, and of his own day in England; and a brief summary of his life will show what that implies. Fielding's father was a soldier and ultimately a general; but though connected with various great people, he seems to have been always impecunious. Fielding, born April 22d, 1707, at Sharpham near Glastonbury, was sent to Eton, where he was the contemporary of the elder Pitt, of Lyttelton, and of many men who afterwards played a conspicuous part in the great game of politics. Fielding, however, on leaving school had to leave the arena in which a long purse was then essential. His father had married a second time, and was burthened with a second family. Though he made an allowance of £200 a year to Henry, it was an allowance, said the son, which "anybody might pay who would." Untroubled by such considerations, he made love to a rich young lady, and even put the young lady's guardian in fear of his life. Perhaps this performance accounts for his being packed off to Leyden to study law. Studying law, however, was not so much to his taste as writing plays; and his first performance was acted when he was just of age. Leyden and the law were soon deserted, and Fielding plunged into the pleasures of a town life in London. He was six feet high, strong and active, with enormous capacity for enjoyment and not over-delicate in his tastes. Vigorous appetites and a narrow allowance made some provision of ways and means essential. He had to choose, said his cousin Lady Mary, between the trades of a hackney

coachman and a hackney author. The profession of author was just coming into distinct existence; and the struggles and hardships of the career have been commemorated by the best known authors of the day.

Fielding belonged by birth to the social class which looked down upon the hack author. Happily for itself, as Chesterfield remarked, it had a more solid support than was to be found in its brains. Fielding too had received a classical education, a fact which he is a little too fond of indicating by allusions in his works. Play-writing was the most gentlemanlike part of the profession, and therefore the most attractive to the young man. The comedy presupposed some familiarity with good society. Congreve, Addison, Steele, and many others condescended to write plays, though they were also admitted to the highest circles. Moreover, a successful play was more remunerative than any other form of literary work. Gay had made a little fortune by 'The Beggar's Opera.' Fielding naturally followed such examples with some gleams of success. It is indeed needless for any one to read his performances now. He is, generally speaking, in an artificial note, aping Congreve or adapting Molière. In 'Tom Thumb,' indeed,—a jovial burlesque, full of nonsense and high spirit and broad satire,—we see unmistakably the genuine Fielding. It gave one of the only two pretexts, we are told, upon which Swift ever indulged in a laugh.

The comedies may be kindly consigned to oblivion. There was much else that Fielding would gladly have forgotten, in the part of his life which most impressed his biographers. The reckless, jovial rake, with pockets overflowing one day and empty the next, with a velvet coat sometimes on his back and sometimes in pawn, sometimes admitted to the drawing-room of Lady Mary and then carousing with boon companions in a tavern, or eclipsed for a period in the sponging-house,—is the Fielding of this period, and has been taken as the only Fielding. The scanty anecdotes which remain have stamped the impression upon later readers. We are presented to Fielding in the green-room, drinking champagne and chewing tobacco. A friend has warned him that a passage in his play will offend the audience. "Damn them!" he had replied, "let them find that out!" The friend now reports that the audience are hissing. "Damn them!" he exclaims, "they have found it out, have they?" The hisses, however, as we happen to know, affected him a good deal. Then we are told how Fielding emptied his pockets into those of a poorer friend, and when the tax-gatherer came, said, "Friendship has called for the money; let the collector call again!" No doubt that was one aspect of Fielding. To do him justice, it must be noted that a fuller record would have shown some less equivocal proofs of good feeling.

We dimly make out that the chief incident of Fielding's dramatic career was his share in a quarrel between Cibber, then manager, and certain actors to whom, as Fielding thought, Cibber had behaved unfairly. Cibber, the smart, dapper little Frenchified coxcomb, was just the type of all the qualities which Fielding most heartily despised; and they fell foul of each other with great heartiness. On the other hand, he was equally enthusiastic on behalf of his friends. Chief among them were Hogarth, whose paintings are the best comment on Fielding's novel, and Garrick, whom, though of very different temperament, he admired and praised with the most cordial generosity. "Harry Fielding," as his familiars call him, was no doubt a wild youth, but to all appearance a most trustworthy and warm-hearted friend. Fielding moreover was a devoted lover. The facts about his marriage are all uncertain: but we know that he courted Charlotte Cradock of Salisbury; that he was writing poems to her in 1730, and that he married her (probably) about 1735. If we wish to know what Miss Cradock was like, we are referred to Sophia in 'Tom Jones'; and still more to Amelia. Amelia was his first wife, it is said, "even to that broken nose," which according to Johnson ruined the success of the story. Both novels were written after her death, and are indicative of a lasting passion, which, whatever else it may have been, was worthy of a masculine and tender nature. Miss Cradock's lover was not free from faults,—faults tangible enough and evidently the cause of much bitter remorse; but he was at least a lover who worshiped her with unstinted and manly devotion. The marriage, which took place when he was about twenty-eight, changed his life. Vague stories—dates and facts in Fielding's life, all of provoking flimsiness and inconsistency—indicate that he tried to set up as a country gentleman on some small property of his wife's; that the neighboring squires spited the town wit, who, if not very refined, was at least a writer of books, and therefore justly open to suspicion of arrogance; but that Fielding himself, which is not surprising, made a bad farmer; and that before long he was back in London, with his finances again at the ebb and additional burthens to support. His first effort was in his old line: he took a small theatre and brought out a successful political farce. Walpole was at this time still at the height of power, but a formidable and heterogeneous opposition was gathering against him. Whigs, Tories, and Jacobites were uniting to denounce corruption, which was right enough; but imagining, not so rightly, that the fall of Walpole would imply the end of corruption. Fielding was a hearty Whig; a believer in the British Constitution, and a despiser of French frog-eaters, beggarly unbreeched Scotsmen, and Jacobites, and Papists, and all such obnoxious entities. He joined heartily, however, in the cry against Walpole by his 'Pasquin:

A Dramatic Satire on the Times.' The piece had a great run; and Fielding, always sanguine, no doubt hoped that at last he was getting his feet upon solid ground. But Walpole was a dangerous enemy. He obtained the passage of an Act of Parliament which made it necessary to obtain a license for plays.

Fielding's occupation was gone. It was quite plain that no license would be given to farces aimed at the prime minister. He gave up the theatre and made another effort. He entered at one of the Inns of Court and began to study the law. He was still only thirty-two, and full of abundant energy. He would leave his tavern (perhaps it would have been better not to have gone to it) to go home and pore over "abstruse authors" till far into the night. He was called to the bar in 1740, and duly attended the quarter-sessions. Briefs, however, did not come. Then, as now, attorneys looked with some suspicion upon men distracted by literary aims. Fielding, in fact, was obliged to support himself during his legal studies by working at his old trade. He tried the usual schemes of a professional author of those days. He brought out a periodical on the Spectator model, called the Champion. He wrote a 'Vindication' of the old Duchess of Marlborough, for which the duchess paid five guineas,— only, we will hope, an installment. During the rebellion of 1745, he published a journal intended to arouse John Bull out of his apparent apathy. He had already struck out another and more fruitful line. In 1742 he brought out 'Joseph Andrews'—to indulge in a great guffaw at Richardson's sentimental 'Pamela.' As he developed the story he fell in love with his characters as Dickens fell in love with Pickwick, and became more serious in his aims. By this book he made about £200, and his success encouraged him to publish by subscription in 1743 three volumes of 'Miscellanies.' In those days a subscription was a kind of joint-stock patronage, and showed chiefly that the author had friends among "persons of quality." Fielding probably made £400 or £500, which was no doubt a welcome transient help. The 'Miscellanies' include one of his most remarkable if not pleasantest performances, 'Jonathan Wild the Great.' 'Joseph Andrews' had shown his true power, and it is perhaps rather remarkable that 'Tom Jones' did not follow until 1749. Whatever Fielding's anxieties, it is noticeable that he did his work as thoroughly as if he had been independent of the pay. Before speaking of his literary performance, however, I will continue the story of his life.

His wife died at the end of 1743. His grief, it is said, was so great that his friends feared the loss of his reason. He had however children to care for, and was too brave a man to relax in his fight with the fates. He had still some hopes of success at the bar, and at one moment, probably on some gleam of success, declared

that he would write no more. In 1747 he married Mary Daniel, who had been an attached servant of his first wife. He did not know, he said, where to find a better mother for his children or nurse for himself; and she seems to have justified his anticipations.

A patron or two had helped him during his struggles. Ralph Allen, who had made a fortune by farming the posts, was a lover of literature and a friend of Pope and Warburton. To Fielding, and to Fielding's children after their father's death, he was a steady benefactor, and Fielding showed his gratitude characteristically by portraying his friend as "Allworthy" in 'Tom Jones.' Another patron, by whom Fielding declared himself to have been mainly supported during the composition of 'Tom Jones,' was his old schoolfellow Lyttelton; and it was through Lyttelton that in 1748 Fielding was appointed justice of the peace for Westminster. The office was a singular one. In those days, and for at least two generations more, London, though a large town even upon our present scale, was merely an aggregation of villages. It had no systematic police. Dogberry and Verges were still represented by decrepit watchmen and stupid parish constables. They were ruled by magistrates who were often of the family of Shallows and Silences. The chaos which prevailed had at last induced Parliament to provide a paid and professional magistrate. But according to the custom of those days, he was to be paid by fees. The consequences are indicated by the name of "trading justices" applied to these officials. Impartial and speedy administration of justice was not the way to get fees. Fielding threw himself into his duties with characteristic energy. He tried to be honest, and thereby reduced "£500 of the dirtiest money on earth" to £300, most of which went to his clerk. He did his best to call attention to abuses. He wrote a remarkable pamphlet proposing a reform of the corrupting poor-laws. Another pamphlet upon gin-drinking had great influence in producing the first Act which attempted to discourage intemperance. He took up, perhaps with more zeal than discretion, some of the strange tragedies which illustrated the squalor and misery of the London slums.

The queerest case was that of Betsy Canning, with which all England rang for a year or two, and which is still worth reading in the State Trials. A servant-girl in London had accounted for a month's absence by inventing a story about having been kidnapped by gipsies. A gipsy was actually condemned for this imaginary offense: but the girl herself was ultimately convicted of perjury and sent to America to improve the morals of the colonists. Fielding believed her story, took up her case with more than judicial warmth, and exposed himself to some sharp criticism. He exerted himself, again, to put down the highwaymen who flourished in the absence of police,

and who were regarded by Englishmen with a certain perverted pride as exuberant products of British liberty. Fielding, while very ill, set to work to devise a system for limiting their energies. Practically, I fear, it meant simply the employment of "trepans" who betrayed the other members of their gangs. Fielding says however that for the time he succeeded in putting down robbery, and sacrificed his health in the effort. His constitution had in fact been breaking down, from gout and an irregular life. His sanguine disposition led him to believe in one pretense of quackery after another: in the great Bishop Berkeley's tar-water; in the treatment of the Dr. Thompson who had already, it was said, killed Pope; and even in the miraculous virtues of a well at Glastonbury. He was always being "cured" without improving his health. At last he was sent to Lisbon as a last hope. He sailed in the summer of 1754, and kept a journal which remains to testify to his indomitable gallantry, buoyant spirits, and flow of good-humor to the last. He died at Lisbon on the 8th of October, 1754, leaving his widow and children to the care of the kindly Allen and of his half-brother Sir John Fielding, who had succeeded him as justice of the peace. The trust was worthily discharged.

Till the age of twenty-eight, we see, Fielding had been a reckless and impetuous pleasure-hunter. From that time till his death at the age of forty-seven, he was engaged in a hard struggle to support himself and his family and in an energetic attempt to do his duty in a thankless office. The stains of the earlier period have injured his memory, and it cannot be denied, imply serious moral defects; but here I must touch the inevitable argument. It is most true that to judge any man justly you must allow for the moral standard of his time. Advantage, however, is often taken of this truth to draw questionable consequences. Whenever it is proved that a man broke one of the Ten Commandments, it is roundly replied that in his day there were only nine. Therefore, it is inferred, his want of honesty or decency ceases to be a defect. Both fact and inference are often doubtful. Fielding, for example, makes Tom Jones guilty of taking money from a woman under circumstances which we all feel to be degrading. Nobody, it is replied, thought such conduct degrading then. I utterly disbelieve the fact. A similar story is told of Marlborough, and perhaps it was true; but it was certainly told by a malicious libeler, and was meant to injure him. I feel sure that not only Richardson and Johnson, who were obtrusively moralists, but such men as Addison or even the easy-going Steele, would have thought of Tom Jones just what Colonel Newcome thought. Some of our ancestors were gentlemen, with feelings of delicacy, and should not be libeled even to save a novelist's reputation. And in any case,

such a statement would explain the fact but does not alter it for us. Coarseness is rightly disgusting, though we may show how men came to be coarse, and perhaps show too that it did not then imply all that it would imply in the present day.

Nothing, indeed, is more difficult than to compare the moral standard of a distant time with that of our own. That vice was common in England under Anne and the Georges, is undeniable; but I do not know that it is altogether extinct to-day. I fancy that a modern police magistrate could still tell us stories which would prove that the world, the flesh, and the Devil have not yet been renounced by everybody. M. Zola's world does not seem to be purer than Fielding's. Look beneath the surface anywhere and you can find ugly things enough, especially if you have a taste for the revolting.

It is easier, no doubt, to judge of the surface; and there we may find an explanation, though not a justification, of Fielding's obtuseness on certain points. He was in the world of fiction what Walpole was in the world of politics. Both of them were men of strong common-sense, and of great qualities which were strangely mixed with much that is coarse and repulsive. They were both given to boisterous conviviality, to vast consumption of "the roast beef of old England," and to tremendous post-prandial sittings over their bottles, at which the talk was no more delicate than the fare. They indulged in cock-fighting, and cudgel-playing, and rough practical joking, till we fancy that only a pugilist or a rough of to-day could find such an atmosphere congenial. Such tastes however could be combined with a real love of art and literature: Walpole, for example, collected a great picture gallery; and he and his like often studied the classics like men of the world, if not like scholars. Neither can it be said that in the days when the British Empire was being built up, there was a want of public spirit or energy, though some of the accepted modes of political warfare were base enough. We are liable to misunderstandings if we argue from the want of refinement to the want of some high mental and moral qualities; though undoubtedly we find a strange obtuseness upon some points of the moral code, where higher views and more delicate sensibilities are required.

Fielding's novels illustrate this as clearly as his friend Hogarth's pictures. Both of them portray scenes now and then which grate upon our nerves, and show a coarseness of fibre which would to-day have to be sought in the lower haunts of debauchery. What we have to remember is that such faults were then not inconsistent with some excellences which they would now exclude. In the case of Fielding, we can have no difficulty in recognizing many of the highest qualities. In the first place, his novels are a genuine extract of hard-bought experience. They are conspicuous for absolute veracity. He

speaks because he has thought and felt. We are conscious that he paints all from the life. As novel-writing became a profession, this is the merit which became rare. A young gentleman can easily give himself the airs of knowledge of the world by picking up a few smart epigrams in reproducing the stock characters of his predecessors. He does not write because he has "studied men and cities," but appropriates second-hand experience because he wants to write a novel. His "art," as he is proud to call it, may be admirable, his style unimpeachable, his plot carefully constructed; but after all, he cannot atone for the one great defect of having nothing to say by trying to say it gracefully. One cannot read Fielding without perceiving the contrast: he has really been "through the mill"; he has bought his knowledge at a heavy price; and even if it sometimes results in rather commonplace observations, a commonplace which has been hammered into a man by hard facts is very different from a commonplace which has been learnt from a book. It comes with a certain momentum, with a weight and force, which can redeem even occasional triteness. His words have the intensity of thorough conviction. The first impression made by the world upon a man of great shrewdness and vigor is naturally the prevalence of humbug. Society, he observes, is a great masquerade. To see things as they are, you must strip men of their disguises: you will then often find a strange likeness between heroes and highwaymen, patriots and pickpockets, priests and jugglers, and discover selfishness in Protean forms at the bottom of the most pretentious qualities. "All virtue," said Fielding's clever contemporary Mandeville, "is a sham." "All men," said Swift, soured by failure, "are Yahoos."

It is Fielding's characteristic merit that he could take a completer and saner view. His brave, generous nature could never give up a belief in virtue or in the substantial happiness of a good heart. He could see, as he proved by Jonathan Wild, into the very soul of a thorough villain, the depth beyond depth of treachery and sensuality that can be embodied in human form. His moral is, as he puts it, that a man may "go to heaven with half the pains which it cost him to purchase hell." The villain, even as things go, naturally overreaches himself. Knowledge of the world takes the gloss off much; but it properly leads to a recognition of the supreme advantage of unworldly simplicity. Parson Adams, one of the great humorous creations, is the embodiment of that sentiment. He represents the conviction of the observer who has seen life in its ugliest phases, that the most lovable of human beings is the man who from sheer simplicity and kindliness remains comically unconscious of the trickery and selfishness of his neighbors. It is not the less characteristic because Adams appears to have been the portrait of a real friend,

and implies that Fielding often turned from his rowdy companions to appreciate the simple country parson whom they would have regarded as a predestined butt for rough practical jokes. In proportion to his love of such characters was his hatred of the hypocrite — the humbug who knows himself to be a humbug. His loathing for "Blifil," the typical hypocrite, progresses to most obvious failure in 'Tom Jones'; for he becomes so angry that he caricatures instead of impartially analyzing the loathsome object. This, again, is the secret of Fielding's humor. His worldly experience, instead of souring him, has intensified his admiration of the simplicity and goodness which is ridiculed or disbelieved by the man who is hardened by such experience. He was generous to the core; when he has to speak of any one whom he admires or who has done him a service, he pours out the heartiest and most genuine gratitude. He overflows with honest admiration of the men whom he could appreciate; he praises even the later work of Richardson, whose 'Pamela' he had satirized, and who, one is sorry to admit, did not return the generosity. The warmth of his belief in goodness, and this cordiality and hearty goodwill, always running through his books, give the characteristic flavor to his humor. It flows so spontaneously and abundantly that we feel it to be unmistakably as genuine as it is kindly.

The want of moral delicacy indeed implies limitations. It must be admitted that Fielding's appreciation of some of the higher phases of character is narrow. He lived in a day when common-sense was triumphant; when men lived on solid beef, and were undoubtedly made of rather ponderous flesh and blood. We may say with the help of a still greater master of the art, that in Fielding's time there was perhaps too little of the Don Quixote and too much of the Sancho Panza in the accepted ideal. A humorist who cannot help perceiving the seamy side of things is tempted to lean too much to the cynical side. He believes in the moral code by which men are actually governed, but is perhaps too suspicious of any professions of a higher standard. High-flown sentiment has in his eyes a strong likeness to his pet aversion, hypocrisy. What he admires, indeed, is really admirable: though he may be over-anxious to keep within the plainest limits of common-sense. Fielding's tone about women is characteristic. Had he been asked what was the greatest blessing of life, he would always have replied, as he does in 'Tom Jones,' the love of a good woman. His good woman, however, is decidedly not prepared to believe in woman's rights. He laughs rather too roughly at the ladies who in those days showed certain intellectual aspirations. His Sophia is a healthy, sensible girl, fit to be the mother of sturdy, well-grown lads and lasses, unsurpassable within the domestic sphere, but certainly not troubled by aspirations to literary glory. She is

unmistakably made of flesh and blood. She will love her husband devotedly, and will, we fear, have to exercise the virtue of forgiveness: yet she is everything, perhaps more than everything, that we could expect from the daughter of Squire Western. 'Amelia,' however, is the fullest embodiment of Fielding's true sentiment on that subject. His last novel is the work of a man who had won and lost the highest prize in life; who feels with bitter self-reproach his unworthiness and his backslidings, and tries to make some atonement by raising a shrine to his lost idol. Some good judges have therefore taken this pathetic and tender picture to be his masterpiece, in spite of some falling off in spirit and rather dragging narrative. I will not venture to decide; but I agree with them that it at least reveals with singular power not only the massive common-sense and power of sincere presentation of facts for which Fielding was conspicuous, but also the generous and tender heart which attracts and commands our affection.

If Fielding honestly described the human nature of his time, we must remember that a man who can truly describe the human nature in a village has really described it everywhere. He has a true insight into those principal springs of character which may be more or less modified, refined or made coarse, in different conditions, but which work powerfully under every disguise of habit and cultivation. Fielding's human being was the ideal John Bull: a personage who has been ridiculed, caricatured, and denounced; who is called an "amiable buffalo" by M. Taine; and who everywhere outside of the British islands is considered to suffer under many intellectual and moral limitations. Far be it from me to deny his faults; certainly he is apt to be stolid and thick-skinned, and in Fielding's time he showed some of his worst qualities to his neighbors, and was acquiring a certain reputation for overbearing and brutal ways. Yet John Bull was a human being. He had the passions of his kind, and showed them with little regard to delicacy; but if Fielding was a true observer, he had some great qualities which I hope he will not speedily lose. He had the abundant energy and vigor which are required for all greatness, amidst many queer prejudices, and singular blindness to some things, he had a hearty love of fair play, respect for true manhood, and in spite of his coarseness a genuine appreciation of good homely domestic virtues. Fielding, in Thackeray's familiar phrase, was the last English writer who dared to draw a man. In a sense rather wider than Thackeray's, that is his most obvious merit. He described with immense breadth, power, and veracity some of the essential masculine qualities which do, in fact, play an immense part in life. But we value him, I think, because he showed most forcibly how such qualities can be allied not only with

a generous appreciation of allied qualities in others, but with a keen and pathetic reverence for the gentleness, simplicity, and purity which the more vigorous animal is too apt to despise. With all his insight into the baser motives, Fielding retained a certain sweet-blooded tenderness, and an enthusiasm for every generous and kindly character, which relieves the repulsive ugliness of some of his scenes by a breath as of fresh and healthy atmosphere. I can think of none of our great writers who had a harder struggle, was forced into closer association with the corrupt elements of society, or realized more keenly the hollowness of many pretenders to virtue. And yet no one could have retained more buoyancy of spirit, more generous feeling towards his successful competitors, or a more hearty faith in the reality of human goodness and appreciation of some of the truest elements of human happiness.

Leslie Stephen

PARSON ADAMS'S SHORT MEMORY

From 'Joseph Andrews'

MR. ADAMS and Joseph were now ready to depart different ways, when an accident determined the former to return with his friend, which Tow-wouse, Barnabas, and the book-seller had not been able to do. This accident was, that those sermons which the parson was traveling to London to publish were, O my good reader! left behind; what he had mistaken for them in the saddle-bags being no other than three shirts, a pair of shoes, and some other necessaries which Mrs. Adams, who thought her husband would want shirts more than sermons on his journey, had carefully provided him.

This discovery was now luckily owing to the presence of Joseph at the opening of the saddle-bags; who, having heard his friend say he carried with him nine volumes of sermons, and not being of that sect of philosophers who can reduce all the matter of the world into a nut-shell, seeing there was no room for them in the bags, where the parson had said they were deposited, had the curiosity to cry out, "Bless me, sir, where are your sermons?" The parson answered, "There, there, child; there they are, under my shirts." Now, it happened that he had taken forth his last shirt, and the vehicle remained visibly empty. "Sure,

sir," says Joseph, "there is nothing in the bags." Upon which Adams, starting, and testifying some surprise, cried:—"Hey! fie, fie upon it! they are not here, sure enough. Ay, they are certainly left behind."

Joseph was greatly concerned at the uneasiness which he apprehended his friend must feel from this disappointment: he begged him to pursue his journey, and promised he would himself return with the books to him with the utmost expedition. "No, thank you, child," answered Adams; "it shall not be so. What would it avail me to tarry in the great city, unless I had my discourses with me, which are, *ut ita dicam*, the sole cause, the *ailia monotate*, of my peregrination? No, child: as this accident has happened, I am resolved to return back to my cure, together with you; which indeed my inclination sufficiently leads me to. This disappointment may perhaps be intended for my good." He concluded with a verse out of Theocritus, which signifies no more than that sometimes it rains, and sometimes the sun shines.

Joseph bowed with obedience and thankfulness for the inclination which the parson expressed of returning with him; and now the bill was called for, which, on examination, amounted within a shilling to the sum which Mr. Adams had in his pocket. Perhaps the reader may wonder how he was able to produce a sufficient sum for so many days: that he may not be surprised, therefore, it cannot be unnecessary to acquaint him that he had borrowed a guinea of a servant belonging to the coach-and-six, who had been formerly one of his parishioners, and whose master, the owner of the coach, then lived within three miles of him; for so good was the credit of Mr. Adams, that even Mr. Peter, the Lady Booby's steward, would have lent him a guinea with very little security.

Mr. Adams discharged the bill, and they were both setting out, having agreed to ride and tie,—a method of traveling much used by persons who have but one horse between them, and is thus performed. The two travelers set out together, one on horseback, the other on foot; now, as it generally happens that he on horseback outgoes him on foot, the custom is that when he arrives at the distance agreed on, he is to dismount, tie the horse to some gate, tree, post, or other thing, and then proceed on foot; when the other comes up to the horse, unties him, mounts, and gallops on; till, having passed by his fellow-

traveler, he likewise arrives at the place of tying. And this is that method of traveling so much in use among our prudent ancestors, who knew that horses had mouths as well as legs, and that they could not use the latter without being at the expense of suffering the beasts themselves to use the former. This was the method in use in those days, when instead of a coach-and-six, a member of Parliament's lady used to mount a pillion behind her husband; and a grave sergeant-at-law condescended to amble to Westminster on an easy pad, with his clerk kicking his heels behind him.

Adams was now gone some minutes, having insisted on Joseph's beginning the journey on horseback, and Joseph had his foot in the stirrup, when the ostler presented him a bill for the horse's board during his residence at the inn. Joseph said Mr. Adams had paid all; but this matter being referred to Mr. Tow-wouse, was by him decided in favor of the ostler, and indeed with truth and justice; for this was a fresh instance of that shortness of memory which did not arise from want of parts, but that continual hurry in which Parson Adams was always involved.

Joseph was now reduced to a dilemma which extremely puzzled him. The sum due for horse-meat was twelve shillings (for Adams, who had borrowed the beast of his clerk, had ordered him to be fed as well as they could feed him), and the cash in his pocket amounted to sixpence; for Adams had divided the last shilling with him. Now, though there have been some ingenious persons who have contrived to pay twelve shillings with sixpence, Joseph was not one of them. He had never contracted a debt in his life, and was consequently the less ready at an expedient to extricate himself. Tow-wouse was willing to give him credit till next time, to which Mrs. Tow-wouse would probably have consented; for such was Joseph's beauty, that it had made some impression even on that piece of flint which that good woman wore in her bosom by way of heart. Joseph would have found therefore, very likely, the passage free, had he not, when he honestly discovered the nakedness of his pockets, pulled out that little piece of gold which we have mentioned before. This caused Mrs. Tow-wouse's eyes to water: she told Joseph she did not conceive a man could want money whilst he had gold in his pocket. Joseph answered, he had such a value for that little piece of gold that he would not part with it for a hundred

times the riches which the greatest esquire in the country was worth.

"A pretty way, indeed," said Mrs. Tow-wouse, "to run in debt, and then refuse to part with your money because you have a value for it. I never knew any piece of gold of more value than as many shillings as it would change for." "Not to preserve my life from starving, nor to redeem it from a robber, would I part with this dear piece!" answered Joseph. "What!" says Mrs. Tow-wouse, "I suppose it was given you by some vile trollop, some miss or other! If it had been the present of a virtuous woman, you would not have had such a value for it. My husband is a fool if he parts with the horse without being paid for him." "No, no, I can't part with the horse, indeed, till I have the money," cried Tow-wouse; a resolution highly commended by a lawyer then in the yard, who declared Mr. Tow-wouse might justify the detainer.

As we cannot therefore at present get Mr. Joseph out of the inn, we shall leave him in it, and carry our reader on after Parson Adams, who, his mind being perfectly at ease, fell into a contemplation on a passage in Æschylus which entertained him for three miles together, without suffering him once to reflect on his fellow-traveler.

At length, having spun out his thread and being now at the summit of a hill, he cast his eyes backwards, and wondered that he could not see any sign of Joseph. As he left him ready to mount the horse, he could not apprehend any mischief had happened, neither could he suspect that he missed his way, it being so broad and plain: the only reason which presented itself to him was, that he had met with an acquaintance, who had prevailed with him to delay some time in discourse.

He therefore resolved to proceed slowly forwards, not doubting but that he should be shortly overtaken; and soon came to a large water, which filling the whole road, he saw no method of passing unless by wading through, which he accordingly did up to his middle; but was no sooner got to the other side than he perceived, if he had looked over the hedge, he would have found a foot-path capable of conducting him without wetting his shoes.

His surprise at Joseph's not coming up grew now very troublesome; he began to fear he knew not what; and as he determined to move no farther, and if he did not shortly overtake him, to return back, he wished to find a house of public entertainment

where he might dry his clothes and refresh himself with a pint; but seeing no such (for no other reason than because he did not cast his eyes a hundred yards forwards), he sat himself down on a stile and pulled out his Æschylus.

A DISCOURSE FROM PARSON ADAMS

From 'Joseph Andrews'

The parson and his wife had just ended a long dispute when the lovers came to the door. Indeed, this young couple had been the subject of the dispute; for Mrs. Adams was one of those prudent people who never do anything to injure their families, or perhaps one of those good mothers who would even stretch their conscience to serve their children. She had long entertained hopes of seeing her eldest daughter succeed Mrs. Slipslop, and of making her eldest son an exciseman by Lady Booby's interest. These were expectations she could not endure the thoughts of quitting, and was therefore very uneasy to see her husband so resolute to oppose the lady's intention in Fanny's affair. She told him it behoved every man to take the first care of his family; that he had a wife and six children, the maintaining and providing for whom would be business enough for him without intermeddling in other folks' affairs; that he had always preached a submission to superiors, and would do ill to give an example of the contrary behavior in his own conduct; that if Lady Booby did wrong, she must answer for it herself, and the sin would not lie at their door; that Fanny had been a servant, and bred up in the lady's own family, and consequently she must have known more of her than they did; and it was very improbable, if she had behaved herself well, that the lady would have been so bitterly her enemy; that perhaps he was too much inclined to think well of her because she was handsome, but handsome women are often no better than they should be; that God made ugly women as well as handsome ones; and that if a woman had virtue, it signified nothing whether she had beauty or no: for all which reasons she concluded she should oblige the lady and stop the future publication of the banns.

But all these excellent arguments had no effect on the parson, who persisted in doing his duty without regarding the conse-

quence it might have on his worldly interest. He endeavored to answer her as well as he could; to which she had just finished her reply (for she had always the last word everywhere but at church) when Joseph and Fanny entered their kitchen, where the parson and his wife then sat at breakfast over some bacon and cabbage. There was a coldness in the civility of Mrs. Adams which persons of accurate speculation might have observed, but escaped her present guests; indeed, it was a good deal covered by the heartiness of Adams, who no sooner heard that Fanny had neither eaten nor drunk that morning than he presented her a bone of bacon he had just been gnawing, being the only remains of his provision: and then ran nimbly to the tap and produced a mug of small beer, which he called ale; however, it was the best in his house.

Joseph, addressing himself to the parson, told him the discourse which had passed between Squire Booby, his sister, and himself, concerning Fanny; he then acquainted him with the dangers whence he had rescued her, and communicated some apprehensions on her account. He concluded that he should never have an easy moment till Fanny was absolutely his, and begged that he might be suffered to fetch a license, saying he could easily borrow the money.

The parson answered that he had already given his sentiments concerning a license, and that a very few days would make it unnecessary. "Joseph," says he, "I wish this haste does not arise rather from your impatience than your fear; but as it certainly springs from one of these causes I will examine both. Of each of these, therefore, in their turn; and first, for the first of these; namely, impatience. Now, child, I must inform you that if in your purposed marriage with this young woman you have no intention but the indulgence of carnal appetites, you are guilty of a very heinous sin. Marriage was ordained for nobler purposes, as you will learn when you hear the service provided on that occasion read to you; nay, perhaps if you are a good lad, I, child, shall give you a sermon gratis, wherein I shall demonstrate how little regard ought to be had to the flesh on such occasions. The text will be Matthew the 5th, and part of the 28th verse, 'Whosoever looketh on a woman, so as to lust after her.' The latter part I shall omit, as foreign to my purpose. Indeed, all such brutal lusts and affections are to be greatly subdued, if not totally eradicated, before the vessel can

be said to be consecrated to honor. To marry with a view of gratifying those inclinations is a prostitution of that holy ceremony, and must entail a curse on all who so lightly undertake it. If therefore this haste arises from impatience, you are to correct and not give way to it. Now, as to the second head which I proposed to speak to; namely, fear: it argues a diffidence highly criminal of that Power in which alone we should put our trust, seeing we may be well assured that he is able not only to defeat the designs of our enemies but even to turn their hearts. Instead of taking, therefore, any unjustifiable or desperate means to rid ourselves of fear, we should resort to prayer only on these occasions; and we may be then certain of obtaining what is best for us. When any accident threatens us, we are not to despair, nor, when it overtakes us, to grieve; we must submit in all things to the will of Providence, and set our affections so much on nothing here, that we cannot quit it without reluctance. You are a young man, and can know but little of this world; I am older, and have seen a great deal. All passions are criminal in their excess; and even love itself, if it is not subservient to our duty, may render us blind to it. Had Abraham so loved his son Isaac as to refuse the sacrifice required, is there any of us who would not condemn him? Joseph, I know your many good qualities, and value you for them; but as I am to render an account of your soul, which is committed to my cure, I cannot see any fault without reminding you of it. You are too much inclined to passion, child; and have set your affections so absolutely on this young woman, that if God required her at your hands I fear you would reluctantly part with her. Now, believe me, no Christian ought so to set his heart on any person or thing in this world, but that whenever it shall be required, or taken from him in any manner by Divine providence, he may be able peaceably, quietly, and contentedly to resign it."

At which words one came hastily in, and acquainted Mr. Adams that his youngest son was drowned. He stood silent a moment, and soon began to stamp about the room, and deplore his loss with the bitterest agony. Joseph, who was overwhelmed with concern likewise, recovered himself sufficiently to endeavor to comfort the parson; in which attempt he used many arguments that he had at several times remembered out of his own discourses, both in private and public,—for he was a great enemy

to the passions, and preached nothing more than the conquest of them by reason and grace: but he was not at leisure now to hearken to his advice.

"Child, child," said he, "do not go about impossibilities. Had it been any other of my children, I could have borne it with patience; but my little prattler, the darling and comfort of my old age,—the little wretch, to be snatched out of life just at his entrance into it; the sweetest, best-tempered boy, who never did a thing to offend me! It was but this morning I gave him his first lesson in *Quæ Genus*. This was the very book he learned: poor child! it is of no farther use to thee now. He would have made the best scholar, and have been an ornament to the Church; such parts and such goodness, never met in one so young." "And the handsomest lad too," says Mrs. Adams, recovering from a swoon in Fanny's arms. "My poor Dicky, shall I never see thee more?" cries the parson. "Yes, surely," says Joseph, "and in a better place, you will meet again, never to part more."

I believe the parson did not hear these words, for he paid little regard to them, but went on lamenting, whilst the tears trickled down into his bosom. At last he cried out, "Where is my little darling?" and was sallying out, when to his great surprise and joy, in which I hope the reader will sympathize, he met his son, in a wet condition indeed, but alive, and running toward him. The person who brought the news of his misfortune had been a little too eager, as people sometimes are, from I believe no very good principle, to relate ill news; and seeing him fall into the river, instead of running to his assistance, directly ran to acquaint his father of a fate which he had concluded to be inevitable, but whence the child was relieved by the same poor peddler who had relieved his father before from a less distress.

The parson's joy was now as extravagant as his grief had been before; he kissed and embraced his son a thousand times, and danced about the room like one frantic; but as soon as he discovered the face of his old friend the peddler, and heard the fresh obligation he had to him, what were his sensations? Not those which two courtiers feel in one another's embraces; not those with which a great man receives the vile, treacherous engines of his wicked purposes; not those with which a worthless younger brother wishes his elder joy of a son, or a man

congratulates his rival on his obtaining a mistress, a place, or an honor. No, reader; he felt the ebullition, the overflowings, of a full, honest, open heart, towards the person who had conferred a real obligation; and of which if thou canst not conceive an idea within, I will not vainly endeavor to assist thee.

When these tumults were over, the parson, taking Joseph aside, proceeded thus:—"No, Joseph, do not give too much way to thy passions if thou dost expect happiness." The patience of Joseph, nor perhaps of Job, could bear no longer: he interrupted the parson, saying it was easier to give advice than to take it; nor did he perceive he could so entirely conquer himself, when he apprehended he had lost his son, or when he found him recovered.

"Boy," replied Adams, raising his voice, "it does not become green heads to advise gray hairs. Thou art ignorant of the tenderness of fatherly affection; when thou art a father, thou wilt be capable then only of knowing what a father can feel. No man is obliged to impossibilities; and the loss of a child is one of those great trials where our grief may be allowed to become immoderate." "Well, sir," cries Joseph, "and if I love a mistress as well as you your child, surely her loss would grieve me equally." "Yes, but such love is foolishness, and wrong in itself, and ought to be conquered," answered Adams; "it savors too much of the flesh." "Sure, sir," says Joseph, "it is not sinful to love my wife, no, not even to dote on her to distraction!" "Indeed, but it is," says Adams; "every man ought to love his wife, no doubt; we are commanded so to do: but we ought to love her with moderation and discretion." "I am afraid I shall be guilty of some sin, in spite of all my endeavors," says Joseph; "for I shall love without any moderation, I am sure." "You talk foolishly and childishly," cries Adams.

"Indeed," says Mrs. Adams, who had listened to the latter part of their conversation, "you talk more foolishly yourself. I hope, my dear, you will never preach any such doctrine as that husbands can love their wives too well. If I knew you had such a sermon in the house I am sure I would burn it; and I declare, if I had not been convinced you had loved me as well as you could, I can answer for myself, I should have hated and despised you. Marry, come up! Fine doctrine, indeed! A wife has a right to insist on her husband's loving her as much as ever he can; and he is a sinful villain who does not. Does he not promise

to love her, and comfort her, and to cherish her, and all that? I am sure I remember it all as well as if I had repeated it over but yesterday, and shall never forget it. Besides, I am certain you do not preach as you practice, for you have been a loving and a cherishing husband to me, that's the truth on't; and why you should endeavor to put such wicked nonsense into this young man's head, I cannot devise. Don't hearken to him, Mr. Joseph; be as good a husband as you are able, and love your wife with all your body and soul too."

Here a violent rap at the door put an end to their discourse.

TOM JONES APPEARS IN THE STORY, WITH BAD OMENS

From 'Tom Jones'

As we determined when we first sat down to write this history to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the stage in a much more disadvantageous manner than we could wish; and to declare honestly, even at his first appearance, that it was the universal opinion of all Mr. Allworthy's family that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am sorry to say there was too much reason for this conjecture, the lad having from his earliest years discovered a propensity to many vices, and especially to one, which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate which we have just now observed to have been prophetically denounced against him. He had been already convicted of three robberies; viz., of robbing an orchard, of stealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Master Blifil's pocket of a ball.

The vices of this young man were moreover heightened by the disadvantageous light in which they appeared, when opposed to the virtues of Master Blifil, his companion — a youth of so different a caste from little Jones, that not only the family but all the neighborhood resounded his praises. He was indeed a lad of a remarkable disposition; sober, discreet, and pious beyond his age,— qualities which gained him the love of every one who knew him; whilst Tom Jones was universally disliked, and many expressed their wonder that Mr. Allworthy would suffer such a lad to be educated with his nephew, lest the morals of the latter should be corrupted by his example.

An incident which happened about this time will set the character of these two lads more fairly before the discerning reader than is in the power of the longest dissertation.

Tom Jones, who bad as he is must serve for the hero of this history, had only one friend among all the servants of the family; for as to Mrs. Wilkins, she had long since given him up, and was perfectly reconciled to her mistress. This friend was the gamekeeper, a fellow of a loose kind of disposition, and who was thought not to entertain much stricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum* than the young gentleman himself. And hence this friendship gave occasion to many sarcastical remarks among the domestics, most of which were either proverbs before, or at least are become so now; and indeed, the wit of them all may be comprised in that short Latin proverb, "Noscitur a socio," which I think is thus expressed in English:—"You may know him by the company he keeps."

To say the truth, some of that atrocious wickedness in Jones, of which we have just mentioned three examples, might perhaps be derived from the encouragement he had received from this fellow, who in two or three instances had been what the law calls an accessory after the fact. For the whole duck and a great part of the apples were converted to the use of the gamekeeper and his family. Though as Jones alone was discovered, the poor lad bore not only the whole smart but the whole blame; both which fell again to his lot on the following occasion.

Contiguous to Mr. Allworthy's estate was the manor of one of those gentlemen who are called preservers of the game. This species of men, from the great severity with which they revenge the death of a hare or a partridge, might be thought to cultivate the same superstition with the Bannians in India, many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preservation and protection of certain animals; was it not that our English Bannians, while they preserve them from other enemies, will most unmercifully slaughter whole horse-loads themselves, so that they stand clearly acquitted of any such heathenish superstition.

I have indeed a much better opinion of this kind of men than is entertained by some, as I take them to answer the order of nature, and the good purposes for which they were ordained, in a more ample manner than many others. Now, as Horace tells us, that there are a set of human beings, *fruges consumere*

nati, "born to consume the fruits of the earth," so I make no manner of doubt but that there are others, *feras consumere nati*, "born to consume the beasts of the field," or as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny but that those squires fulfill this end of their creation.

Little Jones went one day a-shooting with the gamekeeper; when happening to spring a covey of partridges, near the border of that manor over which fortune, to fulfill the wise purposes of nature, had planted one of the game-consumers, the birds flew into it and were marked (as it is called) by the two sportsmen in some furze bushes, about two or three hundred paces beyond Mr. Allworthy's dominions.

Mr. Allworthy had given the fellow strict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to trespass on any of his neighbors; no more on those who were less rigid in this matter than on the lord of the manor. With regard to others, indeed, these orders had not been always very scrupulously kept; but as the disposition of the gentleman with whom the partridges had taken sanctuary was well known, the gamekeeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger sportsman, who was excessively eager to pursue the flying game, over-persuaded him; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himself keen enough after the sport, yielded to his persuasions, entered the manor, and shot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himself was at that time on horseback, at a little distance from them; and hearing the gun go off, he immediately made towards the place, and discovered poor Tom; for the gamekeeper had leapt into the thickest part of the furze-brake, where he had happily concealed himself.

The gentleman having searched the lad and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, swearing he would acquaint Mr. Allworthy. He was as good as his word, for he rode immediately to his house and complained of the trespass on his manor, in as high terms and as bitter language as if his house had been broken open and the most valuable furniture stolen out of it. He added that some other person was in his company, though he could not discover him; for that two guns had been discharged, almost in the same instant. And, says he, "We have found only this partridge, but the Lord knows what mischief they have done."

At his return home, Tom was presently convened before Mr. Allworthy. He owned the fact, and alleged no other excuse but what was really true; viz., that the covey was originally sprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr. Allworthy declared he was resolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumstance of the two guns, which had been deposed by the squire and both his servants; but Tom stoutly persisted in asserting that he was alone; yet, to say the truth, he hesitated a little at first, which would have confirmed Mr. Allworthy's belief, had what the squire and his servants said wanted any further confirmation.

The gamekeeper, being a suspected person, was now sent for and the question put to him; but he, relying on the promise which Tom had made him to take all upon himself, very resolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having seen him the whole afternoon.

Mr. Allworthy then turned towards Tom with more than usual anger in his countenance, and advised him to confess who was with him; repeating that he was resolved to know. The lad however still maintained his resolution, and was dismissed with much wrath by Mr. Allworthy, who told him he should have the next morning to consider of it, when he should be questioned by another person and in another manner.

Poor Jones spent a very melancholy night, and the more so as he was without his usual companion, for Master Blifil was gone abroad on a visit with his mother. Fear of the punishment he was to suffer was on this occasion his least evil; his chief anxiety being lest his constancy should fail him and he should be brought to betray the gamekeeper, whose ruin he knew must now be the consequence.

Nor did the gamekeeper pass his time much better. He had the same apprehensions with the youth; for whose honor he had likewise a much tenderer regard than for his skin.

In the morning, when Tom attended the Reverend Mr. Thwackum, the person to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the instruction of the two boys, he had the same questions put to him by that gentleman which he had been asked the evening before, to which he returned the same answers. The consequence of this was so severe a whipping, that it possibly fell little short of the torture with which confessions are in some countries extorted from criminals.

Tom bore this punishment with great resolution; and though his master asked him between every stroke whether he would not confess, he was contented to be flayed rather than betray his friend, or break the promise he had made.

The gamekeeper was now relieved from his anxiety, and Mr. Allworthy himself began to be concerned at Tom's sufferings: for besides that Mr. Thwackum, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the boy say what he himself pleased, had carried his severity much beyond the good man's intention, this latter began now to suspect that the squire had been mistaken, which his extreme eagerness and anger seemed to make probable; and as for what the servants had said in confirmation of their master's account, he laid no great stress upon that. Now, as cruelty and injustice were two ideas of which Mr. Allworthy could by no means support the consciousness a single moment, he sent for Tom, and after many kind and friendly exhortations, said, "I am convinced, my dear child, that my suspicions have wronged you; I am sorry that you have been so severely punished on this account;" and at last gave him a little horse to make him amends, again repeating his sorrow for what had passed.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face more than any severity could make it. He could more easily bear the lashes of Thwackum than the generosity of Allworthy. The tears burst from his eyes, and he fell upon his knees, crying, "Oh, sir, you are too good to me. Indeed you are. Indeed I don't deserve it." And at that very instant, from the fullness of his heart, had almost betrayed the secret; but the good genius of the gamekeeper suggested to him what might be the consequence to the poor fellow, and this consideration sealed his lips.

Thwackum did all he could to dissuade Allworthy from showing any compassion or kindness to the boy, saying "he had persisted in untruth"; and gave some hints that a second whipping might probably bring the matter to light.

But Mr. Allworthy absolutely refused to consent to the experiment. He said the boy had suffered enough already for concealing the truth, even if he was guilty, seeing that he could have no motive but a mistaken point of honor for so doing.

"Honor!" cried Thwackum with some warmth: "mere stubbornness and obstinacy! Can honor teach any one to tell a lie, or can any honor exist independent of religion?"

This discourse happened at table when dinner was just ended; and there were present Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Thwackum, and a third gentleman, who now entered into the debate, and whom, before we proceed any farther, we shall briefly introduce to our reader's acquaintance.

THE CHARACTERS OF MR. SQUARE THE PHILOSOPHER AND OF MR. THWACKUM THE DIVINE

From 'Tom Jones'

The name of this gentleman, who had then resided some time at Mr. Allworthy's house, was Mr. Square. His natural parts were not of the first rate, but he had greatly improved them by a learned education. He was deeply read in the ancients, and a professed master of all the works of Plato and Aristotle; upon which great models he had principally formed himself, sometimes according with the opinion of one, and sometimes with that of the other. In morals he was a professed Platonist, and in religion he inclined to be an Aristotelian.

But though he had, as we have said, formed his morals on the Platonic model, yet he perfectly agreed with the opinion of Aristotle, in considering that great man rather in the quality of a philosopher or a specialist than as a legislator. This sentiment he carried a great way; indeed, so far as to regard all virtue as matter of theory only. This, it is true, he never affirmed, as I have heard, to any one; and yet upon the least attention to his conduct, I cannot help thinking it was his real opinion, as it will perfectly reconcile some contradictions which might otherwise appear in his character.

This gentleman and Mr. Thwackum scarce ever met without a disputation; for their tenets were indeed diametrically opposite to each other. Square held human nature to be the perfection of all virtue, and that vice was a deviation from our nature in the same manner as deformity of body is. Thwackum, on the contrary, maintained that the human mind since the fall was nothing but a sink of iniquity, till purified and redeemed by grace. In one point only they agreed, which was, in all their discourses on morality never to mention the word "goodness." The favorite phrase of the former was the natural beauty of virtue; that of the latter was the Divine power of grace. The

former measured all actions by the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things; the latter decided all matters by authority; but in doing this he always used the Scriptures and their commentators, as the lawyer doth his 'Coke upon Lyttleton,' where the comment is of equal authority with the text.

After this short introduction the reader will be pleased to remember that the parson had concluded his speech with a triumphant question, to which he had apprehended no answer; viz., Can any honor exist independent of religion?

To this, Square answered that it was impossible to discourse philosophically concerning words till their meaning was first established; that there were scarce any two words of a more vague and uncertain signification than the two he had mentioned, for that there were almost as many different opinions concerning honor as concerning religion. "But," says he, "if by honor you mean the true natural beauty of virtue, I will maintain it may exist independent of any religion whatever. Nay," added he, "you yourself will allow it may exist independent of all but one; so will a Mahometan, a Jew, and all the maintainers of all the different sects in the world."

Thwackum replied this was arguing with the usual malice of all the enemies to the true Church. He said he doubted not but that all the infidels and heretics in the world would, if they could, confine honor to their own absurd errors and damnable deceptions. "But honor," says he, "is not therefore manifold because there are many absurd opinions about it; nor is religion manifold because there are various sects and heresies in the world. When I mention religion, I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England. And when I mention honor, I mean that mode of Divine grace which is not only consistent with but dependent upon this religion; and is consistent with and dependent upon no other. Now, to say that the honor I here mean, and which was, I thought, all the honor I could be supposed to mean, will uphold, much less dictate, an untruth, is to assert an absurdity too shocking to be conceived."

"I purposely avoided," says Square, "drawing a conclusion which I thought evident from what I have said; but if you perceived it I am sure you have not attempted to answer it. However, to drop the article of religion, I think it is plain, from

what you have said, that we have different ideas of honor; or why do we not agree in the same terms of its explanation? I have asserted that true honor and true virtue are almost synonymous terms, and they are both founded on the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things; to which an untruth being absolutely repugnant and contrary, it is certain that true honor cannot support an untruth. In this, therefore, I think we are agreed; but that this honor can be said to be founded on religion, to which it is antecedent, if by religion be meant any positive law—»

«I agree,» answered Thwackum, with great warmth, «with a man who asserts honor to be antecedent to religion? Mr. Allworthy, did I agree—»

He was proceeding, when Mr. Allworthy interposed, telling them very coldly, they had both mistaken his meaning, for that he had said nothing of true honor. It is possible, however, he would not have easily quieted the disputants, who were growing equally warm, had not another matter now fallen out, which put a final end to the conversation.

PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAYHOUSE

From 'Tom Jones'

MR. JONES having spent three hours in reading and kissing the aforesaid letter, and being at last in a state of good spirits from the last-mentioned considerations, he agreed to carry an appointment, which he had before made, into execution. This was to attend Mrs. Miller and her younger daughter into the gallery at the play-house, and to admit Mr. Partridge as one of the company. For as Jones had really that taste for humor which many affect, he expected to enjoy much entertainment in the criticisms of Partridge; from whom he expected the simple dictates of nature, unimproved indeed, but likewise unadulterated by art.

In the first row then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said «it was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out.» While the fellow was lighting the

upper candles he cried out to Mrs. Miller, "Look, look, madam; the very picture of the man in the end of the Common Prayer Book, before the gunpowder-treason service!" Nor could he help observing with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, that "there were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a whole twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the Ghost; upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress; something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure, it is not armor, is it?"

Jones answered, "That is the Ghost."

To which Partridge replied with a smile:—"Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that, neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighborhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, until the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? "Oh, la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person."

"Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here, besides thyself?"

"Nay, you may call me a coward if you will, but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ah, ah, go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you?—I'd follow the Devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the Devil, for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominion." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush, dear sir, don't you hear him!" And during the whole

speech of the Ghost he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the Ghost and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible."

"Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the Devil, I can't help it; but to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them; not that it was the Ghost that surprised me neither, for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me."

"And dost thou imagine then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?"

"Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found out it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been had it been my own case? But hush! oh, la! What noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are." Then, turning his eyes again upon Hamlet, "Ay, you may draw your sword: what signifies a sword against the power of the Devil?"

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the King's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the King's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the Ghost; but Jones, who intended that he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now when the Ghost made his next appearance Partridge cried out:—"There, sir, now: what say you now? Is he frightened now, or no? As much frightened as you think me; and to be sure, nobody can help some fears. I would not be in so bad a condition as what's-his-name, Squire Hamlet, is there, for all the world. Bless me!

What's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth."

"Indeed, you saw right," answered Jones.

"Well, well," cries Partridge, "I know it is only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the Devil were here in person. There, there — ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the King. This he did not at first understand till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then, turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her if she did not imagine the King looked as if he was touched; "though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered that "it was one of the most famous burial-places about town."

"No wonder, then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well, it is strange to see how fearless some men are; I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough, too, at the Ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*"

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best?

To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The King, without doubt."

"Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion as the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who was ever on the stage."

"He the best player!" cried Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you call it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man,—that is, any good man,—that had had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the King for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."

While Mrs. Miller was thus engaged in conversation with Partridge, a lady came up to Mr. Jones whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. Fitzpatrick. She said she had seen him from the other part of the gallery, and had taken that opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say which might be of great service to himself. She then acquainted him with her lodgings, and made him an appointment the next day in the morning, which upon recollection she presently changed to the afternoon; at which time Jones promised to attend her.

Thus ended the adventure at the play-house; where Partridge had afforded great mirth, not only to Jones and Mrs. Miller, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to what he said than to anything that passed on the stage.

He durst not go to bed all that night for fear of the Ghost; and for many nights after, sweat two or three hours before he went to sleep with the same apprehensions; and waked several times in great horrors, crying out, "Lord have mercy upon us! there it is."

THE FAREWELL

From 'Amelia'

"IF I AM not mistaken, madam," continued Booth, "I was just going to acquaint you with the doctor's opinion, when we were interrupted by the keeper.

"The doctor, having heard counsel on both sides, that is to say, Mrs. Harris for my staying and Miss Betty for my going, at last delivered his own sentiments. As for Amelia, she sat silent, drowned in her tears; nor was I myself in a much better situation.

"'As the commissions are not signed,' said the doctor, 'I think you may be said to remain in your former regiment; and therefore I think you ought to go on this expedition: your duty to your King and country, whose bread you have eaten, requires it; and this is a duty of too high a nature to admit the least deficiency; regard to your character likewise requires you to go; for the world, which might justly blame your staying at home if the case was even fairly stated, will not deal so honestly by you; you must expect to have every circumstance against you heightened, and most of what makes for your defense omitted; and thus you will be stigmatized as a coward, without any palliation. As the malicious disposition of mankind is too well known, and the cruel pleasure which they take in destroying the reputations of others, the use we are to make of this knowledge is to afford no handle to reproach: for bad as the world is, it seldom falls on any man who has not given some slight cause for censure, though this perhaps is often aggravated ten thousandfold; and when we blame the malice of the aggravation, we ought not to forget our own imprudence in giving the occasion. Remember, my boy, your honor is at stake; and you know how nice the honor of a soldier is in these cases. This is a treasure which he must be your enemy indeed who would attempt to rob you of; therefore you ought to consider every one as your enemy, who by desiring you to stay would rob you of your honor.'

"'Do you hear that, sister?' cries Miss Betty. 'Yes, I do hear it,' answered Amelia, with more spirit than I ever saw her exert before; 'and would preserve his honor at the expense of my life. I will preserve it if it should be at that expense; and since it is Dr. Harrison's opinion that he ought to go, I give my consent. Go, my dear husband,' cried she, falling upon her

knees; 'may every angel of heaven guard and preserve you!' I cannot repeat her words without being affected," said he, wiping his eyes; "the excellence of that woman no words can paint. Miss Matthews, she has every perfection in human nature.

"I will not tire you with the repetition of any more that passed on that occasion, nor with the quarrel that ensued between Mrs. Harris and the doctor; for the old lady could not submit to my leaving her daughter in her present condition. She fell severely on the army, and cursed the day in which her daughter was married to a soldier, not sparing the doctor for having had some share in the match. I will omit, likewise, the tender scene which passed between Amelia and myself previous to my departure."

"Indeed, I beg you would not," cries Miss Matthews: "nothing delights me more than scenes of tenderness. I should be glad to know, if possible, every syllable which was uttered on both sides."

"I will indulge you then," cries Booth, "as far as it is in my power. Indeed, I believe I am able to recollect much the greater part; for the impression is never to be effaced from my memory."

He then proceeded as Miss Matthews desired; but lest our readers should not be of her opinion, we will, according to our usual custom, endeavor to accommodate ourselves to every taste; and shall therefore place this scene in a chapter by itself, which we desire all our readers who do not love, or who perhaps do not know the pleasure of tenderness, to pass over; since they may do this without any prejudice to the thread of the narrative.

A SCENE OF THE TENDER KIND

From 'Amelia'

"The doctor, madam," continued Booth, "spent his evening at Mrs. Harris's house, where I sat with him whilst he smoked his pillow-pipe, as the phrase is. Amelia was retired above half an hour to her chamber before I went to see her. At my entrance I found her on her knees, a posture in which I never disturbed her. In a few minutes she arose, came to me, and embracing me, said she had been praying for resolution to support the cruelest moments she had ever undergone, or could

possibly undergo. I reminded her how much more bitter a farewell would be on a death-bed, when we never could meet, in this world at least, again. I then endeavored to lessen all those objects which alarmed her most, and particularly the danger I was to encounter, upon which head I seemed a little to comfort her; but the probable length of my absence, and the certain length of my voyage, were circumstances which no oratory of mine could even palliate. 'Oh heavens!' said she, bursting into tears; 'can I bear to think that hundreds, thousands, for aught I know, of miles or leagues — that lands and seas are between us? What is the prospect from that mount in our garden, where I have sat so many happy hours with my Billy? what is the distance between that and the farthest hill which we see from thence, compared to the distance which will be between us? You cannot wonder at this idea: you must remember, my Billy, at this place this very thought came formerly into my foreboding mind. I then begged you to leave the army — why would you not comply? Did I not tell you then, that the smallest cottage we could survey from the mount would be with you a paradise to me? It would be so still. Why can't my Billy think so? Am I so much his superior in love? Where is the dishonor, Billy? or, if there be any, will it reach our ears in our little hut? Are glory and fame, and not his Amelia, the happiness of my husband? Go, then, purchase them at my expense! You will pay a few sighs, perhaps a few tears, at parting, and then new scenes will drive away the thoughts of poor Amelia from your bosom; but what assistance shall I have in my affliction? Not that any change of scene could drive you one moment from my remembrance; yet here every object I behold will place your loved idea in the liveliest manner before my eyes. This is the bed in which you have reposed; that is the chair in which you sat; upon these boards you have stood; these books you have read to me. Can I walk among our beds of flowers without viewing your favorites, nay, those which you have planted with your own hands? Can I see one beauty from our beloved mount which you have not pointed out to me?' Thus she went on; the woman, madam, you see, still prevailing." — "Since you mention it," says Miss Matthews, with a smile, "I own the same observation occurred to me. It is too natural to us to consider ourselves only, Mr. Booth." — "You shall hear," he cried: "at last, the thoughts of her present condition suggested themselves.

'But if,' said she, 'my situation even in health will be so intolerable, how shall I, in the danger and agonies of childbirth, support your absence!' Here she stopped, and looking on me with all the tenderness imaginable, cried out:—'And am I then such a wretch as to wish for your presence at such a season? Ought I not to rejoice that you are out of the hearing of my cries or the knowledge of my pains? If I die, will you not have escaped the horrors of a parting ten thousand times more dreadful than this? Go, go, my Billy; the very circumstance which made me most dread your departure has perfectly reconciled me to it. I perceive clearly now that I was only wishing to support my own weakness with your strength, and to relieve my own pains at the price of yours. Believe me, my love, I am ashamed of myself.' I caught her in my arms with raptures not to be expressed in words, calling her my heroine (sure none ever better deserved that name); after which we remained some time speechless, and locked in each other's embraces."

"I am convinced," said Miss Matthews with a sigh, "there are moments in life worth purchasing with worlds."

"At length the fatal morning came. I endeavored to hide every pang in my heart, and to wear the utmost gayety in my countenance. Amelia acted the same part. In these assumed characters we met the family at breakfast; at their breakfast, I mean,—for we were both full already. The doctor had spent above an hour that morning in discourse with Mrs. Harris, and had in some measure reconciled her to my departure. He now made use of every art to relieve the poor distressed Amelia; not by inveighing against the folly of grief, or by seriously advising her not to grieve; both which were sufficiently performed by Miss Betty. The doctor, on the contrary, had recourse to every means which might cast a veil over the idea of grief and raise comfortable images in my angel's mind. He endeavored to lessen the supposed length of my absence, by discoursing on matters which were more distant in time. He said he intended next year to rebuild a part of his parsonage house; 'and you, captain,' says he, 'shall lay the corner-stone, I promise you;' with many other instances of the like nature, which produced, I believe, some good effect on us both.

"Amelia spoke but little; indeed, more tears than words dropped from her; however, she seemed resolved to bear her affliction with resignation: but when the dreadful news arrived

that the horses were ready, and I, having taken my leave of all the rest, at last approached her, she was unable to support the conflict with nature any longer; and clinging round my neck, she cried, 'Farewell — farewell forever! for I shall never, never see you more!' At which words the blood entirely forsook her lovely cheeks, and she became a lifeless corpse in my arms.

"Amelia continued so long motionless, that the doctor, as well as Mrs. Harris, began to be under the most terrible apprehensions, so they informed me afterwards; for at that time I was incapable of making any observation. I had indeed very little more use of my senses than the dear creature whom I supported. At length, however, we were all delivered from our fears, and life again visited the loveliest mansion that human nature ever afforded it.

"I had been, and yet was, so terrified with what had happened, and Amelia continued yet so weak and ill, that I determined, whatever might be the consequence, not to leave her that day; which resolution she was no sooner acquainted with than she fell on her knees, crying, 'Good Heaven! I thank thee for this reprieve at least. Oh that every hour of my future life could be crammed into this dear day!'

"Our good friend the doctor remained with us; he said he had intended to visit a family in some affliction; 'but I don't know,' says he, 'why I should ride a dozen miles after affliction, when we have enough here.' Of all mankind the doctor is the best of comforters. As his excessive good-nature makes him take vast delight in the office, so his great penetration into the human mind, joined to his great experience, renders him the most wonderful proficient in it; and he so well knows when to soothe, when to reason, and when to ridicule, that he never applies any of those arts improperly, which is almost universally the case with the physicians of the mind, and which it requires very great judgment and dexterity to avoid.

"The doctor principally applied himself to ridiculing the dangers of the siege, in which he succeeded so well that he sometimes forced a smile even into the face of Amelia. But what most comforted her were the arguments he used to convince her of the probability of my speedy, if not immediate, return. He said the general opinion was that the place would be taken before our arrival there; in which case we should have nothing more to do than to make the best of our way home again.

"Amelia was so lulled by these arts that she passed the day much better than I expected. Though the doctor could not make pride strong enough to conquer love, yet he exalted the former to make some stand against the latter; insomuch that my poor Amelia, I believe, more than once flattered herself, to speak the language of the world, that her reason had gained an entire victory over her passion; till love brought up a reinforcement, if I may use that term, of tender ideas, and bore down all before him.

"In the evening the doctor and I passed another half-hour together, when he proposed to me to endeavor to leave Amelia asleep in the morning, and promised me to be at hand when she awaked, and to support her with all the assistance in his power; he added that nothing was more foolish than for friends to take leave of each other. 'It is true indeed,' says he, 'in the common acquaintance and friendship of the world, this is a very harmless ceremony; but between two persons who really love each other, the Church of Rome never invented a penance half so severe as this which we absurdly impose on ourselves.'

"I greatly approved the doctor's proposal, thanked him, and promised if possible to put it in execution. He then shook me by the hand and heartily wished me well, saying in his blunt way, 'Well, boy, I hope to see thee crowned with laurels at thy return: one comfort I have at least, that stone walls and a sea will prevent thee from running away.'

"When I had left the doctor I repaired to my Amelia, whom I found in her chamber, employed in a very different manner from what she had been the preceding night: she was busy in packing up some trinkets in a casket, which she desired me to carry with me. This casket was her own work, and she had just fastened it as I came to her.

"Her eyes very plainly discovered what had passed while she was engaged in her work; however, her countenance was now serene, and she spoke at least with some cheerfulness; but after some time, 'You must take care of this casket, Billy,' said she; 'you must, indeed, Billy, for'— her passion almost choked her till a flood of tears gave her relief, and then she proceeded— 'for I shall be the happiest woman that ever was born when I see it again.' I told her, with the blessing of God, that day would soon come. 'Soon?' answered she, 'no, Billy, not soon; a week is an age; but yet the happy day may come. It shall, it

must, it will! Yes, Billy, we shall meet never to part again — even in this world, I hope.' Pardon my weakness, Miss Matthews, but upon my soul I cannot help it," cried he, wiping his eyes.

"Well, I wonder at your patience, and I will try it no longer. Amelia, tired out with so long a struggle between a variety of passions, and having not closed her eyes during three successive nights, towards the morning fell into a profound sleep, in which sleep I left her; and having dressed myself with all the expedition imaginable, singing, whistling, hurrying, attempting by every method to banish thought, I mounted my horse, which I had over-night ordered to be ready, and galloped away from that house where all my treasure was deposited.

"Thus, madam, I have in obedience to your commands run through a scene, which if it has been tiresome to you, you must yet acquit me of having obtruded upon you. This I am convinced of, that no one is capable of tasting such a scene who has not a heart full of tenderness, and perhaps not even then, unless he has been in the same situation."

VINCENZO DA FILICAIA

(1642–1707)

LITERARY historians agree that Italian poetry reached its lowest ebb in the early part of the seventeenth century. The verse of the imitators of Marini degenerated into mere artifice. Brought to a high technical perfection, it yet lacked substance and truth of feeling, and was become a mere plaything in the hands of skillful versifiers. Near the end of the century a group of Roman literary men founded a society called "The Arcadia," whose avowed object was to repudiate this verse-making *à la mode*, and to bring poetry back to nature. But they marred still further what they had set out to mend. In their hands simplicity became inanity. Instead of returning to nature they played at being shepherds and shepherdesses, while their pastoral Muse wore patches and French heels.

VINCENZO DA FILICAIA

In this period of make-believe, almost the only genuine voice was that of Vincenzo da Filicaia. Born in Florence in 1642 of an ancient and noble family, he was liberally educated, at first in the schools of his native city and afterwards at the University of Pisa. Then, withdrawing to a small villa near Florence, he gave himself up to study and to writing. Like all his contemporaries, he began by composing amatory verse. After the marriage and early death of the lady whom he had celebrated, he burned all these youthful effusions, and dedicated his muse to God and to Italy. In 1683, when John Sobieski raised the siege of Vienna and saved the civilization of Europe from the invading Turks, Filicaia, thrilled by the heroism of the Polish king, celebrated his victory in six famous odes. Uplifted by the grandeur of his theme, the poet rose to heights of lyric enthusiasm that set him among the inspired singers of his country. Read in all the courts of Europe, the modest poet who had hardly dared to show his verses to his friends, suddenly found himself face to face with a European reputation. The Christian nations, trembling to see their fate hang in the balance, found in these odes a passionate expression of their joy in deliverance, and of their admiration for the warrior king.

The brilliant Christina of Sweden drew the poet into her circle in Rome, and undertook to educate his two sons. Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Florence, made him governor of Volterra and of Pisa. Filicaia spent the last few years of his life at Florence, where he had been raised to the rank of a senator. He died in that city September 24th, 1707.

Although himself an Arcadian, and the most noted of that school, Filicaia was remarkably free from its extravagances. He was saved from bathos by the depth of his thought, the strength and energy of his expression, his mastery over technique, and the genuineness of his enthusiasm. Yet, sincere though he was, he did not quite escape the charge of affectation. His fame in consequence has undergone some mutations. Much of his poetry is still read with admiration, and his famous sonnet on Italy, which Byron has so finely paraphrased in the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold,' all Italians still know by heart.

TIME

I saw a mighty river, wild and vast,
Whose rapid waves were moments, which did glide
So swiftly onward in their silent tide,
That ere their flight was heeded, they were past;
A river, that to death's dark shores doth fast
Conduct all living with resistless force,
And though unfelt, pursues its noiseless course,
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.
Its current with creation's birth was born;
And with the heaven's commenced its march sublime,
In days and months, still hurrying on untired.
Marking its flight, I inwardly did mourn,
And of my musing thoughts in doubt inquired
The river's name: my thoughts responded, *Time.*

OF PROVIDENCE

Just as a mother, with sweet pious face,
Turns towards her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretenses,
She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
And whether stern or smiling, loves them still;—

So Providence for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants
And even if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

TO ITALY

ITALIA, O Italia! hapless thou,
Who didst the fatal gift of beauty gain,—
A dowry fraught with never-ending pain,
A seal of sorrow stamped upon thy brow:
Oh, were thy bravery more, or less thy charms!
Then should thy foes, they whom thy loveliness
Now lures afar to conquer and possess,
Adore thy beauty less, or dread thine arms!
No longer then should hostile torrents pour
Adown the Alps; and Gallic troops be laved
In the red waters of the Po no more;
No longer then, by foreign courage saved,
Barbarian succor should thy sons implore,—
Vanquished or victors, still by Goths enslaved.

FIRDAUSĪ

(935–1020)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

FIRDAUSĪ, author of the 'Shāh Nāmah,' or Book of Kings, is the national poet of Persia. With the name of Firdausī in the tenth century of our era, modern Persian poetry may be said to begin. Firdausī, however, really forms only one link in the long chain of Iranian literature which extends over more than twenty-five centuries, and whose beginnings are to be sought in the Avesta, five hundred years before the birth of Christ.

A brief glance may first be taken at the history of the literary development of Persia. The sacred Zoroastrian scriptures of the Avesta, together with the Old Persian rock inscriptions of the Achæmenian kings, Darius, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes, form the ancient epoch known as Old Iranian Literature, beginning at least in the fifth century before the Christian era. A second great division in the literary history of Iran is constituted by the Middle Persian. This is the period inaugurated by the Sassanian dynasty in the third century A. D., and it extends beyond the Mohammedan conquest of Persia (651) to about the ninth century. The language and literature of this Middle Persian period is called Pahlavī. The Pahlavī records are chiefly writings relating to the Zoroastrian religion. The Mohammedan conquest of Iran by the Arabs somewhat resembles, in its effect upon Persian literature, the Norman conquest of England. Hardly two centuries had elapsed before an Iranian renaissance is begun to be felt in Persia. Firdausī comes three hundred years after the battle of Nihāvand, in which the eagle of the Persian military standard sank before the crescent of Allah's prophet and the Mohammedan sword; just as Chaucer followed the battle of Hastings by three hundred years.

Such was the literary situation at the end of the ninth century. Firdausī was the poet in whom the wave of the national epos culminated in the tenth century. But as there were English poets who struck the note before Chaucer, so in Persia, Firdausī had his literary predecessors. A mere mention of the more important of these must suffice. Abbas of Merv (809) was one of these earlier bards. Of greater repute was Rūdagī (died 954), who is said to have composed no less than a million verses. But Firdausī's direct predecessor and

inspirer in the epic strain was Daqīqī. This young poet, like Marlowe, the herald of Shakespeare, was cruelly murdered when he had sung but a thousand lines. Yet these thousand verses are immortal, as Firdausī has incorporated them into his poem and has thus happily preserved them. They are the lines that describe the founding of the religion of Zoroaster, priest of fire. There was possibly a certain amount of tact on Firdausī's part in using these, or in claiming to employ Daqīqī's rhymes: he thus escaped having personally to deal with the delicate religious question of the Persian faith in the midst of the fanatical Mohammedans, who are said to have assassinated Daqīqī on account of his too zealous devotion to the old-time creed. With Firdausī, then, the New Persian era is auspiciously inaugurated in the tenth century; its further development through the romantic, philosophic, mystic, didactic, and lyric movements must be sought under the names of Nizāmī, Omar Khayyām, Jalāl-ad-dīn Rūmī, Sa'dī, Hāfiz, and Jāmī.

Firdausī is pre-eminently the heroic poet of Persia. The date of his birth falls about 935. His full name seems to have been Abulqasīm Hasan (Ahmad or Mansur); the appellative "Firdausī" (Paradise), by which he is known to fame, was bestowed upon him, according to some accounts, by his royal patron the Sultan Mahmūd. Firdausī's native place was Tūs in Khorāsān. By descent he was heir to that Persian pride and love of country which the Arab conquest could not crush. By birth, therefore, this singer possessed more than ordinary qualifications for chanting in rhythmical measures the annals of ancient Iran. He had undoubtedly likewise made long and careful preparation for his task, equipping himself by research into the Pahlavī or Middle Persian sources, from which he drew material for his chronicle-poem. From statements in the 'Shāh Nāmah' itself, we may infer that Firdausī was nearly forty years of age when, with his extraordinary endowments, he made the real beginning of his monumental work. We likewise know, from personal references in the poem, that he had been married and had two children. The death of his beloved son is mourned in touching strains. One of the crowning events now in the poet's life was his entrance into the literary circle of the court of Sultan Mahmūd of Ghazna, who ruled 998–1030. To Mahmūd the great epic is finally dedicated, and the story of Firdausī's career may best be told in connection with the masterpiece.

The removal of the heroic bard Daqīqī by fate and by the assassin's dagger had left open the way for an ambitious epic poet. Firdausī was destined to be the fortunate aspirant. A romantic story tells of his coming to the court of Sultan Mahmūd. This legendary account says that when he first approached the Round Table, the

three court poets, Ansarī, Farrukhī, and Asjadī wished no intruder into their favored circle of poetic composition, and accordingly sought to rid themselves of his unwelcome presence by putting him to shame. They suggested a trial of metrical skill in improvisation. The first of the three poets chose a very difficult Persian word (*javshan* — "cuirass") to which there was hardly a rhyming word known,— like the English *twelfth*, *window*, *silver*, *chilver* (woolly ewe). Firdausī, they thought, would not be able to complete the quatrain. So Ansarī began:—

"The glance of thy face rivals moonlight or silver;"

Farrukhī matched this with:—

"Thy cheek's downy bloom is as soft as the chilver;"

Asjadī continued the puzzling catchword by:—

"Thy eyelashes pierce through the warrior's cuirass;"

Firdausī instantly added:—

"As did Giw's fatal lance-stroke at Pashan harass."

The readiness of this response, and the interesting historical allusion, which was unknown to the coterie until Firdausī proceeded in perfect verse to tell the story of the fateful battle between the two heroes whom he had mentioned,— both these facts won generous admiration and applause from Ansarī, Farrukhī, and Asjadī. Charmed by Firdausī's poetic grace, and impressed by his power and his learning, they unhesitatingly recognized him as their compeer or superior, and proceeded in every way to advance him in favor with the Sultan. If true, such an example of disinterestedness would not be easy to parallel in the East or elsewhere. Unfortunately this pretty story, although it is written in very choice Persian, is commonly now regarded as mere fiction or a baseless fabrication. Nevertheless it conveys some idea of the general estimate in which Firdausī's genius was held. We also know that this poet laureate lived long in the sunshine of the court, and was promised a gold piece for each line he composed. The liberality of Sultan Mahmūd's favor called forth from Firdausī a splendid poetical panegyric, that is only eclipsed by the fierce savageness of the scathing satire which later the poet poured out against his royal patron, when disappointed in old age of the promised reward that was to crown his great work.

Tradition narrates that Firdausī was a septuagenarian when he finished the last line of the sixty thousand rhyming couplets that make up the 'Shāh Nāmah.' He now looked for the reward of his

life's work. But jealousy and intrigue against him had not been idle during his long residence at court. The Grand Vizier appears to have induced the Sultan to send Firdausī sixty thousand silver dirhems, instead of the promised gold. Firdausī is said to have been in the bath when the elephant laden with the money-bags arrived. On discovering the deception, the injured poet rejected the gift with scorn, and dividing the silver into three portions, he presented one of these to the bath steward, the second to the elephant-driver, and he gave the last to the man who brought him a glass of cordial. He then wrote the famous satire upon Mahmūd, and fled from the city for his life. For ten years the aged singer was an exile, and he would have been a wanderer but for the friendly protection extended to him by a prince of Irāq, who apparently also tried, without effect, to reconcile the Sultan and the aged poet. Enjoying the solace of this prince's shelter, Firdausī composed his last work, the 'Yusuf and Zulīkha,' a romantic poem nearly as long as the Iliad, on Joseph and the passionate love of Potiphar's wife for him.

But Firdausī was now advanced to his eightieth year, and he seems to have longed to visit his native town of Tūs once more. A sad story is preserved of his death of a broken heart. It is also told that Mahmūd relented and sent to the city of Tūs a magnificent caravan conveying gifts and robes for the aged singer, and bearing likewise the sixty thousand gold pieces that had once been promised. But all too late. The treasure-laden camel procession met at the city gate the funeral cortège that was conducting the dead poet's body to the grave. Firdausī's death occurred in 1020. His tomb at Tūs is still a place of pious pilgrimage.

The story of the 'Shāh Nāmah,'—Book of Kings,—may be described in briefest words as the chronicle-history of the empire of Iran, from the moment of its rise in legendary antiquity and during the golden reign of King Jamshīd, through its glorious ascendency under the majesty of the Kayanian rulers, and down to the days of Zoroaster; thence onward to the invasion of Persia by Alexander the Great. The poem from this point follows the various fortunes and changes of the Persian sovereignty, until its downfall and ruin before the Mohammedans and Islam. Firdausī naturally treats his subject as a poetic chronicler, not as a historian; but there is history in the poem, and he has given a certain unity to his long epic by keeping sight of the aim that he had in view, which was to exalt the fallen glory of Iran. The epic is written in a style befitting the theme. A word must also be bestowed upon Firdausī's romantic poem 'Yusuf and Zulīkha,' in which the Biblical story of Joseph, as narrated in the Quran, was his source. This poem was in great measure the work of his old age, as it was written after he was seventy; but in the

episode of Joseph and Potiphar's wife the luxuriousness of color, the richness of imagery, the lavish exuberance, and the passion, might in some degree allow of comparison with Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis,' or with Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander.'

The standard rendering of Firdausī into English, thus far, is in blank verse, by A. G. and E. Warner, ⟨Shánáma,⟩ to be completed in 9 vols. (London, 1905–). A convenient abridgment of the ⟨Shāh Nāmah⟩ is by James Atkinson, ed. J. A. Atkinson (London, 1872, New York, 1886). For good translations of several selections, see Robinson — ⟨Persian Poetry for English Readers⟩ (privately printed; Glasgow, 1883). There is a standard French prose translation of the entire ⟨Shāh Nāmah⟩ by Jules Mohl — ⟨Le Livre des Rois⟩ (7 vols., Paris, 1876–78). An Italian prose rendering, also complete, has been made by Italo Pizzi — ⟨Firdusi, Il Libro dei Re⟩ (8 vols., Turin, 1886–89); and Pizzi has given extensive metrical renderings in his ⟨Storia della Poesia Persiana⟩ (Turin. 1894). In German, there is a running paraphrase of the story by Görres — ⟨Heldenbuch von Iran⟩ (2 vols., Berlin, 1820). Spirited renderings of selections have also appeared in German: by A. F. von Schack — ⟨Heldensagen des Firdusi⟩ (3 vols., Stuttgart, 1877); and by Rückert (unfinished) — ⟨Firdosi's Königsbuch Schahname⟩ (ed. Bayer, 3 vols., Berlin, 1890–95). Of the ⟨Yūsuf and Zulaikha⟩ (complete) there is a German translation into rhymed verse by O. Schlechta-Wssehrd — ⟨Jussuf und Suleicha⟩ (Vienna, 1889).

A. V. Williams Jackson

THE BEAUTIFUL RŪDĀBAH DISCLOSES HER LOVE FOR ZĀL

From the 'Shāh-Nāmah'

[After a time Rūdābah resolves to reveal her passion to her attendants.]

THEN she said to her prudent slaves:—
"I will discover what I have hitherto concealed;
Ye are each of you the depositaries of my secrets,
My attendants, and the partners of my griefs.
I am agitated with love like the raging ocean,
Whose billows are heaved to the sky.
My once bright heart is filled with the love of Zāl;
My sleep is broken with thoughts of him.
My soul is perpetually filled with my passion;
Night and day my thoughts dwell upon his countenance.

«Not one except yourselves knoweth my secret:
Ye my affectionate and faithful servants,
What remedy now can ye devise for my ease?
What will ye do for me? What promise will ye give me?
Some remedy ye must devise,
To free my heart and soul from this unhappiness.»

Astonishment seized the slaves,
That dishonor should come nigh the daughter of kings.
In the anxiety of their hearts they started from their seats,
And all gave answer with one voice:—
«O crown of the ladies of the earth!
Maiden pre-eminent amongst the pre-eminent!
Whose praise is spread abroad from Hindustan to China;
The resplendent ring in the circle of the harem;
Whose stature surpasseth every cypress in the garden;
Whose cheek rivaleth the lustre of the Pleiades;
Whose picture is sent by the ruler of Kanūj
Even to the distant monarchs of the West—
Have you ceased to be modest in your own eyes?
Have you lost all reverence for your father,
That whom his own parent cast from his bosom,
Him you will receive into yours?
A man who was nurtured by a bird in the mountains!
A man who was a byword amongst the people!
You with your roseate countenance and musky tresses,
Seek a man whose hair is already white with age!
You who have filled the world with admiration,
Whose portrait hangeth in every palace,
And whose beauty, and ringlets, and stature, are such
That you might draw down a husband from the skies!»

[To this remonstrance she makes the following indignant answer:]

When Rudabah heard their reply,
Her heart blazed up like fire before the wind.
She raised her voice in anger against them;
Her face flushed, but she cast down her eyes.
After a time, grief and anger mingled in her countenance,
And knitting her brows with passion, she exclaimed:—
«O unadvised and worthless counselors,
It was not becoming in me to ask your advice!
Were my eye dazzled by a star,
How could it rejoice to gaze even upon the moon?

He who is formed of worthless clay will not regard the rose,
Although the rose is in nature more estimable than clay!
I wish not for Cæsar, nor Emperor of China,
Nor for any one of the tiara-crowned monarchs of Irān;
The son of Sām, Zāl, alone is my equal,
With his lion-like limbs and arms and shoulders.
You may call him, as you please, an old man or a young;
To me he is in the room of heart and of soul.
Except him, never shall any one have a place in my heart;
Mention not to me any one except him.
Him hath my love chosen unseen,
Yea, hath chosen him only from description.
For him is my affection, not for face or hair;
And I have sought his love in the way of honor."

[Her vehemence overcomes the reluctance of the slaves, and one of them promises, if possible, to contrive an interview.]

"May hundreds of thousands such as we are be a sacrifice for thee;
May the wisdom of the creation be thy worthy portion;
May thy dark narcissus-eye be ever full of modesty;
May thy cheek be ever tinged with bashfulness!
If it be necessary to learn the art of the magician,
To sew up the eyes with the bands of enchantment,
We will fly till we surpass the enchanter's bird,
We will run like the deer in search of a remedy.
Perchance we may draw the King nigh unto his moon,
And place him securely at thy side."

The vermeil lip of Rudabah was filled with smiles;
She turned her saffron-tinged countenance toward the slave, and said:—
"If thou shalt bring this matter to a happy issue,
Thou hast planted for thyself a stately and fruitful tree,
Which every day shall bear rubies for its fruit,
And shall pour that fruit into thy lap."

[The story proceeds to say how the slaves fulfill their promise. They go forth, and find Zāl practicing with the bow. Busying themselves in gathering roses, they attract his attention. He shoots an arrow in that direction, and sends his quiver-bearer to bring it back. The slaves inquire who the hero is who draws the bow with so much strength and skill. The boy answers scornfully, "Do they not know that it is Zāl, the most renowned warrior in the world?" In reply, they vaunt the superior attractions of Rudabah. The boy reports their account of her to Zāl, who goes to speak to

them, receives from them a warm description of her charms, and presses them to procure for him the means of obtaining an interview. This little incident is well imagined: it is Zāl who is made to ask for the meeting, and the honor of Rudabah is not compromised. The slaves return to their mistress and report upon their mission, eulogizing the goodly qualities of the hero. Her ironical answer to their former depreciation is animated and natural.]

Then said the elegant cypress-formed lady to her maidens:—
"Other than this were once your words and your counsel!
Is this then the Zāl, the nursling of a bird?
This the old man, white-haired and withered?
Now his cheek is ruddy as the flower of the arghavān;
His stature is tall, his face beautiful, his presence lordly!
Ye have exalted my charms before him;
Ye have spoken, and made me a bargain!"
She said, and her lips were full of smiles;
But her cheek crimsoned like the bloom of pomegranate.

[The interview takes places in a private pavilion of the Princess; and the account of it is marked with more than one touch of truth and beauty.]

When from a distance the son of the valiant Sām
Became visible to the illustrious maiden,
She opened her gem-like lips and exclaimed:—
"Welcome, thou brave and happy youth!
The blessing of the Creator of the world be upon thee!
On him who is the father of a son like thee!
May Destiny ever favor thy wishes!
May the vault of heaven be the ground thou walkest on!
The dark night is turned into day by thy countenance;
The world is soul-enlivened by the fragrance of thy presence!
Thou hast traveled hither on foot from thy palace;
Thou hast pained, to behold me, thy royal footsteps!"

When the hero heard the voice from the battlement,
He looked up and beheld a face resplendent as the sun,
Irradiating the terrace like a flashing jewel,
And brightening the ground like a flaming ruby.

Then he replied:—"O thou who sheddest the mild radiance of the moon,
The blessing of Heaven, and mine, be upon thee!
How many nights hath cold Arcturus beholden me,
Uttering my cry to God, the Pure,
And beseeching the Lord of the universe
That he would vouchsafe to unveil thy countenance before me!

Now I am made joyful in hearing thy voice,
In listening to thy rich and gracious accents.
But seek, I pray thee, some way to thy presence;
For what converse can we hold, I on the ground and thou on the terrace?»

The Peri-faced maiden heard the words of the hero;
Quickly she unbound her auburn locks,
Coil upon coil and serpent on serpent;
And she stooped and dropped down the tresses from the battlement,
And cried:—«O hero, child of heroes,
Take now these tresses; they belong to thee,
And I have cherished them that they might prove an aid to my beloved.»
And Zāl gazed upward at the lovely maiden,
And stood amazed at the beauty of her hair and of her countenance;
He covered the musky ringlets with his kisses,
And his bride heard the kisses from above;
Then he exclaimed:—«That would not be right—
May the bright sun never shine on such a day!
It were to lay my hand on the life of one already distracted;
It were to plunge the arrow-point into my own wounded bosom.»
Then he took his noose from his boy, and made a running knot,
And threw it, and caught it on the battlement,
And held his breath, and at one bound
Sprang from the ground, and reached the summit.

As soon as the hero stood upon the terrace,
The Peri-faced maiden ran to greet him,
And took the hand of the hero in her own,
And they went like those who were overcome with wine.

Then he descended from the lofty gallery,
His hand in the hand of the tall Princess,
And came to the door of the gold-painted pavilion,
And entered that royal assembly,
Which blazed with light like the bowers of Paradise;
And the slaves stood like houris before them:
And Zāl gazed in astonishment
On her face, and her hair, and her stately form, and on all that splendor.

And Zāl was seated in royal pomp
Opposite that mildly radiant beauty;
And Rudabah could not rest from looking towards him,
And gazing upon him with all her eyes;
On that arm and shoulder, and that splendid figure,
On the brightness of that soul-enlightening countenance;
So that the more and more she looked,
The more and more was her heart inflamed.

Then he kissed and embraced her, renewing his vows—
Can the lion help pursuing the wild ass?—
And said:—"O sweet and graceful silver-bosomed maiden,
It may not be, that, both of noble lineage,
We should do aught unbecoming our birth;
For from Sām Nariman I received an admonition,
To do no unworthy deed, lest evil should come of it;
For better is the seemly than the unseemly,
That which is lawful than that which is forbidden;
And I fear that Manuchahar, when he shall hear of this affair,
Will not be inclined to give it his approval:
I fear too that Sām will exclaim against it,
And will boil over with passion, and lay his hand upon me.
Yet though soul and body are precious to all men,
Life I will resign, and clothe myself with a shroud—
And this I swear by the righteous God—
Ere I will break the faith which I have pledged thee.
I will bow myself before him, and offer my adoration,
And supplicate him as those who worship him in truth,
That he will cleanse the heart of Sām, King of the earth,
From opposition, and rage, and rancor.
Perhaps the Creator of the world may listen to my prayer,
And thou mayest yet be publicly proclaimed my wife."
And Rudabah said:—"And I also, in the presence of the righteous God,
Take the same pledge, and swear to thee my faith;
And He who created the world be witness to my words,
That no one but the hero of the world,
The throned, the crowned, the far-famed Zāl,
Will I ever permit to be sovereign over me."

The gray dawn began to show itself,
And the drum to be heard from the royal pavilion;
Then Zāl bade adieu to the fair one.
His soul was darkened, and his bosom on fire,
And the eyes of both were filled with tears;

And they lifted up their voices against the sun:—
"O glory of the universe, why come so quick?
Couldst thou not wait one little moment?"

Then Zāl cast his noose on a pinnacle,
And descended from those happy battlements,
As the sun was rising redly above the mountains,
And the bands of warriors were gathering in their ranks.

Translation of S. Robinson.

THE DEATH OF DARA [DARIUS]

From the 'Shāh-Nāmah'

THE viziers came to Iskandar [Alexander the Great] and said:
"O King, crowned with victories and knowledge,
We have just slain thine enemy.
Come to an end is his diadem and the throne of princes."
When Janusyar had thus spoken, Iskandar said to Mahyar:—
"The enemy ye have cast down—where is he? Show me the nearest road thither."
They went before him, and the King of the Greeks followed,
His heart and his eyes filled with tears of blood.
When he came near he saw that the face of Dara
Was pale as the flower of the fenugreek,
And his breast clotted with gore.
Having commanded that they should quit their horses
And keep guard over the two ministers,
Swift as the wind Iskandar dismounted from his charger,
And placed on his thigh the head of the wounded man.
He looked to see whether Dara was still in a condition to speak,
Passed both his hands over his face,
Withdrew the royal diadem from his head,
Unclasped the warlike breastplate from his breast,
And rained down a flood of tears from his eyes when he saw the wounded body,
And the physician far away.
"May it go well with thee," he exclaimed,
"And let the heart of the malevolent tremble!
Raise thyself and seat thyself on this golden cushion,
And if thou hast strength enough, place thyself in the saddle.
I will bring physicians from Greece and India;
I will shed tears of blood for thy sufferings;

I will restore to thee thy kingdom and thy throne,
And we will depart as soon as thou art better.
When yester-evening the old men told me what had happened,
My heart swelled with blood, my lips uttered cries.
We are of one branch, one root, one body-garment:
Why, through our ambition, should we extirpate our race?"
When Dara heard, with a weak voice he replied:—
"May wisdom be thy companion forever!
I believe that from thy God, the just, the holy,
Thou wilt receive a recompense for these thy words.
But for what thou hast said, that Persia shall be mine,
Thine be the throne and the crown of the brave,—
Nearer to me is death than a throne;
My fortune is turned upside down; my throne is at an end.
Such is the determination of the lofty sphere;
Its delights are sorrows, and its profit is ruin.
Take heed that thou say not, in the pride of thy valor,
'I have been superior to this renowned army.'
Know that good and evil are alike from God,
And give him the praise that thyself art still alive.
I am myself a sufficient example of this,
And my history is a commentary upon it for every one.
For what greatness was mine, and sovereignty, and treasure!
And to no one hath suffering ever come through me.
What arms and armies, too, were mine!
And what quantities of horses, and thrones, and diadems!
What children and relatives—
Relatives whose hearts were stamped with my mark.
The earth and the age were as slaves before me.
So was it as long as fortune was my friend;
But now I am severed from all my happiness,
And am fallen into the hands of murderers.
I am in despair about my children and my kinsmen;
The world is become black, and my eyes are darkened.
No one of my relatives cometh to my assistance;
I have no hope but in the great Provider, and that is enough.
Behold me, wounded and stretched upon the ground!
Fate hath ensnared me in the net of destruction.
This is the way of the changeful sphere
With every one, whether he be king or warrior.
In the end all greatness passeth away;
It is a chase in which man is the quarry and Death is the hunter."

Iskandar rained tears of anguish from his eyes over the wounded King,
As he lay stretched on the ground.
When Dara perceived that the grief was from his heart,
And saw the torrent of tears which flowed from his pale cheek,
He said to him:—"All this is of no avail.
From the fire no portion is mine but the smoke;
This is my gift from the All-giver,
And all that remaineth of my once brilliant fortune.
Now give me thine ear from first to last;
Receive what I say, and execute it with judgment."
Iskandar replied:—"It is for thee to command;
Say what thou wilt, thou hast my promise."
Rapidly Dara unbound his tongue;
Point by point he gave instructions about everything:—
"First, illustrious prince, fear thou God, the righteous Maker,
Who made heaven and earth and time; who created the weak and the strong:
Watch over my children, and my kindred, and my beloved veiled women;
Ask of me in marriage my chaste daughter, and make her happy in thy palace;
To whom her mother gave the name of Roshank,
And in her made the world contented and joyful.
Thou wilt never from my child hear a word of chiding,
Nor will her worst enemy utter a calumny against her.
As she is the daughter of a line of kings,
So in prudence she is the crown of women.
Perhaps she will bring thee an illustrious son,
Who will revive the name of Isfandyar,
Will stir up the fire of Zoroaster,
Take in his hand the Zendavesta;
Will observe the auguries and feast of Sadah, and that of the New Year,
Renew the splendor of the fire-temples of Hormuzd,
The Sun, the Moon, and Mithra;
Will wash his face and his soul in the waters of wisdom,
Re-establish the customs of Lohrasp,
Restore the Kaianian rites of Gushtasp;
Will treat the great as great and the little as little,
Rekindle religion, and be fortunate."

Iskandar answered:—"O good-hearted and righteous King,
I accept thy injunctions and thy testament;

I will remain in this country only to execute them.
I will perform thy excellent intentions;
I will make thy intelligence my guide."

The master of the world seized the hand of Iskandar,
And wept and lamented bitterly;
He placed the palm of it on his lips, and said to him:—"Be God thy refuge!
I leave thee my throne, and return to the dust;
My soul I leave to God the holy."

He spoke, and his soul quitted his body,
And all who were about him wept bitterly.
Iskandar rent all his garments,
And scattered dust on the crown of the Kaianians.
He built a tomb for him agreeably to the customs of his country,
And suitable to his faith and the splendor of his rank.
They washed the blood from his body with precious rose-water,
Since the time of the eternal sleep had arrived.
They wrapped it in brocade of Rūm,
Its surface covered with jewels on a ground of gold.
They hid it under a coating of camphor,
And after that no one saw the face of Dara any more.
In the tomb they placed for him a dais of gold,
And on his head a crown of musk.
They laid him in a coffin of gold,
And rained over him from their eyelids a shower of blood.
When they raised the coffin from the ground,
They bore it, turn by turn;
Iskandar went before it on foot,
And the grandees followed behind, shedding tears of anguish.
So they proceeded to the sepulchre of Dara,
And placed the coffin on the dais, performing all the ceremony due to kings;
And when they had completed the magnificent monument,
They erected gibbets before it, and executed the murderers.

Translation of S. Robinson.

THE WARRIOR SĀM DESCRIBES HIS VICTORY OVER A DRAGON

From the ‹Shāh Nāmah›

«The dragon seemed a lofty mountain,
And trailed upon the ground its hairlike lassos.
Its tongue was like a tree-trunk charred; its jaws
Were open and were lying in my path.
Its eyes were like two cisterns full of blood.
It bellowed when it saw me, and came on
In fury, seeming all afire, O Shah!
Within. — The world 'gan swim before mine eyes,
A black reek went up to the murky clouds,
Earth's surface shook beneath the bellowing,
The venom seemed to be a sea of Chín.
Then like a gallant warrior I roared
Against that dragon, as a lion roareth,
And tarried not, but fitted to my bow
A poplar arrow, tipped with adamant,
And shot it at the dragon's jaws, to pin
The tongue against the throat. The tongue lolled pinned;
The dragon was astound.
Again I shot,
Again I pierced the mouth; — the creature writhed.
I shot a third shaft right adown its jaws;
Its heart's blood spouted seething.
When it closed
And pressed me hard, I took mine ox-head mace,
And, in the strength of God, the Lord of all,
Urged on mine elephantine steed and smote
The dragon's head. Thou wouldst have said that heaven
Rained mountains down thereon.
I smashed the skull,
As it had been a mighty elephant's.
And venom poured forth like the river Nile.
So struck I that the dragon rose no more,
While earth was leveled to the hills with brains,
Kashaf was flowing like a stream of gall,
And all was peace.»

Translation by A. G. and E. Warner.

FIRDAUSĪ'S SATIRE ON MÁHMÚD

From the 'Shāh Nāmah'

KNOW, tyrant as thou art, this earthly state
is not eternal, but of transient date;
Fear God, then, and afflict not humankind;
To merit Heaven, be thou to Heaven resigned.
Afflict not even the ant: though weak and small,
It breathes and lives, and life is sweet to all.
Knowing my temper, firm and stern and bold,
Didst thou not, tyrant, tremble to behold
My sword blood-dropping? Hadst thou not the sense
To shrink from giving man like me offense?
What could impel thee to an act so base?
What, but to earn and prove thy own disgrace?
Why was I sentenced to be trod upon
And crushed to death by elephants, by one
Whose power I scorn? Couldst thou presume that I
Would be appalled by thee, whom I defy?
I am the lion, I, inured to blood,
And make the impious and the base my food;
And I could grind thy limbs, and spread them far
As Nile's dark waters their rich treasures bear.
Fear thee! I fear not man, but God alone;
I only bow to his Almighty throne.
Inspired by him, my ready numbers flow;
Guarded by him, I dread no earthly foe.
Thus in the pride of song I pass my days,
Offering to Heaven my gratitude and praise.

From every trace of sense and feeling free,
When thou art dead, what will become of thee?
If thou shouldst tear me limb from limb, and cast
My dust and ashes to the angry blast,
Firdausī still would live, since on thy name,
Máhmúd, I did not rest my hopes of fame
In the bright page of my heroic song,
But on the God of heaven, to whom belong
Boundless thanksgivings, and on him whose love
Supports the faithful in the realms above,
The mighty Prophet! None who e'er reposed
On him, existence without hope has closed.

And thou wouldst hurl me underneath the tread
Of the wild elephant, till I were dead!

Dead! by that insult roused I should become
An elephant in power, and seal thy doom—
Máhmúd! if fear of man hath never awed
Thy heart, at least fear thy creator God.
Full many a warrior of illustrious worth,
Full many of humble, of imperial birth,—
Túr, Selím, Jemshíd, Minúchihr the brave,
Have died; for nothing had the power to save
These mighty monarchs from the common doom;
They died, but blest in memory still they bloom.
Thus kings too perish,—none on earth remain,
Since all things human see the dust again.
Oh, had thy father graced a kingly throne,
Thy mother been for royal virtues known,
A different fate the poet then had shared,—
Honors and wealth had been his just reward;
But how remote from thee a glorious line!
No high, ennobling ancestry is thine;
From a vile stock thy bold career began,—
A blacksmith was thy sire, of Isfahán.
Alas! from vice can goodness ever spring?
Is mercy hoped for in a tyrant king?
Can water wash the Ethiopian white?
Can we remove the darkness from the night?
The tree to which a bitter fruit is given
Would still be bitter in the bowers of heaven;
And a bad heart keeps on its vicious course,—
Or if it changes, changes for the worse;
Whilst streams of milk, where Eden's flow'rets blow,
Acquire more honeyed sweetness as they flow.
The reckless king who grinds the poor like thee
Must ever be consigned to infamy!

Now mark Firdausí's strain; his Book of Kings
Will ever soar upon triumphant wings.
All who have listened to its various lore
Rejoice; the wise grow wiser than before;
Heroes of other times, of ancient days,
Forever flourish in my sounding lays:
Have I not sung of Káús, Tús and Gíw;
Of matchless Rustem, faithful still and true.
Of the great Demon-binder, who could throw
His kamund to the heavens, and seize his foe!
Of Húsheng, Feridún, and Sám Suwár,
Lohurásp, Kai-khosráu, and Isfendiyár;

Gushtásp, Arjásp, and him of mighty name,—
Gúdarz, with eighty sons of martial fame!

The toil of thirty years is now complete,
Record sublime of many a warlike feat,
Written 'midst toil and trouble; but the strain
Awakens every heart, and will remain
A lasting stimulus to glorious deeds;
For even the bashful maid, who kindling reads,
Becomes a warrior. Thirty years of care,
Urged on by royal promise, did I bear,
And now, deceived and scorned, the aged bard
Is basely cheated of his pledged reward!

Version by J. Atkinson.

PRINCE SOHRÁB LEARNS OF HIS BIRTH, AND RESOLVES TO FIND RUSTEM

From the 'Shāh Nāmah'

When nine slow-circling months had rolled away,
Sweet-smiling pleasure hailed the brightening day,
A wondrous boy Tahmíneh's tears suppressed,
And lulled the sorrows of her heart to rest;
To him, predestined to be great and brave,
The name Sohráb his tender mother gave;
And as he grew, amazed the gathering throng
Viewed his large limbs, his sinews firm and strong.
His infant years no soft endearment claimed;
Athletic sports his eager soul inflamed;
Broad at the chest and taper round the loins,
Where to the rising hip the body joins;
Hunter and wrestler; and so great his speed,
He could o'ertake and hold the swiftest steed.
His noble aspect and majestic grace
Betrayed the offspring of a glorious race.
How, with a mother's ever-anxious love,
Still to retain him near her heart she strove!
For when the father's fond inquiry came,
Cautious she still concealed his birth and name,
And feigned a daughter born, the evil fraught
With misery to avert—but vain the thought:
Not many years had passed with downy flight,
Ere he, Tahmíneh's wonder and delight,

With glistening eye, and youthful ardor warm,
Filled her foreboding bosom with alarm.

"Oh, now relieve my heart!" he said; "declare
From whom I sprang, and breathe the vital air,
Since from my childhood I have ever been,
Amidst my playmates, of superior mien.
Should friend or foe demand my father's name,
Let not my silence testify my shame!
If still concealed, you falter, still delay,
A mother's blood shall wash the crime away."

"This wrath forego," the mother answering cried,
"And joyful hear to whom thou art allied.
A glorious line precedes thy destined birth,—
The mightiest heroes of the sons of earth.
The deeds of Sám remotest realms admire,
And Zál, and Rustem thy illustrious sire!"

In private, then, she Rustem's letter placed
Before his view, and brought with eager haste
Three sparkling rubies, wedges three of gold,
From Persia sent. "Behold," she said, "behold
Thy father's gifts — will these thy doubts remove?
The costly pledges of paternal love!
Behold this bracelet charm, of sovereign power
To baffle fate in danger's awful hour:
But thou must still the perilous secret keep,
Nor ask the harvest of renown to reap;
For when, by this peculiar signet known,
Thy glorious father shall demand his son,
Doomed from her only joy in life to part,
O think what pangs will rend thy mother's heart!
Seek not the fame which only teems with woe:
Afrásiyáb is Rustem's deadliest foe!
And if by him discovered, him I dread,
Revenge will fall upon thy guiltless head."

The youth replied:—"In vain thy sighs and tears;
The secret breathes, and mocks thy idle fears.
No human power can fate's decrees control,
Or check the kindled ardor of my soul.
Then why from me the bursting truth conceal?
My father's foes even now my vengeance feel;
Even now in wrath my native legions rise,
And sounds of desolation strike the skies;

Káús himself, hurled from his ivory throne,
Shall yield to Rustem the imperial crown,
And thou my mother, still in triumph seen,
Of lovely Persia hailed the honored queen!
Then shall Túrán unite beneath my band,
And drive this proud oppressor from the land!
Father and son in virtuous league combined,
No savage despot shall enslave mankind;
When sun and moon o'er heaven refulgent blaze,
Shall little stars obtrude their feeble rays?»

He paused, and then:—«O mother, I must now
My father seek, and see his lofty brow;
Be mine a horse, such as a prince demands,
Fit for the dusty field, a warrior's hands;
Strong as an elephant his form should be,
And chested like the stag, in motion free,
And swift as bird, or fish; it would disgrace
A warrior bold on foot to show his face.»

The mother, seeing how his heart was bent,
His day-star rising in the firmament,
Commands the stables to be searched to find
Among the steeds one suited to his mind;
Pressing their backs, he tries their strength and nerve:
Bent double to the ground their bellies curve:
Not one, from neighboring plain and mountain brought,
Equals the wish with which his soul is fraught;
Fruitless on every side he anxious turns,
Fruitless, his brain with wild impatience burns:
But when at length they bring the destined steed,
From Rakush bred, of lightning's wingèd speed,
Fleet as the arrow from the bowstring flies,
Fleet as the eagle darting through the skies,
Rejoiced he springs, and with a nimble bound
Vaults in his seat and wheels the courser round:
«With such a horse, thus mounted, what remains?
Káús the Persian King no longer reigns!»
High-flushed he speaks, with youthful pride elate,
Eager to crush the monarch's glittering state;
He grasps his javelin with a hero's might,
And pants with ardor for the field of fight.
Soon o'er the realm his fame expanding spread,
And gathering thousands hastened to his aid.

Version by J. Atkinson.

AGNOLO FIRENZUOLA

(1493–1545)

THIS Italian poet and littérateur was born in Florence, September 28th, 1493. He received his name from the town of Firenzuola among the Apennines, where his family originated. Agnolo spent his youth in Siena and Perugia, studying law and living a gay and wild life of pleasure. For a short time he practiced his profession in Rome, but abandoned it to become a monk at Vallombrosa. After the death of Clement VII. he went to Florence, and finally settled at Prato as abbot of San Salvatore. Some authorities have disputed that he ever became an abbot, for the records of his dissolute career do not accord with a monastic life. But whether abbot or gentleman of leisure, a severe illness took him to Prato, where he spent many happy years. He died here or at Rome, about 1545.

When in Rome he formed a friendship with many eminent men of letters, and his own writings attracted much attention. His adaptation of 'The Golden Ass' of Apuleius became a favorite book, and passed through many editions, and his original works were esteemed for their diction and brilliancy. Firenzuola wrote satirical and burlesque poems; two comedies, 'I Lucidi' and 'La Trinuzia'; 'Discorsi degli Animali,' imitations of Oriental fables of animals; 'Ragionamenti Amorosi,' novelettes or tales after the fashion of Boccaccio; 'Dialogo della Bellezza delle Donne,' and other works. He also wrote a few love poems and ballads, one of the most admired of which is 'Orozza Pastorella.' The first edition of Firenzuola's works appeared in 1548, and they have been frequently republished. The best editions of this century are in 5 vols., Milan, 1802; and in 2 vols., Florence, 1848. In his 'Renaissance in Italy' (London, 1881), J. A. Symonds says:—

«The charm of Firenzuola's 'Novelle' is due in a large measure to his style, which has a wonderful transparency and ease, a wealth of the rarest Tuscan phrases, and a freshness of humor that renders them delightful reading. The storm at sea, in the first tale, and the night scene in the streets in Florence, in the third, are described with Ariostean brilliancy. In point of subject-matter they do not greatly differ from the ordinary novels of the day, and some of the tales reappear in the collections of other novelists. Most of them turn upon the foibles and vices of the clergy. . . .

«Firenzuola prefaced his novels with an elaborate introduction, describing the meeting of some friends at Celso's villa near Pazolatico and their

discourse on love. From discussion they pass to telling amorous stories, under the guidance of a Queen selected by the company. The introductory conversation is full of a dreamy, sensualized, disintegrated Platonism. It parades conventional distinctions between earthly and heavenly love, between the beauty of the soul and the beauty of the body; and then we pass without modulation into the regions of what is here called *accidenti amorosi*.

«The same insincere Platonism gives color to Firenzuola's discourse on the 'Beauty of Women,' — one of the most important productions of the sixteenth century in illustration of popular and artistic taste. The author imagines himself to have interrupted a bevy of fair ladies from Prato in the midst of a dispute about the beauty of Mona Amelia della Torre Nuova. Mona Amelia herself was present; and so were Mona Lampiada, Mona Amororrisca, Mona Selvaggia, and Mona Verdespina. Under these names it is clear that living persons of the town of Prato are designated; and all the examples of beauty given in the dialogue are chosen from well-known women of the district. The composition must therefore be reckoned as an elaborate compliment from Firenzuola to the fair sex of Prato.»

The scene of the famous dialogue is laid in the convent grounds of Grignano, and Celso is supposed to be intended for Firenzuola. He analyzes and criticizes the form, proportion, and colors of the female type from the point of view of the artist, sculptor, and fastidious gentleman of taste. The 'Dialogo della Bellezze delle Donne' was first published in 1548, without the place of publication. It was reprinted in Florence in the same year. Many editions appeared, and a French translation, called 'Discours de la Beauté des Dames,' was issued in Paris in 1578. It was translated into English by Clara Bell, and printed with an introduction by Theodore Child (London, 1892), under the title 'Of the Beauty of Women.' Of it Mr. Child says:—

«Firenzuola's 'Dialogue on the Beauty of Women,' which is here presented for the first time in the English tongue, seems to us worthy of the honors of translation and of perusal for other reasons than those of mere antiquarian curiosity. Our ideal of feminine beauty is doubtless different from that of Botticelli, Perugino, Antonio Bazzi, Bellini, Leonardo, or Titian; and yet, by the ardent and continual study of the masterpieces of these and other painters, we certainly influence our modern ideal in some subtle and unanalyzable way. The life of great works of art is eternal. In each succeeding age they acquire new eloquence and impart fresh lessons to those who study them. They retain an inexhaustible power of suggestion and boundless capacity of interpretation. It is in the interpretation of the painting of the Italian Renaissance that the Dialogue of Firenzuola seems to us to be of singular interest; and above all in its suggestiveness to modern women, and in its implied doctrine that beauty is to be pursued, and within certain limits to be attained, even by those whom nature has not lavishly favored. . . . The Florentine was curious, perhaps, rather than sentimental; his analysis of the beauty of women is strictly æsthetical; his admiration active and impressionist, so to

speak, rather than contemplative. Had he lived in our times, he would have noted with incomparably delicate touch the familiar gestures which contemporary costume involves, and all the pretty movements that accompany the raising of a veil, the arrangement of the hair imperceptibly ruffled by the indiscreet breeze, the coquettish effort made in taking off gloves and adjusting rings and bracelets, the furtive application of the powder-puff and of the precious unguent that imparts intensity to roseate lips. At the same time he would have paid little attention to the naïveté of the eye and the gravity of the heart. The beauty of women which Firenzuola admires and analyzes is exterior, plastic, and material. . . . Many of Firenzuola's remarks may seem perhaps a little vague and general, but they become less so when we read them in connection with the monuments of plastic art contemporaneous with the life of the writer. In the figures of the frescoes of Ghirlandajo, of Piero della Francesca, of Antonio Bazzi, and more particularly in the marvelous women that we admire in the frescoes and pictures of the Florentine Botticelli, we recognize those refinements of bearing and expression of which Firenzuola speaks; we divine an ideal of feminine beauty corresponding with his; and we realize the charm of those high and pure foreheads 'shining almost like a mirror.'»

IN THE GARDEN

From 'Of the Beauty of Women'

Celso Selvaggio is a great friend of mine, and so much at my service that I make bold to say he is in truth as my second self. Hence, when I now set forth these his discourses, albeit indeed he hath forbidden it, he will have patience with me, inasmuch as that the love he bears me constrains him to make my will his own, and all the more, since that which constraineth him constraineth me. Now he, besides being a man skilled in learning, is of no small judgment, and great courtesy and highly accommodating to the desires of his friends; and for all these reasons, being assured that he will make no difficulties, I have set them forth as you see.

He found himself last summer in the garden of the Abbey of Grignano, kept at that time by Vanazzo de Rochi, whither several youths and maidens had betaken themselves for air, ladies distinguished no less for their beauty and high degree than for their many virtues; among them Madonna Lampiada, Madonnas Amorrisca, Selvaggia, and Verdespina. They had withdrawn to the summit of the hillock in the midst of that garden, overgrown with cypress and laurel, where they tarried, disputing of Madonna Amelia della Torrenuova, who likewise was in the

pleasaunce; and this one would have it that she was of the greatest beauty, and that other that she was not even well favored, when Celso came up the mount with certain other youths of Prato, the kindred of these ladies. And they, being thus taken by surprise, were silent on a sudden. Then Celso making excuse for having done them such discourtesy, the ladies graciously replied that their coming hither was most pleasing to them, and they bid these gentlemen be seated on a bank over against them; yet were they again silent.

Whereupon Celso spoke, saying:—"Fair ladies, either proceed in your discourse, or dismiss us from your company, to the end that we may not disturb your sport, but hit the ball as it bounds."

Then said Madonna Lampiada:—"Messer Celso, our discourse was of women, wherefore it did not appear to us to be seemly to continue it in your presence. This one said that Amelia was not comely; I say that she is: thus we were disputing, after the manner of ladies."

To whom Celso replied:—"Madonna Selvaggia is in error, but indeed she loves her not. In truth, that lady must ever be accounted fair by all, nay, and most beautiful; and if she is not to be deemed beautiful, I cannot see one in Prato who may be called fair."

On this Selvaggia, somewhat wroth rather than pleased, replied:—"Small judgment is needed in such a matter, since each is of a different mind, and a brown skin is pleasing to one and a white skin to another; and it is with us women as in a draper's shop, where cloth from the Romagnuola finds a purchaser no less than satin from Banello."

"Well and good," quoth Celso; "but when we speak of a beautiful woman we mean one whom all alike admire, and not this one or that one only: thus Nora, so ill-favored as she is, appears most pleasing in the sight of her Tomaso, albeit she is as uncomely as she possibly can be; and my gossip, who was passing fair, her husband could not suffer. Peradventure it is that certain complexions suit or suit not: but a lady fair in all points, like yourself, must necessarily be pleasing to all, as you are; albeit few are pleasing to you, as I know full well. It is indeed the truth, that to be of perfect beauty many things are needed, so that one is rarely found who possesseth the half of them."

Selvaggia then said:—"There are some among you men whom the world itself would not satisfy. And I once heard it said that one Momus, unable to find any fault in the beauty of Venus, blamed some trifle in the fashion of her sandals."

Then said Verdespina:—"Thus you see how he beheld her."

And Celso, laughing, went on:—"Again, Stesichoros, a most noble poet of Sicily, spoke evil of that Helen who by her exceeding great beauty moved a thousand Greek ships to go forth against the great kingdom of Troy."

Then said Madonna Lampiada in haste:—"Ay, truly; but you know that he thereupon lost his sight, and had it not again till he denied his words."

"And so had his desert," added Celso, "inasmuch as that beauty and fair women, and fair women and beauty, ought to be lauded and held precious by all; seeing that a fair woman is the fairest object that may be seen, and beauty the highest gift bestowed by God on mankind; since its virtue is to invite the soul to contemplation, and through contemplation to the desire of heavenly things. Hence it hath been given us as a foretaste and as an earnest; and it is of such power and worth that it hath been accounted by sages as the first and most excellent of all things to be loved; nay, they have called it the very seat, the nest, the abode of love; of love, I say, which is the source and fount of all human joys. For it we see a man forget himself; and on beholding a face graced with this celestial gift, his limbs will quake, his hair stand on end, and he will sweat and shiver at the same time; just as one who, seeing on a sudden some heavenly vision, is possessed by the divine frenzy; and when he is come to himself worships it in his heart, and acknowledging it as it were a god, gives himself up as a victim and a sacrifice on the altar of that fair lady's heart."

Whereupon said Madonna Lampiada:—"Ah, Messer Celso, if it will not weary you, do us a pleasure: tell us somewhat of this beauty, and what should be the form of such a fair woman; whereas these damsels have for some time urged me to entreat this of you, and I have delayed to do it. But since you of your own motion have begun to discourse of it, having increased my desire you likewise have raised my courage; all the more since it hath been told me that during the evening assembly held by my sister last Carnival season, you spoke of the matter with those ladies at such length that Madonna Agnoletta could talk of

nothing else for many days. So we pray you do us this favor, for we have naught else to be busy about; and in this light wind the heat of the day will be more delightfully spent by us than by those below who are sporting or walking in the pleasaunce.»

Then answered Celso:—«Ay! To the end that Selvaggia, if she hear aught said which is not to her mind, or if I omit aught, may cry out that I am speaking ill of women; in which I never take so great pleasure as I do in praising them, as she has often known by experience, and yet hath never thanked me for it.»

Translation of Clara Bell.

OF THE FOREHEAD AND TEMPLES

From 'Of the Beauty of Women'

Celso—To return to the person of our image, I say that you, Madonna Amororrisca, have a shape between lean and fat, round and juicy and of the right proportions, wherein we see suppleness and dexterity, with somewhat that is right queenly. Your hue is not of that whiteness which verges on pallor, but tinted with blood, after the fashion which the ancients prized. The person of a lady of high degree should move with gravity and after a certain gentle manner which keeps it upright, yet not stiff, so that we find in it that majesty whereof I lately spoke. And inasmuch as you have most of all these things, we are bound to give you Verdespina's hair; and now will seek a forehead.

The forehead must be spacious; that is, wide and high, fair and serene. The height, which is understood to be from where the hair ends down to the confines of the eyebrows and the nose, according to many writers should be the third part of the face; the second part being measured to the upper lip, and the third part all the rest, including the chin;—the height, then, I say, must be equal to half the width, and it will be twice as wide as the height; so that from the width we estimate the height, and the height from the width. And we have said it must be fair, since it must not be of an over-dull whiteness without any lustre, but should shine after the manner of a mirror; not by wetness, or by painting, or by foul washes like that

of Bovinetta, which, an it were fish to fry, might be worth a farthing a pound more as not needing to be floured; howbeit, it is not to be sold nor fried.

The line of the brow should not be all flat, but curved like an arch toward the crown of the head, so gently that it is scarce to be perceived; but from the boss of the temples it should descend more straightly. Our poets speak of it as serene, and with reason; since as the sky is serene when we see on it no cloud nor any manner of spot, so the front, when it is clear and open, without furrows or wrinkles or powders, is calm and tranquil, and may be rightly called serene; and whereas the sky when it is serene engenders a certain contentment in the mind of those who behold it, so the forehead which we call serene, gives, through the eye, peace to the soul of those who gaze upon it. As it is now with me, gazing on that of Madonna Lampiada, which, having all the qualities I have enumerated, will do well to place beneath Verdespina's hair. And that serenity of which I speak is the greater for the lustre of the eyes, they being without the confines of the forehead indeed, and yet appearing as the two chief luminaries in the sky; and we will first speak of the eyebrows.

Now, to speak of these, we will take as an example those of Verdespina, who hath them in color like ebony; fine, and of short, soft hairs, as though they were of the finest silk; and from the middle to the ends they gently diminish, on one side towards the hollow or socket of the eye, by the nose, and on the other toward that part which is near the ear, and where they end.

Next we come to the eye, which in every part of the visible globe, or eyeball, excepting the pupil, must be white, slightly tinged with the hue of flax, but so little as to be scarce perceptible. The pupil, save only the circle which lies in the centre, should not be perfectly black, albeit all the Greek and Latin poets, and our own likewise, praise black eyes as with one voice, and all are agreed that the goddess of beauty had them. Nevertheless, those are not wanting who praise eyes which are of the color of the sky, and that Venus had them so is to be found written in certain trustworthy authors.

Among you there is a lady, reputed exceeding fair by me and by many others, who, having such eyes, gains in grace thereby. Nevertheless, common custom seems to have obtained that dark tan or nut-brown eyes hold the first place among eyes of other colors. Deep black is not much to be commended, since it tends

to a somewhat gloomy and cruel gaze; and nut brown, if dark, gives a soft, bright, clear, and kindly gaze; and it lends to the movement of the eyes I know not what alluring charm,—frank, attractive, and keen, which I cannot better explain than by pointing to those of Madonna Lampiada, to whom none of these qualities are lacking. And besides this that has been said, and again like Madonna Lampiada, the eyes must be large and full, not concave nor hollow, for hollowness makes the gaze over-proud, and fullness makes it sweet and modest. So Homer, desiring to praise the eyes of Juno, tells us that they were like those of an ox, meaning thereby that they were round and full and large. Many have said that they should be long, and others that they should be oval, which pleases me very well.

The eyelids, when they are white, with certain delicate rosy veins, hardly to be seen, are a great aid to the general beauty of the eye; and the lashes should be thin and not over-long and not white, since, besides being ill-favored, they impair the sight. Nor would I have them very black, which makes the gaze fierce. The socket which surrounds the eye is not to be very deep, nor too large, nor different in color from the cheek; and let ladies who paint be on their guard,—those, I would say, who are brown,—since this part is very often unapt to take the paint or the plastering by reason of its hollow shape, or to retain it by reason of the motion of the eyelashes, and thus makes a division which looks very ill. Madonna Theofila's neighbor often falls into this error.

The ears, which should be tinted rather of the hue of pale rubies than of red ones, and which we will paint like the balcony rose, and not the damask, I will borrow from you, Selvaggia. For their perfect beauty, as we see in yours, a middle size is to be desired, with the shell finely turned, and of a livelier hue than the flat part; and the roll which borders them all round must be transparent and of a brilliant hue like the seed of a pomegranate. Above all, if they be soft and thin their beauty is spoiled; hence, as they are seen in her, they should be firm and well set on.

Of the temples there is little to be said save that they must be white and flat, not hollow; not over-full and moist, nor so narrow as to seem to press on the brain, which would signify a weakness of the brain. And they are beautiful when they resemble those of Madonna Amororrisca. And the manner of laying the hair over them, higher or lower, curled or drawn smooth, thicker or thinner, enlarges or diminishes the temples and makes

them wider or narrower, longer or shorter, as we may desire, or as a little flower shall confine it.

Madonna Lampiada—When I was a girl we did not love to dress our heads as many of our maidens do nowadays, putting so many flowers and leaves that they often resemble a jar full of gilliflowers or marjoram; nay, some might be a quarter of kid on the spit, since they will even wear rosemary, which to me seems the most graceless thing in the world. And you, Messer Celso, how seems it to you?

Celso—I like it not, if I am to tell the truth; and this mistake arises from their not knowing for what reason the ancients would wear a flower above the ear. I speak of gentlewomen, since the peasant women, having no other jewels nor pearls, load themselves, as you know, with flowers, without order, fashion, or number; and in them this excess becomes beauty.

Madonna Lampiada—Meseems that even gentle ladies may have worn flowers for their more homely adornment, instead of pearls and gold; inasmuch as not all our peers have wherewithal to attire themselves with the gems of the Orient or the sands of Tagus, and so it was needful to use the riches of the gardens of our own land. But each one having tried to outdo the others, they seem sometimes as if they had a garland or *quintain* about the face. And waters and powders were in those days invented, to remove pimples and moles and other such stains, but to-day they are used to paint and whiten the whole face, just as lime and plaster cover the face of a wall; and peradventure those foolish maids believe that men, whom they seek to please, do not discern this foulness, which I would have them to know wears them out and makes them grow old before their time, and destroys their teeth, while they seem to be wearing a mask all the year through. Look now at Mona Bettola Gagliani; what do you think of her? The more she paints and the more she dresses up the older she seems; nay, she is like a gold ducat that hath lain in aquafortis. And it would not be thus if she had not used washes so much when she was young. I, for my part, if I am still well preserved (which indeed I know not, but it shall suffice that others say so) it is from no cause but that water from the well has ever been my wash, and shall be that of my daughter so long as she tarries with me; afterwards, it must be her husband's care.

Translation of Clara Bell.

OF THE HAND

From 'Of the Beauty of Women'

THE hand, which all declare to be perfect in you (to you I say it, Selvaggia, so hide it not), must likewise be white chiefly on the outer side, large enough and somewhat fat, the palm hollow and tinted with rose; the lines must be clear, few, distinct, firmly drawn, not crossing nor entangled, the mounts of Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury plainly to be seen, yet not over-high; the line of the intellect and wit should be deep and clear and crossed by no other. The hollow that lies between the thumb and middle finger must be shapely, without wrinkles, and brightly tinted. The fingers are beautiful when they are long, fine, and slender, tapering somewhat towards the tip, yet so little as to be scarce perceptible. The nails transparent, like pale rubies among pink roses and the leaves of the pomegranate flower; not long, not round nor altogether square, but of a fair shape and with a very little boss, uncovered, clean and well kept, so that at the base the little white crescent is visible. Above, beyond the flesh of the finger, an edge should be seen, as wide as a small knife is thick, without the smallest suspicion of a rim of black at the tip. And the whole hand must be of a tender, firm surface, as though it were of fine silk or the softest cotton. And this is all it occurs to me to say of the arms and hands. Now this image will no longer be like that in the piazza; but behold the thing she was compared with! You are indeed one of those sharp thorns which get in between the nail and the flesh, and if green, of the harder heart; and it is well for me that I have a good needle to withdraw it withal.

Selvaggia—Now, meseems, your picture is like those which are wrought by the hands of a good master; and to tell the truth, it is a most beautiful thing, so that if I were a man, whereas I am a woman, I should be constrained like a second Pygmalion to fall in love with her. And do not think that I call her beautiful only to signify that the parts which we have given her are the occasion of it, seeing that the adornments and graces you have bestowed on her might have made even the wife of Jacopo Cavallaccio seem fair. Since I (to speak only of myself), if I had so fair a bosom as you have described, should not yield to Helen nor Venus for beauty.

Celso—You have it indeed, and you know it; there is no need to make so many words about it. Good luck to you, and to him who may some day be worthy to behold it. And of a truth when that friend of mine composed a fine Elegy in its praise, having so fine a thread, it was no great marvel that he filled so fair a cloth. But to give our chimera the crowning perfection, that nothing may be lacking to her, you, Madonna Lampiada, will give her that witchery that sparkles in your eyes and that fine air which pervades the perfect proportion of your person; you, Madonna Amororrisca, will give her the queenly majesty of your person and the cheerfulness of your honest and modest gaze, that serious gait, that dignified countenance, and that gentle graciousness which delight all who behold them. Selvaggia will lend her a calm seemliness, an inviting charm, an honest yet bewitching, a severe yet sweet attractiveness, with that pitying cruelty which all are constrained to praise albeit none desire it. You, Verdespina, shall bestow the grace which makes you so dear; that readiness and sweetness of gay speech, subtle, honest, and gracious. Wit and the other gifts and virtues of the mind we do not need, inasmuch as we have described only the beauties of the body and not those of the spirit, for which a better painter than I am is needed, better colors and a better brush than those of my poor wit, albeit your example is no less sufficient for that kind of beauty than for the other.

And thus without more words their discourse ended, and each one returned to his own home.

Translation of Clara Bell.

KUNO FISCHER

(1824–1907)

BY RICHARD JONES

KUNO FISCHER of Heidelberg, one of the most brilliant and stimulating of German university professors, the great historian and interpreter of modern philosophy, was distinguished likewise as an expositor and interpreter of some of the greater literature of the modern world. Indeed, his first published work, 'Diotima, oder die Idee des Schönen,' was an excursion into the realm of æsthetics; and his poetic sympathies, oratorical fervor and eloquence, and the literary charm of his interpretations, all contributed no less than his profound philosophic insight toward drawing to him university students from all parts of the world, from the beginning of his distinguished university career.

KUNO FISCHER

The son of a country pastor, he was born July 23d, 1824, at Sandewalde in the province of Silesia. He attended the Gymnasium of Posen, and began in 1844 his university studies, philology, theology, and philosophy; first at Leipsic, then at Halle, where he received the degree of doctor of philosophy in 1847. In the Michaelmas semester of 1850 he began his instruction in philosophy as *privatdocent* in the University of Heidelberg. His lectures were from the first exceptionally successful, but in 1853 he was forbidden by a ministerial edict from continuing his university instruction. No reason was assigned for this arbitrary act, which aroused deep indignation in university circles throughout Germany as a serious infringement of the "Lehrfreiheit," the unrestricted freedom of thought and of teaching so dear to the German university professor's heart. He remained amid the beautiful surroundings of Heidelberg, enjoying the friendship of Strauss and of Gervinus, improving his enforced leisure by working on his history of philosophy,—the volume which appeared in 1856, and which serves as an Introduction to the history proper; viz., 'Francis Bacon und seine Nachfolger' (Francis Bacon and his Successors), receiving the compliment of an immediate translation

into English. In the autumn of 1855 Fischer requested permission to lecture in the University of Berlin, but on account of the Heidelberg proscription this request was refused by the Prussian Minister of Education. However, in response to a petition of the faculty of the University of Berlin, an order was issued by the King in September 1856, granting their request that Fischer be permitted to lecture. But in the mean time he had received a call to the chair of philosophy at Jena, made famous by Fichte and Schelling and Hegel. This call he accepted. Here his lectures were again extraordinarily successful. Students flocked to Jena as they had not done since the days of Schiller, Schelling, and Fichte. He was made Privy Councilor of the Duke, and was the recipient of many honors. In 1870 he declined a call to the University of Vienna, but in 1872 he accepted a call to the University of Heidelberg as Zeller's successor, where he for years remained, the brightest ornament of the oldest university within the present limits of Germany.

His literary work was performed in the two fields of philosophic and literary exposition and interpretation. His 'Geschichte der Neuern Philosophie' (History of Modern Philosophy) at last became, after successive enlargements in several editions, a monumental work, famous for the clearness and beauty of its literary style no less than for its philosophic insight and sympathetic interpretation. Kuno Fischer's method is not to give in brief the essence of a philosophic system,—the substance of Kant, for example. He gives, on the contrary, Kant amplified, interpreted, illustrated. He states lucidly that which Kant himself stated obscurely, and illumines the Cimmerian darkness of the 'Critique of Pure Reason' by a remarkably clear and successful interpretation, which has influenced profoundly philosophic thought during the closing decades of the nineteenth century.

His treatment of philosophic systems is colored with life by sympathetic recitals of the lives and characters of the men who founded these systems. As an introduction, for example, to the philosophy of Leibnitz, there is given a full account of the life and times of Leibnitz, closing with a description of his death, alone and friendless. This great many-sided genius, until Kant came the greatest mind since Aristotle, world-renowned, who had served his king for forty years, died neglected and solitary, practically imprisoned, set to a task, yearning for the green fields, a change of scene, and liberty, and no one knows to this day the spot where he lies buried,—a striking theme for a philosopher-poet, who is by nature an orator, "musical as is Apollo's lute." To hearers or readers who have learned thus to know the man Leibnitz, the system of thought of the philosopher Leibnitz can never be thereafter a mere lifeless abstraction.

Even the distinctively philosophical works of Kuno Fischer are full of literary charm. They are clear and lucid statements of momentous truths, warm with emotion and glowing with life through his vivid appreciation of the greatness of the theme. Since, as Disraeli has said, «Philosophy becomes poetry, and science imagination, in the enthusiasm of genius,» so Kuno Fischer's readers, and especially his hearers, yield ready assent to Milton's lines:—

> «How charming is divine philosophy!
> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns.»

Kuno Fischer's expositions and interpretations of literature relate largely to the works of Shakespeare, Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller. His method has been described in detail by Hugo Falkenheim in his volume 'Kuno Fischer und die Litterarhistorische Methode.' As an interpreter of literature, Fischer did not evolve his interpretations out of his inner consciousness, but as a philosopher and a historian of thought, he was able to distinguish from unessential details the ruling idea which is at the basis of a poem, and to illustrate the use which has been made of this idea by other poets, elsewhere and in other times.

The first volume of his 'Goethe's Faust' (Vol. i., 'Faust Literature before Goethe'; Vol. ii., 'Goethe's Faust, its Origin, Idea, and Composition') has been translated into English by Harry Riggs Wolcott, of the University of Heidelberg. 'Die Erklärungsarten des Goetheschen Faust' (Goethe's Faust; Methods of Exposition) has been translated by Professor Richard Jones, of the University of the State of New York, for the publications of the English Goethe Society. His commentary on Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason' was translated and edited by Professor J. P. Mahaffy, of the University of Dublin, in 1866. His 'Critique of Kant' has been translated by Professor W. S. Hough for the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, edited by Dr. William T. Harris. Professor J. P. Gordy of Ohio University has translated the first two volumes of the 'History of Modern Philosophy,' including Descartes and his school, and also the Introduction, which gives an outline of Grecian philosophy and of the philosophy of the Middle Ages, of the Renaissance, and of the Reformation. 'Francis Bacon and his Successors' is a translation of his work on Bacon by John Oxenford (London, 1857). Kuno Fischer died on July 4, 1907.

Richard Jones

THE MOTIVE TO PHILOSOPHY

From the 'History of Modern Philosophy'

PHILOSOPHY is a love for wisdom, a striving after truth. Even this striving is philosophy. A progressive culture-process can be comprehended only by a progressive knowledge-process. The human spirit is this progressive culture-process; philosophy is this progressive knowledge-process, the self-knowledge of the human spirit. This self-knowledge of the human spirit is the fundamental theme of all systems of philosophy. The problem of philosophy is to see the meaning of the forms of culture, to grasp their inner motives, and to make clear what they are and what is their aim. The problem is the more difficult, the richer and more manifold the world of culture becomes. The animating principles of men are so various that conflicting systems of philosophy arise, each of which expresses one phase of these animating principles. This phase must be co-ordinated, in order to solve the philosophical problem of the age. But there are *ruling* tendencies of the time; so there arise in philosophy ruling systems.

Moreover, this explanation of the spirit of history, which is the province of philosophy, is always more than a mere exposition. Philosophy bears the same relation to the history of the human spirit as does our self-knowledge to our life. In what consists the act of self-observation? We withdraw from the outer world which has occupied us, and busy ourselves with ourselves. We make our own life a subject of observation, just as the artist views the work arising under his hand. He lays down his tools and steps back from his work, and from a suitable point of view surveys the whole. The eye of the critical artist sees otherwise than the eye of the artist lost in his work. He now discovers faults which were before unseen. He sees want of proportion in the parts; there a limb is too prominent for a symmetrical whole. By this opportune examination he sees now wherein one harmonizes with all, and what destroys the harmony. What shall the artist do? Abandon the work because many faults appear? Shall he not rather again grasp the tools, and in accordance with the right idea which he in a moment of criticism conceived, now correctly and better labor?

Let us apply the illustration: The artists are ourselves; the artistic work is our lives; the critical look which judges the work

is the self-observation which interrupts the process of living. We withdraw from the life which we have until that moment lived; and as the artist makes his work, we make our lives our subject of observation and win thereby a better knowledge of ourselves. We thereby separate ourselves from our past life-conditions, and shall never again return to the same. So self-observation determines the moment when one life-period closes and a new one begins. It makes a crisis in our development, a turning-point or epoch in our lives. We free ourselves from our passions as soon as we think. We cease to feel them so soon as we begin to observe them. In this lies the whole importance of self-knowledge, the crisis which it works in our lives. We are no more ruled by our previous life-conditions; we are no more what we were. So an earnest observation of self is always a fundamental freeing and renewal of our lives, a crisis which separates the present from the past and prepares for the future. The act of self-observation is in our own life what the monologue is in the drama. The action withdraws from the confusing stage of the outer world into the innermost soul, and here in silence, in deliberation with self, the problem is considered and solved.

Such moments are wanting in the life of no spiritually active being, and every one finds them in his own experience. It is impossible that we shall always continue in the conditions of life and culture which have hitherto ruled us; our interest in them ceases to satisfy us. A feeling of satiety, of dissatisfaction, makes itself always more actively and painfully felt, and at last we remain alone with ourselves. We are estranged from our previous life-conditions; we begin to reflect concerning ourselves, concerning the problem of our being, concerning the problem of the world; we begin to philosophize,—so far as we are able, so far as our culture permits.

I have portrayed out of the experience and development of a single life, the soul-condition in which the will is inclined to reflection and self-observation, and which germinates the first motive to philosophy. It is the moment when, in fervid souls, a passionate longing awakens to know philosophy and to receive from her the satisfaction which life, mere activity, no more provides.

To that important part which, in the development of the individual, self-observation plays, there correspond in the life of the race the dominant systems of philosophy. They not merely

accompany the progress of the human spirit, they influence this progress by making subjects of observation out of hitherto ruling life-conditions. They free the world from this rule. They perfect the present form of culture and prepare for the new. They work as world-historical factors, through which the great systems of culture live out their life and great culture crises are brought about.

We see the history of philosophy in its true light, when we recognize in it the course of development in which the necessary problems of humanity are with all distinctness defined, and so solved that out of every solution there arise in progressive order ever new and deeper problems.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Professor Richard Jones

FROM 'GOETHE'S FAUST: THE METHODS OF EXPOSITION'

I. The Age When the Poem was Written

In 1813 Goethe, wishing to express anew and more comprehensively than ever before, his appreciation of the poet to whom his highest admiration was ever devoted, took for his theme the words "Shakespeare without end." "So much has already been said concerning Shakespeare that it might appear as though there were nothing more to say, and yet it is the nature of his mind that he always arouses mental activity in others." The same is also true of Goethe himself and of his 'Faust.' The world will never cease to read Dante's world-poem, for the subject of which it treats is a theme of eternal moment,—the guilt, the purification, and the salvation of man. The same is true of the importance and abiding influence of Goethe's 'Faust.' It would betray an ignorance of world-literature and of its worth should one in a tone of irritation exclaim, "Goethe's 'Faust' without end."

This poem roots itself deep in the past, and is not of less worth because it grew out of the 'Volksbücher' and popular plays; for in the realm of poetry the worth of a popular origin is fully recognized. The age in which it was written, the stamp of which the poem bears, was one of the richest in ideas and in deeds which man has ever seen; and never before has such an

age developed in so short a time. When the 'Fragment' of our 'Faust' appeared, the French Revolution had just begun; it had run its course and had given birth to a Cæsar, who was already the ruler of the world when the First Part of 'Faust' saw the light of day. In the same year Napoleon appeared in Erfurt, where he called to him the author of 'Werther' and advised him to compose a 'Cæsar,' since the destiny of the world now lay in politics.

When Goethe was asked which one among modern philosophers he considered the greatest, he answered, "Kant, unquestionably; for he is the one whose doctrine proves permanent and has penetrated most deeply into our German culture." Contemporaneous with the origin of Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason' was the origin of Goethe's 'Faust.' Contemporaneous with the 'Critique of the Judgment,' Kant's last great work, appeared the 'Fragment.' The Königsberg philosopher stood at that time at the summit of his mental activity. The philosophers Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel had followed him and had filled the world with their ideas, when Goethe published in 1808 the First Part of his 'Faust.' Some seventy poems have dared to vie with it, but in the light of the great star have quickly paled. No one of these had the power so to express and reveal the spiritual fullness of this age, rich in thought and events, as did Goethe's 'Faust.' All influential thinkers of the time compared their ideas with this work, and endeavored to show their spiritual relationship with the same, in order thereby to establish their own worth and import. . . .

It is impossible that a poem which rules so great a past and present, and which has so great a following, should be so short-lived that scarcely two generations after its completion it has lived out its life, its fundamental thought exhausted. Indeed, the vast and always growing number of expositions of Goethe's 'Faust' proves to us that the world desires an interpretation of this work, and that the attempts hitherto made have either failed in their purpose or have not solved the problem completely and fundamentally enough. It may, I trust, be permitted me in the present discourse, so far as the time permits, to examine into the nature of these attempts and to pass judgment upon them.

II. The Philosophical Method of Interpretation

The kernel of all Faust literature is a religious fable. A nobly striving and highly gifted man, impelled by thirst for truth and also for the pleasures of the world, becomes untrue to the service of God, strives after the powers of magic, calls up the Devil and subscribes to him his soul, which shall remain forever in hell after he has enjoyed a proud and wanton world-career. This fable contains, even in its rudest form, momentous thoughts concerning the struggle between good and evil in the heart of man, concerning the motives to guilt and destruction,—clearly the profoundest themes both of religion and of philosophy.

In the course of the sixteenth century, the age of the German new birth of Christianity and of ancient art, there arose under the influence of the religious and philosophical ideas of that time the myth of Doctor Faust, whose religious tendency stamped itself clearly in the 'Volksbücher.' In the years from 1771–1831,—an age deeply moved by religious and philosophical ideas, the greatest age of German philosophy, reaching from the beginning of the epoch of Kant to the death of Hegel,—there arose, developed, and was completed, Goethe's 'Faust.' The old fable of the German magician of the sixteenth century, and the new ideas of German philosophy which stirred the last generation of the eighteenth century and the first generation of the nineteenth,—these are the elements our poem must needs take up and unite; for it could deny neither its inheritance nor its birth. Therefore this work is by virtue of its origin a religious and philosophical poem, which cannot be thoroughly comprehended without a knowledge of the ideas contained therein. The meaning of this poem was and still is, therefore, a *philosophical* problem.

Therefore the first attempts at interpretation, which followed immediately upon the publication of the poem, took this direction. Their problem was to explain the fable of our 'Faust' and to find its moral. This was considered as the fundamental idea, which was intended to be allegorically portrayed in the persons and events of the poem. So the philosophical interpretation became allegorical interpretation, and then forced and absurd interpretations. The entire poem appeared at last like a magic sphere, wherein one could no more trust his senses, but must look upon the most natural things as something entirely

different from what they seemed to be. One was taught the recondite signification of the pedestrians before the gate, of the dance under the linden tree, of the rat which gnawed the pentagram, of the revelers in Auerbach's cellar, of the wine which flowed from the table, of the jewel casket in Gretchen's press, of the bunch of keys and the night lamp with which Faust entered Gretchen's prison. and of various other similar riddles. It was even asked, What is the meaning of Gretchen?

The fundamental error of all these interpretations was that they assumed as the basis of the poem a wholly invented, entirely original, not partly inherited, fundamental idea; in accordance with which, it was said, the poem grew,—*i. e.*, the fable grew out of the moral. However, concerning this fundamental idea the interpreters were by no means agreed. But they interpreted the poem as though Goethe had himself wholly invented his Faust legend, and had then completed the poem in accordance with the requirements of the invented legend, according to *one* plan and in a white heat of composition; whereas in truth the Faust legend was already two centuries old when Goethe appropriated it, and Goethe's 'Faust' was two generations old when it was brought to completion.

The problem could not be solved by these methods of interpretation, because of the underlying false conceptions of the origin and production of the poem.

IV. The Extreme Positions Taken by Both Schools

Over against the earlier philosophical — *i. e.*, allegorical — interpretations I have placed the historical investigations of to-day, and shown how widely the latter method has extended its questions and subdivided into so many individual investigations.

Opposed as are their tendencies, so also are the byways into which both methods of interpretation get astray. If the allegorists consult tradition not at all, or too little at least, and prefer to ascribe everything to the assumed inventions of the poet, so on the other hand, many of the historical expositors of to-day are inclined to exaggerate tradition to such an extent that they would leave nothing to the ideas and power of invention of the poet. The former would, if possible, make everything invented; the latter make everything borrowed. We find that the former ascribed to the poet of 'Faust' ideas,— the latter borrowings,— of which he never thought. Here extremes meet.

VIII. The Religious Idea of the Poem

I have attempted to show the directions which the expositions of Goethe's 'Faust' have taken, by the philosophic methods of exposition as well as by the historical and the philological. The poem needs an explanation of the entire circumference of its ideas, as well as of its origin, which can succeed only when both methods of exposition — the philosophical as well as the historical, which includes also the philological — are united. Separated from each other, neither takes the right way. The philosophical consideration which to-day deserves this name is itself of a historical nature. It must recognize, through the course of development of the poet, the ideas which have in truth inspired and filled his work. Where the poem itself takes the form of allegory, the philosophical interpretation must proceed allegorically. It must ask, for example, What means the Witches' Kitchen, the Witches' Sabbath, the Mothers, the Homunculus, the classical Walpurgis Night?

The legend of Faust was a religious fable, and its theme was the guilt and condemnation of a nobly striving man entangled in the pleasures of the world. Goethe's 'Faust' is a religious poem, and its theme is the guilt and purification of a high-minded man, whom the pleasures of the world entice and sweep along but never satisfy. Were this non-satisfaction the final theme of the 'Faust,' as is commonly held, I should not call the poem a religious poem. It would then be merely pessimistic, as are the poems of Byron. There is a religious view of the misery in the world and a pessimistic view; the latter finds the world evil because it is not rich enough in enjoyment. This pessimism, which in our day is the fashion, is at bottom nothing but unsatisfied pleasure-seeking.

This was not the view of Goethe, not that of his 'Faust.' In his second monologue he portrays the wretchedness of human existence in a manner which can be compared only with the famous monologue of Hamlet. To Faust also, death appears to be a goal to be desired most fervently. He wishes to shuffle off the mortal coil of life as a burden. Then the Easter song moves him with admonition. Life is no burden; it is a test,—a painful but a wholesome one!

"Christ is ascended!
Bliss hath invested him.—

Woes that molested him,
Trials that tested him,
Gloriously ended!"

Life has the importance of a trial which is to be endured by continued purification: this is the fundamental *religious* thought which Goethe introduces into his 'Faust' tragedy in the 'Prologue in Heaven,' and makes it the theme of the same. He permits his 'Faust' to strive upward, and reach a height where the enjoyments of the world and the evil of the world touch him no more.

Upon this height he answers the tempter who places before his eyes the glories and enjoyments of the world:—"Base and modern Sardanapalus! Enjoyment makes common!"

From this height he says to Care, who paints to him again the misery of the world, "I will not recognize you." The energy of endeavor and striving is not to be dispirited by the misery of life's cares. There is a genuine and real non-satisfaction; it springs not from the misery of the world, but from the wants and weakness of one's own powers:—

"Firm let him stand, and look around him well!
This World means something to the Capable.
In marching onwards, bliss and torment find,
Though every moment with unsated mind!"

However, it is not the province of this address to go into the course of development of the poem itself, since I only wished to present and to criticize the methods of exposition. The work progressed with the poet and with his views of life, and it was two generations of men in coming into being. In order to appreciate it correctly, and to apprehend the ideas which this world-poem presents, let us take as a prototype that view of the world, full of love, which the Lord in the Prologue commends to his own:—

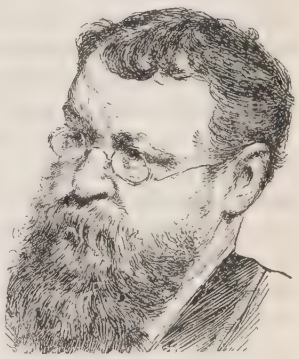
"But ye, God's sons in love and duty,
Enjoy the rich, the ever-living Beauty!
Creative Power, that works eternal schemes,
Clasp you in bonds of love, relaxing never,
And what in wavering apparition gleams
Fix in its place with thoughts that stand forever!"

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Professor Richard Jones

JOHN FISKE

(1842–1902)

JOHN FISKE was born in Hartford, Connecticut, March 30th, 1842, the son of Edmund Brewster Green, of Smyrna, Delaware. The son's name was originally Edmund Fiske Green; but in 1855 he took the name of his maternal great-grandfather John Fiske. His father had died, and his mother had been married to Edwin W. Stoughton, a distinguished lawyer, since known as United States Minister to Russia. An authentic account shows him to have been a boy of extraordinary industry and acquisition. Thus, at thirteen, he had read a great deal of the best Latin literature. He could read Plato and Herodotus at sight when fifteen years old. A little later he took up in rapid succession French, Italian, Portuguese, Hebrew, and Sanskrit. His studies in science and mathematics were as extensive as in the languages. During his college course the young man is said to have averaged throughout the year fifteen hours of study daily. He was graduated at Harvard in 1863, and at the Harvard Law School in 1865. Mr. Fiske has never practiced law, however, his preferences for literary life having declared themselves early. He had married while in the law school, and was even then using his pen for the support of his family.



JOHN FISKE

John Fiske's career as an author began with the publication, when he was nineteen years of age, of an article on Buckle, in which he made an exposition of the fallacies of that writer; which is as good to-day as at the time it was written. For two years, from 1869 to 1871, he was a lecturer on philosophy at Harvard. He was afterwards assistant librarian of that university, and has since served as a member of the board of overseers. The most serious work of his earlier years was his 'Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy,' in which he appeared as an expounder of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. It was written with that attractive lucidity which characterizes all his books. Darwin wrote him, "I never in my life read so lucid an expositor (and therefore thinker) as you are." This work claims only

to be a representation of Spencer; but in the course of it Mr. Fiske made one original contribution in support of the Darwinian theory, which is now recognized to be of high importance. This concerns the subject of infancy. The idea is that actions which in the case of the simpler animals are matured before birth, must in the higher and more complex animals be acquired after birth. Hence the necessity of a period of infancy, to be prolonged in proportion to the degree of elevation of the animal in the scale of existence.

Since the publication of his 'Cosmic Philosophy,' Mr. Fiske's labors have been given almost entirely to history. That his attention has been turned to American history seems to have been due to chance. If it had been left to him to select a subject, he would probably have chosen the conflicts of Christianity and Mohammedanism on the shores of the Mediterranean — a theme that has always had a special attraction for him. But this was not to be. In the late seventies an effort, which proved to be successful, was made to save the Old South Meeting-House in Boston. Had the attempt been made earlier it would probably have failed. But the fate of John Hancock's house had served as an example, and by 1879 people were beginning to feel that this country had a history that deserved attention. Mr. Fiske was invited to deliver a course of lectures on American political ideas at the Old South Meeting-House. Since that time he has been writing American history. He has written 'The Beginnings of New England,' 'The American Revolution,' 'The Critical Period of American History,' etc. The book which perhaps has had the widest attention is 'The Discovery of America.' The first part of this work is taken up with a description of the aboriginal society which Columbus and his successors found on this continent. This subject is closely connected with that of prehistoric society in Europe, which attracted the writer very early in his career.

In 1869 he had sketched out a work on the early Aryans, when he was turned aside for five years to write his 'Cosmic Philosophy.' During that period he also wrote 'Myths and Myth-Makers,' as a side work to his projected book on the Aryans. He again took up his task in 1874, but laid it aside after he had reached the conclusion that the subject could not be rightly treated without widening the field of study. It was necessary to know more of the barbaric world. With this view he set about the study of aboriginal American society, with which, he contends, no other field can be compared for fruitfulness. The part of the 'Discovery of America' which treats of this subject has great interest; but it is less generally attractive than his narration of the romantic incidents and characters of the period of discovery. Here we have at its best the writer's talent for clear exposition and attractive narration. There is no better example of

his literary powers than his account of the first voyage of Columbus. It is worthy of the possibilities of the story. Of all stories with a good ending, that, to an American mind at any rate, is perhaps the best. If there is a piece of American literature which has taken a strong hold of the popular mind, it is that chapter on the voyage of Columbus in 'Peter Parley' now known to have been written by Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is high praise of Mr. Fiske, to say that his more elaborate version of the ever-delightful story is worthy of the ideal of dramatic interest left by that youthful reading.

Besides his investigations upon history and politics, science and philosophy, Mr. Fiske has also been an inquirer upon religious themes. Perhaps none of his writings have attracted more attention or been read with a livelier interest than two little books which set forth his views on this subject. They were first delivered as addresses before the Concord School of Philosophy. The aim of 'The Destiny of Man' is to show that the theory of natural selection consists perfectly with the highest conception that can be formed of the dignity of human nature. It is true that the Darwinian theory made some such alteration in the position of man in the creation as had been done by the Copernican theory. With the establishment of the Copernican theory, man ceased to be the center of the universe. Darwin's theory taught him that even on this planet he had not a separate origin from the rest of animal existence. This view was at first regarded as a great derogation from human dignity. But Mr. Fiske claims that it accords with the highest conception of man's position in the universe. Man, and especially his spiritual part, is by this view made the goal to which nature has been all the while tending. The origin of man is fixed at that moment when psychical variations become of more use than physical ones. With this period is connected consciousness, the great increase of brain surface, and the necessity of a period of infancy. To the length of infancy of the human being Mr. Fiske attributes the rise of the family. Then comes the rise of the clan. Then comes the period when during some time of peace, the clan learns to obtain food by agriculture instead of by hunting; and we have the beginnings of the State.

Again, the gentler sentiments which we recognize in men, the altruistic feelings, are due to the existence of infancy. These sentiments can have, however, only a very feeble and narrow existence during the period when man is a nomad and hunter, and when the strife for life is necessarily ferocious. Agriculture, on the other hand, has been a great educator of the milder qualities of mankind. So long as strife raged over food already in existence, such as game, the supply of which was limited, the battle must necessarily be to the uttermost. But from the soil mankind could get food without strife.

War, however, still does not cease. The strife which formerly raged among families and clans continues between nations. But strife is nevertheless on the wane. This sentence of Mr. Fiske, written twelve years ago, is of especial interest in view of recent discussions:— "Sooner or later it [strife] must come to an end, and the pacific principle of federacy, whereby the questions between States are settled like questions between individuals, by due process of law, must reign supreme over all the earth." Original sin is, according to Mr. Fiske, that brute inheritance which we have received from our warring and selfish ancestors. The disciple of Darwin finds new meanings in the beatitude "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." A concluding chapter asserts a belief in a future life, while admitting that it cannot be proved from the facts of nature. The creation of man, and of the perfected man, is thus the goal towards which, during all these ages, nature has been tending through natural selection.

When asked to make a second address before the Concord School of Philosophy, he took for his subject 'The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge.' In this address he contends that science is not atheistic, that there is no conflict between science and religion, and that the notion that science substitutes force for the idea of a God is a mistake. There has been, he says, a metaphysical misconception of the term "force."

This brief reference to Mr. Fiske's philosophy is necessary to acquaint the reader to whom the works of this able writer may not be well known with the scope of his inquiries and the range of his sympathies. The field of his investigations embraces the history of the material universe, of organic life and of the mind of man. Man's course he follows from the moment of dawning intelligence, studies him in his prehistoric stage, and lastly, as a member of highly civilized communities on this continent, at the same time throwing a strong glance forward upon his individual and social destiny.

Mr. Fiske's death occurred at Gloucester, Mass., July 4, 1901. He was domestic in his tastes, being fond of his home, his books, and his music; his life was that of a true scholar, and it must be measured by his high aims and tireless industry. He was an extremely brilliant man; a scholar rather of the receptive than the creative type, and his style was one of remarkable lucidity and attractiveness. Endowed with greater powers than most of his contemporaries, he worked but the more diligently to accomplish the tremendous tasks which he had set for himself.

FERDINAND MAGELLAN

From 'The Discovery of America.' Copyright 1892, by John Fiske. Reprinted by permission of and special agreement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston.

Ferdinand Magellan, as we call him in English, was a Portuguese nobleman of the fourth grade, but of family as old and blood as blue as any in the peninsula. He was born at Sabrosa, near Chaves, in one of the wildest and gloomiest nooks of Tras-os-Montes, in or about the year 1480. The people of that province have always been distinguished for a rugged fidelity, combined with unconquerable toughness of fibre, that reminds one of the Scotch; and from those lonely mountains there never came forth a sturdier character than Ferdinand Magellan. Difficulty and danger fit to baffle the keenest mind and daunt the strongest heart only incited this man to efforts well-nigh superhuman. In his portrait, as given in Navarrete, with the great arching brows, the fiery black eyes, the firm-set lips and mastiff jaw, covered but not concealed by the shaggy beard, the strength is almost appalling. Yet in all this power there was nothing cruel. Magellan was kind-hearted and unselfish, and on more than one occasion we see him risking his life in behalf of others with generosity worthy of a paladin.

Nothing is known of his childhood and youth except that at an early age he went to Lisbon and was brought up in the royal household. In 1505 he embarked as a volunteer in the armada which the brilliant and high-souled Almeida, first Portuguese viceroy of India, was taking to the East. There followed seven years of service under this commander and his successor Albuquerque. Seven years of anxious sailing over strange waters, checkered with wild fights against Arabs and Malays, trained Magellan for the supreme work that was to come. He was in Sequeira's expedition to Malacca in 1508–9, the first time that European ships had ventured east of Ceylon. While they were preparing to take in a cargo of pepper and ginger, the astute Malay king was plotting their destruction. His friendly overtures deceived the frank and somewhat too unsuspicious Sequeira. Malay sailors and traders were allowed to come on board the four ships, and all but one of the boats were sent to the beach, under command of Francisco Serrano, to hasten the bringing of the cargo. Upon the quarter-deck of his flagship Sequeira sat

absorbed in a game of chess, with half a dozen dark faces intently watching him, their deadly purpose veiled with polite words and smiles. Ashore the houses rose terrace-like upon the hillside, while in the foreground the tall tower of the citadel — square with pyramidal apex, like an Italian bell-tower — glistened in the September sunshine. The parties of Malays on the ships and down on the bustling beach cast furtive glances at this summit, from which a puff of smoke was presently to announce the fatal moment. The captains and principal officers on shipboard were at once to be stabbed and their vessels seized, while the white men ashore were to be massacred. But a Persian woman in love with one of the officers had given tardy warning, so that just before the firing of the signal the Portuguese sailors began chasing the squads of Malays from their decks, while Magellan, in the only boat, rowed for the flag-ship, and his stentorian shout of "Treason!" came just in time to save Sequeira. Then in wild confusion, as wreaths of white smoke curled about the fatal tower, Serrano and a few of his party sprang upon their boats and pushed out to sea. Most of their comrades, less fortunate, were surrounded and slaughtered on the beach. Nimble Malay skiffs pursued and engaged Serrano, and while he was struggling against overwhelming odds, Magellan rowed up and joined battle with such desperate fury that Serrano was saved. No sooner were all the surviving Portuguese brought together on shipboard than the Malays attacked in full force; but European guns were too much for them, and after several of their craft had been sent to the bottom they withdrew.

This affair was the beginning of a devoted friendship between Magellan and Serrano, sealed by many touching and romantic incidents, like the friendship between Gerard and Denys in 'The Cloister and the Hearth'; and it was out of this friendship that in great measure grew the most wonderful voyage recorded in history. After Albuquerque had taken Malacca in 1511, Serrano commanded one of the ships that made the first voyage to the Moluccas. On his return course his vessel, loaded with spices, was wrecked upon a lonely island which had long served as a lair for pirates. Fragments of wreckage strewn upon the beach lured ashore a passing gang of such ruffians; and while they were intent upon delving and searching, Serrano's men, who had hidden among the rocks, crept forth and seized the pirate ship. The nearest place of retreat was the island of Amboina, and this

accident led Serrano back to the Moluccas, where he established himself as an ally or quasi-protector of the king of Ternate, and remained for the rest of his short life. Letters from Serrano aroused in Magellan a strong desire to follow his friend to that "new world" in the Indian waves, the goal so long dreamed of, so eagerly sought by Columbus and many another, but now for the first time actually reached and grasped. But circumstances came in to modify most curiously this aim of Magellan's. He had come to learn something about the great ocean intervening between the Malay seas and Mundus Novus, but failed to form any conception of its width at all approaching the reality. It therefore seemed to him that the line of demarcation antipodal to Borgia's meridian must fall to the west of the Moluccas, and that his friend Serrano had ventured into a region which must ultimately be resigned to Spain. In this opinion he was wrong, for the meridian which cuts through the site of Adelaide in Australia would have come near the line that on that side of the globe marked the end of the Portuguese half and the beginning of the Spanish half; but the mistake was easy to make and hard to correct.

About this time some cause unknown took Magellan back to Lisbon, where we find him in the midsummer of 1512. His hope of a speedy return to India was disappointed. Whether on account of a slight disagreement he had once had with Albuquerque, or for some other reason, he found himself out of favor with the King. A year or more of service in Morocco followed, in the course of which a Moorish lance wounded Magellan in the knee and lamed him for life. After his return to Portugal in 1514, it became evident that King Emanuel had no further employment for him. He became absorbed in the study of navigation and cosmography, in which he had always felt an interest. It would have been strange if an inquiring mind, trained in the court of Lisbon in those days, had not been stirred by the fascination of such studies. How early in life Magellan had begun to breathe in the art of seamanship with the salt breezes from the Atlantic, we do not know; but at some time the results of scientific study were combined with his long experience in East-Indian waters to make him a consummate master. He conceived the vast scheme of circumnavigating the globe. Somewhere upon that long coast of Mundus Novus, explored by Vespucius and Coelho, Jaques and Solis, there was doubtless a passage through

which he could sail westward and greet his friend Serrano in the Moluccas!

Upon both of Schöner's globes, of 1515 and 1520, such a strait is depicted, connecting the southern Atlantic with an ocean to the west of Mundus Novus. This has raised the question whether any one had ever discovered it before Magellan. That there was in many minds a belief in the existence of such a passage seems certain; whether because the wish was father to the thought, or because the mouth of La Plata had been reported as the mouth of a strait, or because Jaques had perhaps looked into the strait of Magellan, is by no means clear. But without threading that blind and tortuous labyrinth, as Magellan did, for more than 300 geographical miles, successfully avoiding its treacherous bays and channels with no outlet, no one could prove that there was a practicable passage there; and there is no good reason for supposing that any one had accomplished such a feat of navigation before Magellan.

The scheme of thus reaching the Moluccas by the westward voyage was first submitted to King Emanuel. To him was offered the first opportunity for ascertaining whether these islands lay within his half of the heathen world or not. He did not smile upon the scheme, though he may have laughed at it. The papal bulls and the treaty of Tordesillas prohibited the Spaniards from sailing to the Indies by way of the Cape of Good Hope; and unless they could get through the barrier of Mundus Novus there was no danger of their coming by a westerly route. Why not let well enough alone? Apparently Emanuel did not put much faith in the strait. We are told by Gaspar Correa that Magellan then asked the royal permission to go and offer his services to some other master. "The King said he might do what he pleased. Upon this Magellan desired to kiss his hand at parting, but the King would not offer it."

The alternative was thus offered to Magellan of abandoning his scheme of discovery or entering the service of Spain, and he chose the latter course. For this he has been roundly abused, not only by Portuguese writers from that day to this, but by others who seem to forget that a man has as clear a right to change his country and his allegiance as to move his home from one town to another. In the relations between State and individual the duty is not all on one side. As Faria y Sousa, more sensible than many of his countrymen, observes, the great

navigator did all that honor demanded, when by a special clause in his agreement with Spain, he pledged himself to do nothing prejudicial to the interests of Portugal.

It was in October 1517 that Magellan arrived in Seville and became the guest of Diego Barbosa, alcaide of the arsenal there, a Portuguese gentleman who had for several years been in the Spanish service. Before Christmas of that year he was married to his host's daughter Beatriz de Barbosa, who accompanied him to the court. Magellan found favor in the eyes of the boy king Charles V., and even obtained active support from Bishop Fonseca, in spite of that prelate's ingrained hostility to noble schemes and honorable men. It was decided to fit out an expedition to pursue the search in which Solis had lately lost his life. More than a year was consumed in the needful preparations; and it was not until September 20th, 1519, that the little fleet cleared the mouth of the Guadalquivir and stood out to sea.

There were five small ships, commanded as follows:—

1. Trinidad, 110 tons, captain-general Ferdinand Magellan, pilot Estevan Gomez.
2. San Antonio, 120 tons, captain Juan de Cartagena.
3. Concepcion, 90 tons, captain Gaspar Quesada.
4. Victoria, 85 tons, captain Luis de Mendoza.
5. Santiago, 75 tons, captain Juan Serrano.

It is a striking illustration of the shiftlessness with which things were apt to be done by the government, and the difficulties under which great navigators accomplished their arduous work, that these five ships were all old and decidedly the worse for wear. All seem to have been decked, with castles at the stern and fore. About 280 men were on board, a motley crew of Spaniards and Portuguese, Genoese and Sicilians, Flemings and French, Germans and Greeks, with one Englishman from Bristol, and a few negroes and Malays. Of Portuguese there were at least seven-and-thirty, for the most part men attached to Magellan and who had left their country with him. It was fortunate that he had so many such, for the wiles of King Emanuel had pursued him into Spain and out upon the ocean. When that sovereign learned that the voyage was really to be made, he determined that it must not be allowed to succeed. Hired ruffians lurked about street corners in Seville, waiting for a chance that never came for rushing forth and stabbing the wary navigator; orders were sent to captains in the East Indies—

among them the gallant Sequeira whom Magellan had saved—to intercept and arrest the fleet if it should ever reach those waters; and worst of all, the seeds of mutiny were busily and but too successfully sown in Magellan's own ships. Of the four subordinate captains only one was faithful. Upon Juan Serrano, the brother of his dearest friend, Magellan could absolutely rely. The others, Cartagena, Mendoza, and Quesada, sailed out from port with treason in their hearts. A few days after their start a small caravel overtook the Trinidad, with an anxious message to Magellan from his wife's father, Barbosa, begging him to be watchful, "since it had come to his knowledge that his captains had told their friends and relations that if they had any trouble with him they would kill him." For reply the commander counseled Barbosa to be of good cheer, for be they true men or false he feared them not, and would do his appointed work all the same. For Beatriz, left with her little son Rodrigo, six months old, the outlook must have been anxious enough.

Our chief source of information for the events of the voyage is the journal kept by a gentleman from Vicenza, the Chevalier Antonio Pigafetta, who obtained permission to accompany the expedition, "for to see the marvels of the ocean." After leaving the Canaries on the 3d of October the armada ran down toward Sierra Leone and was becalmed, making only three leagues in three weeks. Then "the upper air burst into life" and the frail ships were driven along under bare poles, now and then dipping their yard-arms. During a month of this dreadful weather, the food and water grew scarce, and the rations were diminished. The spirit of mutiny began to show itself. The Spanish captains whispered among the crews that this man from Portugal had not their interests at heart and was not loyal to the Emperor. Toward the captain-general their demeanor grew more and more insubordinate; and Cartagena one day, having come on board the flag-ship, faced him with threats and insults. To his astonishment Magellan promptly collared him, and sent him, a prisoner in irons, on board the Victoria (whose captain was unfortunately also one of the traitors), while the command of the San Antonio was given to another officer. This example made things quiet for the moment.

On the 29th of November they reached the Brazilian coast near Pernambuco; and on the 11th of January they arrived at the mouth of La Plata, which they investigated sufficiently to

convince them that it was a river's mouth and not a strait. Three weeks were consumed in this work. Their course through February and March along the coast of Patagonia was marked by incessant and violent storms; and the cold became so intense that, finding a sheltered harbor with plenty of fish at Port St. Julian, they chose it for winter quarters and anchored there on the last day of March. On the next day, which was Easter Sunday, the mutiny that so long had smoldered broke out in all its fury.

The hardships of the voyage had thus far been what stanch seamen called unusually severe, and it was felt that they had done enough. No one except Vespucius and Jaques had ever approached so near to the South Pole; and if they had not yet found a strait, it was doubtless because there was none to find. The rations of bread and wine were becoming very short, and common prudence demanded that they should return to Spain. If their voyage was practically a failure, it was not their fault; there was ample excuse in the frightful storms they had suffered and the dangerous strains that had been put upon their worn-out ships. Such was the general feeling, but when expressed to Magellan it fell upon deaf ears. No excuses, nothing but performance, would serve his turn; for him hardships were made only to be despised and dangers to be laughed at: and in short, go on they must, until a strait was found or the end of that continent reached. Then they would doubtless find an open way to the Moluccas; and while he held out hopes of rich rewards for all, he appealed to their pride as Castilians. For the inflexible determination of this man was not embittered by harshness, and he could wield as well as any one the language that soothes and persuades.

So long as all were busy in the fight against wind and wave, the captain-general's arguments were of avail. But the deliberate halt to face the hardships of an antarctic winter, with no prospect of stirring until toward September, was too much. Patience under enforced inactivity was a virtue higher than these sailors had yet been called upon to exhibit. The treacherous captains had found their opportunity, and sowed distrust broadcast by hinting that a Portuguese commander could not better serve his king than by leading a Spanish armada to destruction. They had evidently secured their men and prepared their blow before the fleet came to anchor. The ringleaders of the mutiny

were the captains Quesada of the Concepcion and Mendoza of the Victoria, with Juan de Cartagena, the deposed captain of the San Antonio, which was now commanded by Magellan's cousin Alvaro de Mesquita. On the night of Easter Sunday, Cartagena and Quesada, with thirty men, boarded the San Antonio, seized Mesquita and put him in irons; in the brief affray the mate of the San Antonio was mortally wounded. One of the mutineers, Sebastian Elcano, was put in command of the ship, such of the surprised and bewildered crew as were likely to be loyal were disarmed, and food and wine were handed about in token of the more generous policy now to be adopted. All was done so quickly and quietly that no suspicion of it reached the captain-general or anybody on board the Trinidad.

On Monday morning the traitor captains felt themselves masters of the situation. Three of the five ships were in their hands, and if they chose to go back to Spain, who could stop them? If they should decide to capture the flag-ship and murder their commander, they had a fair chance of success; for the faithful Serrano in his little ship Santiago was no match for any one of the three. Defiance seemed quite safe; and in the forenoon, when a boat from the flag-ship happened to approach the San Antonio she was insolently told to keep away, since Magellan no longer had command over that ship. When this challenge was carried to Magellan he sent the boat from ship to ship as a test, and soon learned that only the Santiago remained loyal. Presently Quesada sent a message to the Trinidad requesting a conference between the chief commander and the revolted captains. Very well, said Magellan, only the conference must of course be held on board the Trinidad; but for Quesada and his accomplices thus to venture in the lion's jaws was out of the question, and they impudently insisted that the captain-general should come on board the San Antonio.

Little did they realize with what a man they were dealing. Magellan knew how to make them come to him. He had reason to believe that the crew of the Victoria was less disloyal than the others, and selected that ship for the scene of his first *coup de main*. While he kept a boat in readiness, with a score of trusty men armed to the teeth and led by his wife's brother Barbosa, he sent another boat ahead to the Victoria, with his alguazil or constable Espinosa, and five other men. Luis de Mendoza, captain of the Victoria, suffered this small party to come

on board. Espinosa then served on Mendoza a formal summons to come to the flag-ship; and upon his refusal, quick as lightning sprang upon him and plunged a dagger into his throat. As the corpse of the rebellious captain dropped upon the deck, Barbosa's party rushed over the ship's side with drawn cutlasses, the dazed crew at once surrendered, and Barbosa took command.

The tables were now turned, and with three ships in loyal hands Magellan blockaded the other two in the harbor. At night he opened fire upon the San Antonio, and strong parties from the Trinidad and the Victoria boarding her on both sides at once, Quesada and his accomplices were captured. The Concepcion thereupon, overawed and crestfallen, lost no time in surrendering; and so the formidable mutiny was completely quelled in less than four-and-twenty hours. Quesada was beheaded; Cartagena and a guilty priest, Pero Sanchez, were kept in irons until the fleet sailed, when they were set ashore and left to their fate; all the rest were pardoned, and open defiance of the captain-general was no more dreamed of. In the course of the winter the Santiago was wrecked while on a reconnoissance, but her men were rescued after dreadful sufferings, and Serrano was placed in command of the Concepcion.

At length on the 24th of August, with the earliest symptoms of spring weather, the ships, which had been carefully overhauled and repaired, proceeded on their way. Violent storms harassed them, and it was not until the 21st of October (St. Ursula's day) that they reached the headland still known as Cape Virgins. Passing beyond Dungeness they entered a large open bay, which some hailed as the long-sought strait, while others averred that no passage would be found there. It was, says Pigafetta, in Eden's version, "the straight now cauled the straight of Magellanus, beinge in sum place C. x. leaques in length: and in breadth sumwhere very large and in other places lyttle more than halfe a leaque in bredth. On both the sydes of this strayght are great and hygh mountaynes couered with snowe, beyonde the whiche is the enteraunce into the sea of Sur. . . . Here one of the shyppes stole away priuilie and returned into Spayne." More than five weeks were consumed in passing through the strait, and among its labyrinthine twists and half-hidden bays there was ample opportunity for desertion. As advanced reconnoissances kept reporting the water as deep and salt, the conviction grew that the strait was found, and then the question once

more arose whether it would not be best to go back to Spain, satisfied with this discovery, since with all these wretched delays the provisions were again running short. Magellan's answer, uttered in measured and quiet tones, was simply that he would go on and do his work "if he had to eat the leather off the ship's yards." Upon the San Antonio there had always been a large proportion of the malcontents, and the chief pilot, Estevan Gomez, having been detailed for duty on that ship, lent himself to their purposes. The captain, Mesquita, was again seized and put in irons, a new captain was chosen by the mutineers, and Gomez piloted the ship back to Spain, where they arrived after a voyage of six months, and screened themselves for a while by lying about Magellan.

As for that commander, in Richard Eden's words, "when the capitayne Magalianes was past the strayght and sawe the way open to the other mayne sea, he was so gladde therof that for ioy the teares fell from his eyes, and named the poynt of the lande from whense he fyrst sawe that sea *Capo Desiderato*. Supposing that the shyp which stole away had byn loste, they erected a crosse uppon the top of a hyghe hyll to direct their course in the straight yf it were theyr chaunce to coome that way." The broad expanse of waters before him seemed so pleasant to Magellan, after the heavy storms through which he had passed, that he called it by the name it still bears, Pacific. But the worst hardships were still before him. Once more a Sea of Darkness must be crossed by brave hearts sickening with hope deferred. If the mid-Atlantic waters had been strange to Columbus and his men, here before Magellan's people all was thrice unknown.

"They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea;"

and as they sailed month after month over the waste of waters, the huge size of our planet began to make itself felt. Until after the middle of December they kept a northward course, near the coast of the continent, running away from the antarctic cold. Then northwesterly and westerly courses were taken, and on the 24th of January, 1521, a small wooded islet was found in water where the longest plummet-lines failed to reach bottom. Already the voyage since issuing from the strait was nearly twice as long as that of Columbus in 1492 from the Canaries to Guanahani.

From the useless island, which they called San Pablo, a further run of eleven days brought them to another uninhabited rock, which they called Tiburones, from the quantity of sharks observed in the neighborhood. There was neither food nor water to be had there, and a voyage of unknown duration, in reality not less than 5,000 English miles, was yet to be accomplished before a trace of land was again to greet their yearning gaze. Their sufferings may best be told in the quaint and touching words in which Shakespeare read them: — "And hauynge in this tyme consumed all theyr bysket and other vyttayles, they fell into such necessitie that they were inforced to eate the pouder that remayned therof beinge now full of woormes. . . . Theyre freshe water was also putrifyed and become yelow. They dyd eate skynnes and pieces of lether which were foulded abowt certeyne great ropes of the shyps. [Thus did the captain-general's words come true.] But these skynnes being made verye harde by reason of the soonne, rayne, and wynde, they hunge them by a corde in the sea for the space of foure or fiue dayse to mollifie them, and sodde them, and eate them. By reason of this famen and vnclene feedynge, summe of theyr gummes grewe so ouer theyr teethe [a symptom of scurvy], that they dyed miserably for hunger. And by this occasion dyed xix. men, and . . . besyde these that dyed, xxv. or xxx. were so sicke that they were not able to doo any seruice with theyr handes or arms for feeblenesse: So that was in maner none without sum disease. In three monethes and xx. dayes, they sayled foure thousande leaques in one goulfe by the sayde sea cauled Pacificum (that is) peaceable, whiche may well bee so cauled forasmuch as in all this tyme hauyng no syght of any lande, they had no misfortune of wynde or any other tempest. . . . So that in fine, if god of his mercy had not gyuen them good wether, it was necessary that in this soo greate a sea they shuld all haue dyed for hunger. Whiche neuertheless they escaped soo hardely, that it may bee doubted whether euer the like viage may be attempted with so goode successe."

One would gladly know — albeit Pigafetta's journal and the still more laconic pilot's log-book leave us in the dark on this point — how the ignorant and suffering crews interpreted this everlasting stretch of sea, vaster, said Maximilian Transylvanus, "than the human mind could conceive." To them it may well have seemed that the theory of a round and limited earth was

wrong after all, and that their infatuated commander was leading them out into the fathomless abysses of space, with no welcoming shore beyond. But that heart of triple bronze, we may be sure, did not flinch. The situation had got beyond the point where mutiny could be suggested as a remedy. The very desperateness of it was all in Magellan's favor; for so far away had they come from the known world that retreat meant certain death. The only chance of escape lay in pressing forward. At last, on the 6th of March, they came upon islands inhabited by savages ignorant of the bow and arrow, but expert in handling their peculiar light boats. Here the dreadful sufferings were ended, for they found plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables, besides meat. The people were such eager and pertinacious thieves that their islands received the name by which they are still known, the Islas de Ladrones, or isles of robbers.

On the 16th of March the three ships arrived at the islands which some years afterward were named Philippines, after Philip II. of Spain. Though these were islands unvisited by Europeans, yet Asiatic traders from Siam and Sumatra, as well as from China, were to be met there, and it was thus not long before Magellan became aware of the greatness of his triumph. He had passed the meridian of the Moluccas, and knew that these islands lay to the southward within an easy sail. He had accomplished the circumnavigation of the earth through its unknown portion, and the remainder of his route lay through seas already traversed. An erroneous calculation of longitudes confirmed him in the belief that the Moluccas, as well as the Philippines, properly belonged to Spain. Meanwhile in these Philippines of themselves he had discovered a region of no small commercial importance. But his brief tarry in these interesting islands had fatal results; and in the very hour of victory the conqueror perished, slain in a fight with the natives, the reason of which we can understand only by considering the close complication of commercial and political interests with religious notions so common in that age.

As the typical Spaniard or Portuguese was then a persecutor of heresy at home, so he was always more or less of a missionary abroad, and the missionary spirit was in his case intimately allied with the crusading spirit. If the heathen resisted the gospel, it was quite right to slay and despoil them. Magellan's nature was devoutly religious, and exhibited itself in the points

of strength and weakness most characteristic of his age. After he had made a treaty of alliance with the king of the island of Sebu, in which, among other things, the exclusive privilege of trading there was reserved to the Spaniards, Magellan made the unexpected discovery that the king and his people were ready and even eager to embrace Christianity! They had conceived an exalted idea of the powers and accomplishments of these white strangers, and apparently wished to imitate them in all things. So in less than a week's time a huge bonfire had been made of the idols, a cross was set up in the market, and all the people on the island were baptized! Now, the king of Sebu claimed allegiance from chieftains on neighboring islands, who were slow to render it; and having adopted the white man's "medicine," he naturally wished to test its efficacy. What was Christianity good for, if not to help you to humble your vassals? So the Christian king of Sebu demanded homage from the pagan king of Matan; and when the latter potentate scornfully refused, there was a clear case for a crusade! The steadfast commander, the ally and protector of his new convert, the peerless navigator, the knight without fear and without reproach, now turned crusader as quickly as he had turned missionary. Indeed, there was no turning. These various aspects of life's work were all one to him; he would have summed up the whole thing as "serving God and doing his duty." So Magellan crossed over to the island of Matan on the 27th of April, 1521, and was encountered by the natives in overwhelming force. After a desperate fight the Spaniards were obliged to retreat to their boats; and their commander, who years before had been the last man to leave a sinking ship, now lingered on the brink of danger, screening his men, till his helmet was knocked off and his right arm disabled by a spear thrust. A sudden blow brought him to the ground; and then, says the Chevalier Pigafetta, "the Indians threw themselves upon him with iron-pointed bamboo spears and scimitars, and every weapon they had, and ran him through — our mirror, our light, our comforter, our true guide — until they killed him."

In these scenes, as so often in life, the grotesque and the tragic were strangely mixed. The defeat of the white men convinced the king of Sebu that he had overestimated the blessings of Christianity; and so, by way of atonement for the slight he had cast upon the gods of his fathers, he invited some thirty of the leading Spaniards to a banquet and massacred them. Among

the men thus cruelly slain were the faithful captains Barbosa and Serrano. As the ships sailed hastily away, the natives were seen chopping down the cross and conducting ceremonies in expiation of their brief apostasy. The blow was a sad one. Of the 280 men who had sailed out from the Guadalquivir, only 115 remained. At the same time the Concepcion, being adjudged no longer seaworthy, was dismantled and burned to the water's edge. The constable Espinosa was elected captain of the Victoria; and the pilot Carvalho was made captain-general, but proving incompetent, was presently superseded by that Sebastian Elcano who had been one of the mutineers at Port St. Julian. When the Trinidad and Victoria, after visiting Borneo, reached the Moluccas, they found that Francisco Serrano had been murdered by order of the king of Tidor at about the same time that his friend Magellan had fallen at Matan. The Spaniards spent some time in these islands, trading. When they were ready to start, on the 18th of December, the Trinidad sprang a leak. It was thereupon decided that the Victoria should make for the Cape of Good Hope without delay, in order not to lose the favorable east monsoon. The Trinidad was to be thoroughly repaired, and then take advantage of the reversal of monsoon to sail for Panama. Apparently it was thought that the easterly breeze which had wafted them so steadily across the Pacific was a monsoon and would change like the Indian winds,—a most disastrous error. Of the 101 men still surviving, 54 were assigned to the Trinidad and 47 to the Victoria. The former ship was commanded by Espinosa, the latter by Elcano.

When the Trinidad set sail, April 6, 1522, she had the westerly monsoon in her favor; but as she worked up into the northern Pacific she encountered the northeast trade-wind, and in trying to escape it groped her way up to the fortieth parallel and beyond. By that time, overcome with famine and scurvy, she faced about and ran back to the Moluccas. When she arrived, it was without her mainmast. Of her 54 men, all but 19 had found a watery grave; and now the survivors were seized by a party of Portuguese, and a new chapter of misery was begun. Only the captain Espinosa and three of the crew lived to see Spain again.

Meanwhile on the 16th of May the little Victoria, with starvation and scurvy already thinning the ranks, with foretopmast gone by the board and fore-yard badly sprung, cleared the Cape

of Good Hope, and thence was borne on the strong and friendly current up to the equator, which she crossed on the 8th of June. Only fifty years since Santarem and Escobar, first of Europeans, had crept down that coast and crossed it. Into that glorious half-century what a world of suffering and achievement had been crowded! Dire necessity compelled the Victoria to stop at the Cape Verde Islands. Her people sought safety in deceiving the Portuguese with the story that they were returning from a voyage in Atlantic waters only, and thus they succeeded in buying food. But while this was going on, as a boat-load of thirteen men had been sent ashore for rice, some silly tongue, loosened by wine in the head of a sailor who had cloves to sell, babbled the perilous secret of Magellan and the Moluccas. The thirteen were at once arrested, and a boat called upon the Victoria, with direful threats, to surrender; but she quickly stretched every inch of her canvas and got away. This was on the 13th of July, and eight weeks of ocean remained. At last, on the 6th of September — the thirtieth anniversary of the day when Columbus weighed anchor for Cipango — the Victoria sailed into the Guadalquivir, with eighteen gaunt and haggard survivors to tell the proud story of the first circumnavigation of the earth.

The voyage thus ended was doubtless the greatest feat of navigation that has ever been performed, and nothing can be imagined that would surpass it except a journey to some other planet. It has not the unique historic position of the first voyage of Columbus, which brought together two streams of human life that had been disjoined since the Glacial Period. But as an achievement in ocean navigation that voyage of Columbus sinks into insignificance by the side of it; and when the earth was a second time encompassed by the greatest English sailor of his age, the advance in knowledge, as well as the different route chosen, had much reduced the difficulty of the performance. When we consider the frailness of the ships, the immeasurable extent of the unknown, the mutinies that were prevented or quelled, and the hardships that were endured, we can have no hesitation in speaking of Magellan as the prince of navigators. Nor can we ever fail to admire the simplicity and purity of that devoted life, in which there is nothing that seeks to be hidden or explained away.

It would have been fitting that the proudest crest ever granted by a sovereign — a terrestrial globe belted with the legend *Primus*

circumdedisti me (Thou first encompassed me)—should have been bestowed upon the son and representative of the hero; but when the Victoria returned there was none to receive such recognition. In September 1521, Magellan's son, the little Rodrigo, died; and by March 1522 the gentle mother Beatriz had heard, by way of the Portuguese Indies, of the fate of her husband and her brother. In that same month—"grievously sorrowing," as we are told—she died. The coat-of-arms with the crest just mentioned, along with a pension of five hundred ducats, was granted to Elcano, a weak man who had ill deserved such honor. Espinosa was also, with more justice, pensioned and ennobled.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

(1809–1883)

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

EDWARD FITZGERALD was the third son of John Purcell, and Mary Frances Fitzgerald his cousin. He was born March 31st, 1809, at Bredfield House near Suffolk. When the boy was five years old, Mr. Purcell took his family to France. In Paris they occupied the house in which Robespierre had once lived. The following year Mrs. Purcell's father died, and her husband assumed the name and arms of the Fitzgeralds. Edward frequently referred to his Irish blood: he called himself "a scatter-brained Paddy!" In 1821 he was sent to King Edward VI.'s School at Bury St. Edmunds, where his two brothers were. He was there five years, and then went to Trinity College. Fitzgerald obtained his degree somewhat to his own surprise, for he had taken his course in a characteristically comfortable manner; as Mr. Wright says, "amusing himself with music and drawing and poetry." After a brief visit at Paris, he returned to England and began to carry out the experiment of his semi-misanthropic retreat from the world; he became a vegetarian: "The great secret of it all," he said, "is not eating meat!" He wrote his friend Allen:—"I cannot stand seeing new faces in the polite circles. You must know I am going to become a great bear, and have got all sorts of Utopian ideas into my head about society." As he lived, he grew shyer and shyer even with his friends.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

He went to live near Naseby, where his father had an estate which included a large part of the celebrated battle-field. It was there in 1831 that he wrote his earliest known poem; it was printed in Hone's Year Book, and shortly afterwards in the Athenæum.

The dates of his letters to Frederic Tennyson and other friends show the pleasant rounds of his residences: now at Southampton, now in London, where his mother kept up great style, driving her four horses; now at Geldestone, now at Wherstead Lodge near Ipswich, where his parents lived for ten years; then at Boulge Hall, Woodbridge. At Boulge he lived in a one-story thatched cottage,

just outside his father's park. The Rev. George Crabbe gives this picture of him:—

«He used to walk by himself, slowly, with a Skye terrier. I was rather afraid of him. He seemed a proud and very punctilious man. . . . He seemed to me when I first saw him as he was when he died, only not stooping: always like a grave middle-aged man; never seemed very happy or light-hearted, though his conversation was most amusing sometimes.»

In 1847 he contributed a number of notes and illustrations to Singer's edition of Selden's 'Table Talk,' but refused to allow his services to be acknowledged. He also wrote what he calls «a little dapper memoir» as a preface to the posthumously published 'Poems and Letters' of Bernard Barton the Quaker, whose daughter he married. In 1851 he published anonymously a little volume of less than a hundred pages, called 'Euphranor.' Couched in exquisite English, it appealed to a small but cultured audience. A second edition was called for, and then the demand for it ceased.

Under the stimulating friendship of the learned Professor E. B. Cowell, he took up the study of Spanish, and in 1863 published a translation of 'Six Dramas from Calderon.' This was the only book to which he ever put his name. The same year he was amusing himself «with poking out some Persian which E. Cowell would inaugurate [inoculate?] him with.» He did not agree with Cowell in regard to the mystical interpretation of the wine-cup and cup-bearer. In 1855 he was «stilting into too Miltonic verse the ingenuous prattle of Jámí.» «It is an amusement to me,» he wrote, «to take what liberties I like with these Persians; who (as I think) are not poets enough to frighten one from such excursions, and who really do want a little art to shape them.» Omar Khayyám he considered the best and most satisfying of them all, but he called his version «very one-sided; . . . what I do, comes up as a bubble to the surface and breaks.»

In 1857 he took up the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus and began to make a very free translation of it, «not for scholars but for those who are ignorant of Greek.» He had no scruple about adding splendid passages to the 'Agamemnon,' such as Æschylus might have written had he lived in the nineteenth century. In the same way he raised the poetic level of Omar, as can be seen by reading the various versions of the 'Rubáiyát.'

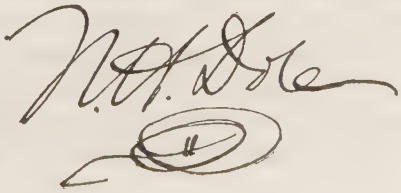
Besides the works already mentioned, Fitzgerald made very free translations or paraphrases of several others of Calderon's metrical dramas; of the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' and 'Œdipus Coloneus' of Sophocles; and of masterpieces of two Persian poets—'Salámán and Absál' of Jami, and 'The Bird-Parliament' or 'Bird-Confab' of Attar. These, together with a few fragments of verse, original or translated,

form the bulk of the life work of a man who cared nothing for fame; who on the contrary avoided it with as much solicitude as most ambitious men seek to win it.

The critics, not understanding his views, attacked him so severely for his versions of Calderon that he withdrew the volume from sale; but he kept on for his own amusement. "He jotted down materials for a vocabulary of rustic or rural English." He also made for Notes and Queries (1870) a similar vocabulary of East-Anglican sea terms. These were collected with the aid of Captain West, his viking-captain of a herring-lugger which he built as an experiment in altruism. His edition of the 'Rubáiyát' of Omar Khayyám was published anonymously by Bernard Quaritch in 1859, after it had lain neglected for two years in the office of Fraser's Magazine. It was equally neglected by the public; and the publisher, to whom he made a gift of the work, exposed the pamphlets for sale at a penny each. They were gradually picked up, and the germs of the Omar Khayyám cult were planted. It was almost ten years before a second edition was called for; in this the number of quatrains was increased from seventy-five to one hundred and ten. Professor Norton, in a private letter which we are privileged to quote, says, "Fitzgerald's 'Omar' illustrates the miracle of trans-substantiation of the bare elements into the very blood and body of poetry." Fitzgerald himself said, "A translation must be a paraphrase to be readable." In 1864 Fitzgerald bought a small farm-house on the outskirts of Woodbridge, and enlarged it into a mansion which he called "Little Grange." Here this "peaceable, affectionate, and ultra-modest man," as Carlyle called him, lived his "innocent, *far niente* life." In June 1883 he went to visit his old friend Mr. Crabbe at Merton Rectory. In the morning he was found "as if sleeping peacefully, but quite dead." Mr. Crabbe wrote, "A very noble character has passed away." He was buried in the little churchyard at Boulge, which has since become a shrine of pious pilgrimage.

He left his friend William Aldis Wright a tin box, which was found to contain such of his papers and books as he thought might possibly bear to be published; and Mr. Wright issued them in two volumes, together with another containing his letters.

Since then, Fitzgerald's fame has been continually growing, and the world recognizes that he added at least one classic to universal literature.



CHIVALRY

From 'Euphranor'

We sat down in one of those little arbours cut into the Lilac bushes round the Bowling-green; and while Euphranor and I were quaffing each a glass of Home-brew'd, Lycion took up the volume of Digby which Euphranor had laid on the table.

"Ah, Lycion," said Euphranor, putting down his glass, "there is one would have put you up to a longer and stronger pull than we have had to-day."

"Chivalry,—" said Lycion, glancing carelessly over the leaves. "Don't you remember"—addressing me—"what an absurd thing that Eglinton Tournament was? What a complete failure! There was the Queen of Beauty on her throne—Lady Seymour—who alone of all the whole affair was *not* a sham—and the Heralds, and the Knights in full Armour on their horses—they had been practicing for months, I believe—but unluckily, at the very moment of Onset the rain began, and the Knights threw down their lances and put up their umbrellas."

I laugh'd, and said I remembered something like it had occurr'd, though not to that umbrella-point, which I thought was a theatrical or Louis Philippe Burlesque on the affair. And I asked Euphranor "what he had to say in defense of the Tournament?"

"Nothing at all," he replied. "It *was* a silly thing, and fit to be laughed at for the very reason that it *was* a sham, as Lycion says. As Digby himself tells us," he went on, taking the Book and rapidly turning over the leaves—"Here it is"—and he read:—"'The error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition'—that is, you know, that Chivalry is not a thing past, but, like all things of Beauty, eternal—'the error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition consists in their supposing that Tournaments, and steel Panoply, and Coat arms, and Aristocratic institutions, are essential to Chivalry; whereas these are in fact only accidental attendants upon it, subject to the influence of Time, which changes all such things.'"

"I suppose," said Lycion, "your man—whatever his name is—would carry us back to the days of King Arthur and the Seven Champions—whenever they were—that one used to read

about when a Child? I thought Don Quixote had put an end to all that long ago."

"Well, *he* at any rate," said Euphranor, "did not depend on fine Accoutrement for his Chivalry."

"Nay," said I; "but did he *not* believe in his rusty armour—perhaps even the pasteboard Visor he fitted to it—as impregnable as the Cause—"

"And some old Barber's bason as the Helmet of Mambrino," interposed Lycion—

"And his poor Rocinante not to be surpass'd by the Bavieca of the Cid—believed in all this, I say, as really as in the Windmills and Wine-skins being the Giants and Sorcerers he was to annihilate?"

"To be sure he did," said Lycion; "but Euphranor's Round-table men—many of them great rascals, I believe—knew a real Dragon or Giant—when they met him—better than Don Quixote."

"Perhaps, however," said I, who saw Euphranor's colour rising, "he and Digby would tell us that all such Giants and Dragons may be taken for Symbols of certain Forms of Evil, which his Knights went about to encounter and exterminate."

"Of course," said Euphranor with an indignant snort, "every Child knows that: then as now to be met with and put down in whatsoever shapes they appear as long as Tyranny and Oppression exist."

"Till finally extinguisht, as they crop up, by Euphranor and his Successors," said Lycion.

"Does not Carlyle somewhere talk to us of a 'Chivalry of Labour'?" said I; "that henceforward not '*Arms* and the Man,' but '*Tools* and the Man,' are to furnish the Epic of the world."

"Oh well, said Lycion, "if the 'Table-Round' turn into a Tailor's Board—'Charge, Chester, charge!' say I—only not exorbitantly for the Coat you provide for us—which indeed, like true Knights, I believe you should provide for us gratis."

"Yes, my dear fellow," said I laughing, "but then *You* must not sit idle, smoking your cigar, in the midst of it; but as your Ancestors led on mail'd troops at Agincourt, so must you put yourself, shears in hand, at the head of this Host, and become what Carlyle calls 'a Captain of Industry,' a Master-tailor, leading on a host of Journeymen to fresh fields and conquests new."

"Besides," said Euphranor, who did not like Carlyle, nor relish this sudden descent of his hobby, "surely Chivalry will never want a good Cause to maintain, whether private or public. As Tennyson says, King Arthur, who was carried away wounded to the island valley of Avilion, returns to us in the shape of a 'modern Gentleman' who may be challenged, even in these later days, to no mock Tournament, Lycion, in his Country's defense, and with something other than the Doctor's shears at his side."

To this Lycion, however, only turn'd his cigar in his mouth by way of reply, and look'd somewhat superciliously at his Antagonist. And I, who had been looking into the leaves of the Book that Euphranor had left open, said:—

"Here we are as usual, discussing without having yet agreed on the terms we are using. Euphranor has told us on the word of his Hero what Chivalry is *not:* let him read what it is that we are talking about."

I then handed him the Book to read to us, while Lycion, lying down on the grass, with his hat over his eyes, composed himself to inattention. And Euphranor read:— . . .

Here Lycion, who had endured the reading with an occasional yawn, said he wish'd "those fellows up-stairs would finish their pool."

"And see again," continued I, taking the book from Euphranor's hands—"after telling us that Chivalry is mainly but another name for Youth, Digby proceeds to define more particularly what *that* is. . . . So that Lycion, you see," said I, looking up from the book and tapping on the top of his hat, "is, in virtue of his eighteen Summers only, a Knight of Nature's own dubbing—yes, and here we have a list of the very qualities which constitute him one of the Order. And all the time he is pretending to be careless, indolent, and worldly, he is really bursting with suppressed Energy, Generosity, and Devotion."

"I did not try to understand your English any more than your Greek," said Lycion; "but if I can't help being the very fine Fellow whom I think you were reading about, why, I want to know what is the use of writing books about it for my edification."

"O yes, my dear fellow," said I; "it is like giving you an Inventory of your goods, which else you lose, or even fling away, in your march to Manhood—which you are so eager to reach. Only to repent when gotten there; for I see Digby goes on—

'What is termed *Entering the World*'—which Manhood of course must do—'assuming its Principles and Maxims'—which usually follows—'is nothing else but departing into those regions to which the souls of the Homeric Heroes went sorrowing.'" . . .

"Ah, you remember," said Euphranor, "how Lamb's friend, looking upon the Eton Boys in their Cricket-field, sighed 'to think of so many fine Lads so soon turning into frivolous Members of Parliament'!"

"But why 'frivolous'?" said Lycion.

"Ay, why 'frivolous'?" echoed I, "when entering on the Field where, Euphranor tells us, their Knightly service may be call'd into action."

"Perhaps," said Euphranor, "entering before sufficiently equipp'd for that part of their calling."

"Well," said Lycion, "the Laws of England determine otherwise, and that is enough for me, and I suppose for her, whatever your ancient or modern pedants say to the contrary."

"You mean," said I, "in settling Twenty-one as the Age of 'Discretion,' sufficient to manage not your own affairs only, but those of the Nation also?"

The hat nodded.

"Not yet, perhaps, accepted for a Parliamentary Knight complete," said I, "so much as Squire to some more experienced if not more valiant Leader. Only providing that Neoptolemus do not fall into the hands of a too politic Ulysses, and under him lose that generous Moral, whose Inventory is otherwise apt to get lost among the benches of St. Stephen's—in spite of preliminary Prayer."

"Aristotle's Master, I think," added Euphranor with some mock gravity, "would not allow any to become Judges in his Republic till near to middle life, lest acquaintance with Wrong should harden them into a distrust of Humanity; and acquaintance with Diplomacy is said to be little less dangerous."

"Though, by the way," interposed I, "was not Plato's Master accused of perplexing those simple Affections and Impulses of Youth by his Dialectic, and making premature Sophists of the Etonians of Athens?"

"By Aristophanes, you mean," said Euphranor, with no mock gravity now; "whose gross caricature help'd Anytus and Co. to that Accusation which ended in the murder of the best and wisest man of all Antiquity."

"Well, perhaps," said I, "he had been sufficiently punish'd by that termagant Wife of his — whom, by the way, he may have taught to argue with him instead of to obey. Just as that Son of poor old Strepsiades, in what you call the Aristophanic Caricature, is taught to rebel against parental authority, instead of doing as he was bidden; as he would himself have the Horses to do that he was spending so much of his Father's money upon: and as we would have our own Horses, Dogs, and Children, — and Young Knights."

"You have got your Heroes into fine company, Euphranor," said Lycion, who, while seeming inattentive to all that went against him, was quick enough to catch at any turn in his favour.

"Why, let me see," said I, taking up the book again, and running my eye over the passage — "yes, — '*Ardent of desire*,' — '*Tractable*,' — some of them at least — '*Without comprehending much*' — '*Ambitious*' — '*Despisers of Riches*' — '*Warm friends and hearty Companions*' — really very characteristic of the better breed of Dogs and Horses. And why not? The Horse, you know, has given his very name to Chivalry, because of his association in the Heroic Enterprises of Men — *El mas Hidalgo Bruto*, Calderon calls him. He was sometimes buried, I think, along with our heroic Ancestors — just as some favourite wife was buried along with her husband in the East. So the Muse sings of those who believe their faithful Dog will accompany them to the World of Spirits — as even some wise and good Christian men have thought it not impossible he may, not only because of his Moral, but — "

"Well," said Euphranor, "we need not trouble ourselves about carrying the question quite so far." . . .

"Well," said I, "your great Schools might condescend to take another hint from abroad where some one — Fellenberg again, I think — had a Riding-house in his much poorer School, where you might learn not only to sit your horse if ever able to provide one for yourself, but also to saddle, bridle, rub him down, with the *ss'ss-ss'ss* which I fancy was heard on the morning of Agincourt — if, by the way, one horse was left in all the host."

"Well, come," said Euphranor; "the Gladiator at any rate is gone — and the Boxer after him — and the Hunter, I think, going after both; perhaps the very Horse he rides gradually to be put away by Steam into some Museum among the extinct Species that Man has no longer room or business for."

"Nevertheless," said I, "war is *not* gone with the Gladiator, and cannon and rifle yet leave room for hand-to-hand conflict, as may one day — which God forbid! — come to proof in our own sea-girt Island. If safe from abroad, some Ruffian may still assault you in some shady lane — nay, in your own parlour — at home, when you have nothing but your own strong arm, and ready soul to direct it. Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families. The House will take fire, the Coach will break down, the Boat will upset; — is there no gentleman who can swim, to save himself and others? no one do more to save the Maid snoring in the garret, than helplessly looking on — or turning away? Some one is taken ill at midnight; John is drunk in bed; is there no gentleman can saddle Dobbin — much less get a Collar over his Head, or the Crupper over his tail, without such awkwardness as brings on his abdomen the kick he fears, and spoils him for the journey. And I do maintain," I continued, "having now gotten 'the bit between my teeth' — maintain against all Comers that, independent of any bodily action on their part, these and the like Accomplishments, as you call them, do carry with them, and I will say, with the Soul incorporate, that habitual Instinct of Courage, Resolution, and Decision, which together with the Good Humour which good animal Condition goes far to ensure, do, I say, prepare and arm the Man not only against the greater but against those minor Trials of Life, which are so far harder to encounter because of perpetually cropping up; and thus do cause him to radiate, if through a narrow circle, yet through that imperceptibly to the whole world, a happier atmosphere about him than could be inspired by Closet-loads of Poetry, Metaphysic, and Divinity. No doubt there is danger, as you say, of the Animal overpowering the Rational, as, I maintain, equally so of the reverse; no doubt the higher-mettled Colt will be likeliest to run riot, as may my Lad, inflamed with Aristotle's 'Wine of Youth,' into excesses which even the virtuous Berkeley says are the more curable as lying in the Passions; whereas, says he, 'the dry Rogue who sets up for Judgment is incorrigible.' But, whatever be the result, VIGOUR of Body, as of Spirit, one must have, subject like all good things to the worst corruption — Strength itself, even of Evil, being a kind of *Virtus* which Time, if not good Counsel, is pretty sure to moderate; whereas Weakness is the one radical and incurable Evil, increasing with every year of Life."

APOLOGUES

Freely Translated from the 'Mantik-ut-Tair,' or 'The Bird-Parliament,' of Farídu-ddín Attar

[Mohammed Ibn Ibrahim Farid u'd Dín (Farid-uddín)—called "Attar," the Druggist or Perfumer—was born at Kerken, a village of Khorassan near Naishapur, in the year 1216, and died at the age of one hundred and fifteen in the city of Shad'ach, where he lived for over eighty-five years. His industry was equal to his longevity: he was an indefatigable collector of biographical details, which he employed in his wonderful series of lives of the Moslem Saints—the Teskeret-al-Oulia (or 'Ewha'). He wrote in prose many ascetical and mystical works. Aside from his rhymed couplets he composed over forty thousand distichs, including twelve thousand four-line strophes. His best known work is the 'Mantik-ut-Tair' (Conversations of the Birds, or Bird-Parliament), an enormously long work which Edward Fitzgerald condensed into a few pages; particularly selecting the Apologues or little stories with obvious morals, such as are cited below.]

The Fortune of the Great

One day Shah Mahmúd, riding with the Wind
A-hunting, left his Retinue behind,
And coming to a River, whose swift Course
Doubled back Game and Dog, and Man and Horse,
Beheld upon the Shore a little Lad
A-fishing, very poor, and Tatter-clad
He was, and weeping as his Heart would break.
So the Great Sultan, for good-humour's sake,
Pull'd in his Horse a moment, and drew nigh,
And after making his Salám, ask'd why
He wept—weeping, the Sultan said, so sore
As he had never seen one weep before.
The Boy look'd up, and "O Amír," he said,
"Sev'n of us are at home, and Father dead,
And Mother left with scarce a Bit of Bread:
And now since Sunrise have I fish'd—and see!
Caught nothing for our Supper—Woe is Me!"
The Sultan lighted from his Horse. "Behold,"
Said he, "Good Fortune will not be controll'd:
And, since To-day yours seems to turn from you,
Suppose we try for once what mine will do,
And we will share alike in all I win."
So the Shah took, and flung his Fortune in,

The Net; which, cast by the Great Mahmúd's Hand,
A hundred glittering Fishes brought to Land.
The Lad look'd up in Wonder — Mahmūd smiled
And vaulted into Saddle. But the Child
Ran after — "Nay, Amír, but half the Haul
Is yours by Bargain" — "Nay, To-day take all,"
The Sultan cried, and shook his Bridle free —
"But mind — To-morrow All belongs to Me —"
And so rode off. Next morning at Divan
The Sultan's Mind upon his Bargain ran,
And being somewhat in a mind for sport
Sent for the Lad: who, carried up to Court,
And marching into Royalty's full Blaze
With such a Catch of Fish as yesterday's,
The Sultan call'd and set him by his side,
And asking him, "What Luck?" The Boy replied,
"*This* is the Luck that follows every Cast,
Since o'er my Net the Sultan's Shadow pass'd."

The Miser

A Fellow all his life lived hoarding Gold,
And, dying, hoarded left it. And behold,
One Night his Son saw peering through the House
A Man, with yet the semblance of a Mouse,
Watching a crevice in the Wall — and cried —
"My Father?" — "Yes," the *Mus*ulman replied,
"Thy Father!" — "But why watching thus?" — "For fear
Lest any smell my Treasure buried here." —
"But wherefore, Sir, so metamousified?" —
"Because, my Son, such is the true outside
Of the inner Soul by which I lived and died."

The Dread

A certain Shah there was in Days foregone
Who had a lovely Slave he doated on,
And cherish'd as the Apple of his Eye,
Clad gloriously, fed sumptuously, set high,
And never was at Ease were *He* not by,
Who yet, for all this Sunshine, Day by Day
Was seen to wither like a Flower away.
Which, when observing, one without the Veil
Of Favour ask'd the Favourite — "Why so pale

And sad?» Thus sadly answer'd the poor Thing—
«No Sun that rises sets until the King,
Whose Archery is famous among Men,
Aims at an Apple on my Head; and when
The stricken Apple splits, and those who stand
Around cry 'Lo! the Shah's unerring Hand!'
Then He too laughing asks me 'Why so pale
And sorrow-some? as could the Sultan fail,
Who such a master of the Bow confest,
And aiming by the Head that he loves best.'»

The Proof

A Shah returning to his Capital,
His subjects drest it forth in Festival,
Thronging with Acclamation Square and Street,
And kneeling flung before his Horse's feet
Jewel and Gold. All which with scarce an Eye
The Sultan superciliously rode by:
Till coming to the public Prison, They
Who dwelt within those grisly Walls, by way
Of Welcome, having neither Pearl nor Gold,
Over the wall chopt Head and Carcase roll'd,
Some almost parcht to Mummy with the Sun,
Some wet with Execution that day done.
At which grim Compliment at last the Shah
Drew Bridle: and amid a wild Hurrah
Of savage Recognition, smiling threw
Silver and Gold among the wretched Crew,
And so rode forward. Whereat of his Train
One wondering that, while others sued in vain
With costly gifts, which carelessly he passed,
But smiled at ghastly Welcome like the last;
The Shah made answer—«All that Pearl and Gold
Of ostentatious Welcome only told:
A little with great Clamour from the Store
Of Hypocrites who kept at home much more.
But when those sever'd Heads and Trunks I saw—
Save by strict Execution of my Law
They had not parted company; not one
But told my Will not talk'd about, but *done*.»

Compulsory Repentance

Just as another Holy Spirit fled,
The Skies above him burst into a Bed
Of Angels looking down and singing clear,
"Nightingale! Nightingale! thy Rose is here!"
And yet, the Door wide open to that Bliss,
As some hot Lover slights a scanty Kiss,
The Saint cried "All I sigh'd for come to *this?*
I who life-long have struggled, Lord, to be
Not of thy Angels one, but one with Thee!"

Others were sure that all he said was true:
They were extremely wicked, that they knew:
And much they long'd to go at once — but some,
They said, so unexpectedly had come
Leaving their Nests half-built — in bad Repair —
With Children in — Themselves about to pair —
"Might he not choose a better Season — nay,
Better perhaps a Year or Two's Delay,
Till all was settled, and themselves more stout
And strong to carry their Repentance out —
And then" —

"And then, the same or like Excuse,
With harden'd Heart and Resolution loose
With dallying: and old Age itself engaged
Still to shirk that which shirking we have aged;
And so with Self-delusion, till, too late,
Death upon all Repentance shuts the Gate;
Or some fierce blow compels the Way to choose,
And forced Repentance half its Virtue lose."

As of an aged Indian King they tell
Who, when his Empire with his Army fell
Under young Mahmúd's Sword of Wrath, was sent
At sunset to the Conqueror in his Tent;
But, ere the old King's silver head could reach
The Ground, was lifted up — with kindly Speech,
And with so holy Mercy re-assured,
That, after due Persuasion, he abjured
His Idols, sate upon Mahmúd's Divan,
And took the Name and Faith of Musulman.
But when the Night fell, in his Tent alone
The poor old King was heard to weep and groan

And smite his Bosom; which when Mahmúd knew,
He went to him and said "Lo, if Thou rue
Thy lost Dominion, Thou shalt wear the Ring
Of thrice as large a Realm." But the dark King
Still wept, and Ashes on his Forehead threw,
And cried, "Not for my Kingdom lost I rue;
But thinking how at the Last Day, will stand
The Prophet with *The Volume* in his Hand,
And ask of me 'How was't that, in thy Day
Of Glory, Thou didst turn from Me and slay
My People; but soon as thy Infidel
Before my True Believers' Army fell
Like Corn before the Reaper—thou didst own
His Sword who scoutedst *Me?*' Of seed so sown
What profitable Harvest should be grown?"

Clogs to the Soul

"Behold, dropt through the Gate of Mortal Birth,
The Knightly Soul alights from Heav'n on Earth;
Begins his Race, but scarce the Saddle feels,
When a foul Imp up from the distance steals,
And, double as he will, about his Heels
Closer and ever closer circling creeps,
Then, half-invited, on the Saddle leaps,
Clings round the Rider, and, once there, in vain
The strongest strives to thrust him off again.
In Childhood just peeps up the Blade of Ill,
That youth to Lust rears, Fury, and Self-will:
And, as Man cools to sensual Desire,
Ambition catches with as fierce a Fire;
Until Old Age sends him with one last Lust
Of Gold, to keep it where he found—in Dust.
Life at both Ends so feeble and constrain'd,
How should that Imp of Sin be slain or chain'd? . . .

"For should the Greyhound whom a Sultan fed,
And by a jewell'd String a-hunting led,
Turn by the Way to gnaw some nasty Thing
And snarl at Him who twitch'd the silken String,
Would not his Lord soon weary of Dispute,
And turn adrift the incorrigible Brute?

"Nay, would one follow, and without a Chain,
The only Master truly worth the Pain,

One must beware lest, growing over-fond
Of even Life's more consecrated Bond,
We clog our Footsteps to the World beyond."

Mortality

One day the Prophet on a River Bank,
Dipping his Lips into the Channel, drank
A Draught as sweet as Honey. Then there came
One who an earthen Pitcher from the same
Drew up, and drank: and after some short stay
Under the Shadow, rose and went his Way,
Leaving his earthen Bowl. In which, anew
Thirsting, the Prophet from the River drew,
And drank from: but the Water that came up
Sweet from the Stream, drank bitter from the Cup.
At which the Prophet in a still Surprise
For Answer turning up to Heav'n his Eyes,
The Vessel's Earthen Lips with Answer ran—
"The Clay that I am made of once was *Man*,
Who dying, and resolved into the same
Obliterated Earth from which he came
Was for the Potter dug, and chased in turn
Through long Vicissitude of Bowl and Urn:
But howsoever moulded, still the Pain
Of that first mortal Anguish would retain,
And cast, and re-cast, for a Thousand years
Would turn the sweetest Water into Tears."

The Welcome

One night Shah Mahmúd, who had been of late
Somewhat distempered with Affairs of State,
Stroll'd through the Streets disguised, as wont to do—
And coming to the Baths, there on the Flue
Saw the poor Fellow who the Furnace fed
Sitting beside his Water-jug and Bread.
Mahmúd stept in—sat down—unask'd took up
And tasted of the untasted Loaf and Cup,
Saying within himself, "Grudge but a bit,
And, by the Lord, your Head shall pay for it!"
So having rested, warm'd and satisfied
Himself without a Word on either side,

At last the wayward Sultan rose to go.
And then at last his Host broke silence—"So?—
Art satisfied? Well, Brother, any Day
Or Night, remember, when you come this Way
And want a bit of Provender—why, you
Are welcome, and if not—why, welcome too."—
The Sultan was so tickled with the whim
Of this quaint Entertainment and of him
Who offer'd it, that many a Night again
Stoker and Shah forgather'd in that vein—
Till, the poor Fellow having stood the Test
Of true Good-fellowship, Mahmúd confess'd
One Night the Sultan that had been his Guest:
And in requital of the scanty Dole
The Poor Man offer'd with so large a soul,
Bid him ask any Largess that he would—
A Throne—if he *would* have it, so he *should.*
The Poor Man kiss'd the Dust, and "All," said he,
"I ask is what and where I am to be;
If but the Shah from time to time will come
As now, and see me in the lowly Home
His presence makes a Palace, and my own
Poor Flue more royal than another's Throne."

CHRONOMOROS

In all the actions that a Man performs, some part of his life passeth. We die with doing that, for which only our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idlenesse, as in employment. Whether we play, or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, *The Sunne posteth, and the Sand runnes.* Owen Felltham.

Wearied with hearing folks cry,
That Time would incessantly fly,
Said I to myself, "I don't see
Why Time should not wait upon me;
I will not be carried away,
Whether I like it, or nay:"—
But ere I go on with my strain,
Pray turn me that hour-glass again!

I said, "I will read, and will write,
And labour all day, and all night,
And Time will so heavily load,
That he cannot but wait on the road;"—

But I found that, balloon-like in size,
The more fill'd, the faster he flies;
And I could not the trial maintain,
Without turning the hour-glass again!

Then said I, "If Time has so flown
When laden, I'll leave him alone;
And I think that he cannot but stay,
When he's nothing to carry away!"
So I sat, folding my hands,
Watching the mystical sands,
As they fell, grain after grain,
Till I turn'd up the hour-glass again!

Then I cried in a rage, "Time *shall* stand!"
The hour-glass I smash'd with my hand,
My watch into atoms I broke
And the sun-dial hid with a cloak!
"Now," I shouted aloud, "Time is done!"
When suddenly, down went the Sun;
And I found to my cost and my pain,
I might buy a new hour-glass again!

Whether we wake, or we sleep,
Whether we carol, or weep,
The Sun, with his Planets in chime,
Marketh the going of Time;
But Time, in a still better trim,
Marketh the going of him:
One link in an infinite chain,
Is this turning the hour-glass again!

The robes of the Day and the Night,
Are not wove of mere darkness and light;
We read that, at Joshua's will,
The Sun for a Time once stood still!
So that Time by his measure to try,
Is Petitio Principii!
Time's Scythe is going amain,
Though he turn not his hour-glass again!

And yet, after all, what is Time?
Renowned in Reason, and Rhyme,
A Phantom, a Name, a Notion,
That measures Duration or Motion?

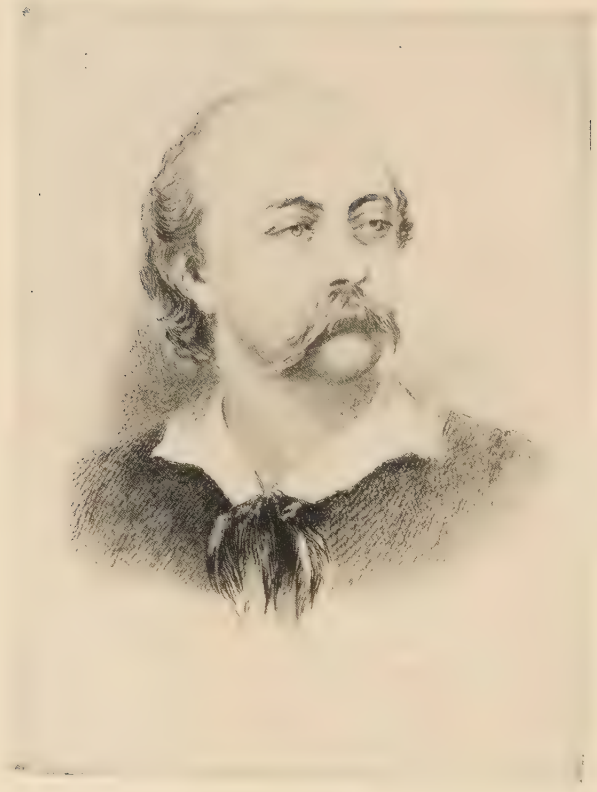
Or but an apt term in the lease
Of Beings, who know they must cease?
The hand utters more than the brain,
When turning the hour-glass again!

The King in a carriage may ride,
And the Beggar may crawl at his side;
But, in the general race,
They are travelling all the same pace,
And houses, and trees, and highway,
Are in the same gallop as they:
We mark our steps in the train,
When turning the hour-glass again!

People complain, with a sigh,
How terribly Chroniclers lie;
But there is one pretty right,
Heard in the dead of the night,
Calling aloud to the people,
Out of St. Dunstan's Steeple,
Telling them under the vane,
To turn their hour-glasses again!

MORAL

Masters! we live here for ever,
Like so many fish in a river;
We may mope, tumble, or glide,
And eat one another beside;
But whithersoever we go,
The River will flow, flow, flow!
And now, that I've ended my strain,
Pray turn me that hour-glass again!



GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

(1821–1880)

BY PAUL BOURGET

FANCY that when 'Madame Bovary' appeared in 1856, even the most alert of French critics, like Sainte-Beuve or J. J. Weiss, would have been thoroughly astonished if some one had said to him:—"Do not deceive yourself; this novel of passion, which everybody is reading and which has suddenly made its author the fashion; this picture of morals, so boldly brushed that it disquiets the governing powers and summons the painter before the censors of morals; this study of style, so brilliantly executed that the most determined revolutionists marvel at it,—in forty years will have become part of the classical tradition of France. Among all the names of the century, that of Gustave Flaubert will be linked with that of Courier alone, in the list of the prose writers of the great Latin line after La Bruyère, Pascal, and Montesquieu. This little book is not an accident. It is an event, and its author is the master whom hundreds of other artists in France and abroad will follow; the man, perhaps, whose ideas will modify most deeply the æsthetics of the century." Yes, I can see Sainte-Beuve smile at this prophecy, although his valiant essay in the 'Lundis' shows how deeply he was impressed by Flaubert's début. I see witty Weiss shrug his shoulders, although his criticism written at that time shows a stirring of extreme curiosity concerning the new-comer. It is not given to any one to construct the orbit of contemporary works, or to foresee their place with posterity. In certain books and in certain kinds of genius there inheres a hidden force, a latent virtue, which does not at once develop. In the case of Flaubert, for example, we hardly yet see clearly all that he put in his novels, which in reality he himself did not quite comprehend. For if an artist's contemporaries cannot measure him with exactness, neither can he measure himself. Would it not have amazed Voltaire to learn that he would live only through 'Candide,' and Diderot that his work would reduce itself to the 'Neveu de Rameau,'—two pamphlets scribbled in a few days, the second not even published by its author?

I

In seeking to discover why a book or a writer grows greater as the years pass, instead of dwindling away with the first successes, one finds that this book and this writer strikingly disclose a *moral unity*.

Nothing that is not typical endures in human memory. The posthumous fame and the influence of Flaubert confirm this great law of literary history. Few writers have more deeply impressed this moral unity upon more diverse works. From that youthful day when he read to his friend Maxime Du Camp his great unpublished novel 'Novembre,' to the eve of his death, when he traced the last lines of 'Bouvard and Pécuchet,' he developed without pause or modification one changeless system and expressed one changeless conclusion concerning human life. One metaphysical conviction lightens the pages of his youth and those of his approaching age, as the same sun irradiates morning and evening of the same day with universal light. This doctrine, born with Flaubert, as I shall try to show, is the old doctrine of pessimism, but of a verified, studied-out, hopeless pessimism, as atomically established as that of Schopenhauer in Germany and of old Heraclitus in Greece. From the point of view of the novelist, as from that of the two philosophers, the evil of life does not arise from circumstances, but is inherent in the very fact of humanity. Whether barbarian or civilized, whether belonging to the antique world or to modern society, to an age of faith or to an epoch of skepticism, whether artist or artisan, simple or complex, the human being lives to see the failure of his ambition, be it noble or base, narrow or boundless. The mocking hand of Fate seems to have written a negative sign before the colossal sum of human efforts, and the total always shows a loss; the greatness of these efforts augmenting the greatness of the predetermined ruin. Such is the idea permeating from end to end all the books composed by this admirable artist, the thesis he struggled to demonstrate by examples not far-fetched and abstract, but concrete and living, and of such extraordinary intensity that the series of six volumes really constitutes the most absolute, the most uncompromising manual of nihilism ever composed.

To comprehend the doctrine back of the accident and the theory behind the fact, one must consider the chief characters of these books successively. By a process quite opposed to that of authors who are simply misanthropic, Flaubert does not make the final miseries of his characters result from their faults, but from their qualities. At the same time he is careful to select ordinary and not exceptional types, and to surround them with ordinary circumstances. Thus constituted, they cease to be individual and become representative, and their symbolic failure becomes the failure of their whole class. Take as examples Madame Bovary in the novel of that name, and Frédéric Moreau in 'L'Éducation Sentimentale.' Both are results of the legitimate and indeed very noble effort which pushes the lower classes toward culture and refinement. Emma Bovary is the daughter of a farmer who wished her to become a "lady," and Frédéric is

the son of a middle-class father who has resolved that his boy shall have a "liberal" profession. She has been sent to a convent. He has been put in school. In their class of society this is the accepted educational process, ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Both pupils respond to the instruction they receive. Ah, well! if the first descends, step by step, the ladder which leads to vice, to crime, to suicide, it is simply because, played upon by the religious and poetical emotions of the convent which was so long her home, she has formed too exquisite, too complex, too sequestered a dream of existence, and has felt too acutely the meagreness of her environment. She is perverted by the noblest characteristics of her nature; and in that experience she resembles the sentimental Frédéric, her brother in delicacy as in weakness. If the man of society, young, rich, intelligent, spoils his hours one by one, as a child who cannot draw, uncleanly and foolishly spoils his sheets of fair white paper, he does so because he has surrendered himself too freely to the charm of the books and dreams which enchanted his youth, and has longed too eagerly for higher emotions, for romantic affections, and glorious adventures.

Again, if the two grotesque protagonists of 'Bouvard et Pécuchet' make the most imbecile use of their late-coming independence, of their will and energy, it is because the hearts of these bureau clerks suddenly released from servitude beat with the noblest zeal for the Ideal,—in that form, however, "which deceives the least; that is, science": and do not say that singleness of heart is lacking in these more than in the others.

Again, it is the romantic novelist who wrote the story of 'Un Cœur Simple,' the pathetically foolish adventure of an old maid who adores with religious fervor a stuffed paroquet. And again, do not say that the decadence of contemporary society is responsible for these failures. Would it have been better for these men and women to take root in the soil of a world still new, and to share the heroic youth of civilization? The sinister brutality, staining red the landscapes of 'Salammbô,' answers the question. Matthô, like Frédéric, like the daughter of Hamilcar, like the child of Farmer Ronault, struggles painfully in the heavy nightmare of existence; the gloomy frenzy of the savage has no more appreciable result than the shrinking trepidation of the civilized man. Nor will it suffice to say that these civilized folk and these barbarians were alike wanting in that great supernatural strength, faith. St. Anthony the hermit of the Thebaid, after years of maceration, cries, like Emma, like Frédéric, "Of old I was not so wretched!"* The depth of his penitence has but intensified his power to feel and suffer. A cataleptic, haunted

*'The Temptation of St. Anthony.'

by visions, terrified at night by the howling of the jackal, by the desert winds, by the shadow of a cross upon the sand, at last he bows down like a slave before the stupid and inert Thing, shapeless and multiform Matter. «I would,» he sighs, «that I were Matter!» Supreme aspiration, containing the drama, at once tragic and farcical, of our poor humanity! An appeal which recalls Goya's picture of a skeleton straining to lift up the stone of his tomb to write upon it the terrible word *Nada*,—«Nothing!» There is nothing! «Who knows?» wrote Flaubert himself in one of his letters: «doubtless death has nothing more to tell than life.»

II

For the source and principle of this pessimism, one must search through the four volumes of correspondence recently published. It is easy to see that this way of feeling and of judging life is not with the author of 'Madame Bovary,' as with so many others, an amusement of dilettantism. It is the deep and personal moral of these frank letters that the convincing force of a work of art is always proportionate to its sincerity. If to Flaubert's readers his creations have this authenticity of authority, it is because they are struck out of his own life and spirit. I mean that they express what was essential in his life, and most personal, least incidental, in his spirit. The whole difference between objective artists, among whom Flaubert enrolled himself, and the subjective school, is that the first exclude all anecdote, all petty individual and local circumstance, from their written confessions. They can give expression to their genius only when they reveal the inmost depths of their nature. From the first, Flaubert's letters show that his heart, as another great unquiet spirit declared, was «born with a wound.»* To-day we know that his mental structure was sustained by an organism prematurely touched at the very centre of life. Epilepsy was destroying Flaubert. The 'Souvenirs' of Maxime Du Camp contain a very touching account of the first attack of this fatal nervous malady. But long before that attack, a hypersensitiveness, strange alternations of exaltation and repression, of enthusiasm and disgust, indicated that a secret malady was preying upon this robust fellow. From his twentieth year he contended with those humiliating fatalities against which human energy, however ambitious, is doomed to dash itself. Moreover, he was environed by contradictions.

His prose astonishes the reader by the lyric amplitude of his least sentence. A poet quivers in the prose writer with all the passion, all the ardor, of a Shakespeare or a Byron. Now, this poet was the son

* Lamennais of himself.

of a surgeon. His early life, from 1821 when he was born, to 1839 when he came to Paris to study law, was passed in a hospital. His room overlooked a court where the invalids walked, and an amphitheatre where his father's pupils dissected bodies. The dreams of his childhood and youth moved side by side with horrible impressions of physical decay. He speaks somewhere of his nature as «drolly bitter.» This sinister humor was doubtless born in that hospital room where by turns he read his favorite authors,—Homer, Æschylus, Virgil, Dante, Victor Hugo,—and saw the rollicking students smoke and jest over the cadavers. The contrast was not less sharp between his precocious taste for imaginative literature and the employment his father wished him to undertake. He has drawn in 'Madame Bovary' under the name of Doctor Larivière a slight but vigorous portrait of this father, whom he deeply admired. But it is nevertheless true that the rough practitioner, with his grim professional aspect and his habit of working on living matter, could not comprehend his second son's vocation for authorship. All the letters of this period bear traces of this cruel misunderstanding. As a mere lad, Flaubert lived in a state of constant rebellion against the paternal ideas and discipline. Nor was he more in harmony with the ideas and discipline of his time. When only fifteen he began to be fascinated by romanticism and its poets, at the very moment when public taste was ready to find fault with that school of 1830, which should rather be called the school of 1820. Finally, as his correspondence clearly shows, this romantic youth, whose ideal was incarnated in the adorable figure of Madame Arnouse,—an only love, never realized, always dreamed,—suffered the precocious disenchantment of a French school. What strange collisions of alien elements! How fate delights to entangle us in those irresistible impulses which set us forever in disharmony with life and with ourselves!

For Gustave Flaubert, played upon by such discordant influences, life soon became one long suffering. Soon too he perceived that this suffering was caused by no one mitigable chance, but that it grew out of the very fact of existence. In the long correspondence which extends from his precocious childhood to his premature old age, which shows us his student's cell, his traveler's tent, his Parisian abode of the famous author, he never varies his complaint. Whether writing to Le Portevin, his schoolfellow; to Du Camp, the comrade of his youth; to Louis Bouilhet, the associate of his maturity; to Louise Colet, the confidante of his critical days of apprenticeship; or to George Sand, the glorious *alter ego* of his years of achievement, everywhere and always he proclaims the narrowness of human destiny: the misery and sadness of existence; his distaste for his contemporary world; his horror of the future; the weariness of enduring; the

woefulness of yielding; the falsehood of desire; and the vanity of hope.

The persistence of these lamentations is the more striking in that this pessimist is never disheartened. His fearless agnosticism has nothing in common with the languid negations of a Werther or an Obermann. No coward soul utters his accusation. His complaint, almost from the beginning, is more intellectual than sentimental. All the sweet poisonous melancholy on which he fed himself may be referred to the understanding rather than to the moral nature; and therein appears the characteristic which distinguishes him absolutely from authors who, like Byron, Châteaubriand, Musset, and Baudelaire, have expressed under very different forms what has been called the malady of the age.

In Flaubert, the contemporary of Taine, Renan, Berthelot, Pasteur, there is a scientific turn of mind. He is like the physiologist who from the symptoms of his own specific malady reasons to the general disease, and who finds in his own personality the opportunity to verify and to register a vaster hypothesis. Here we touch the explanation of the typical character of the work and the man.

Because of this scientific turn of mind, united to a sensibility both complex and passionately sad, Gustave Flaubert stands as one of the newest of the psychological oddities of our age. There is no denying the fact, however we dislike it, that in this nineteenth century science has been the all-powerful controller of human activity. Not only has it modified the material conditions under which this activity works, but still more has it changed our point of view and altered our mental methods. It has accustomed us to an idea which seems at first sight simple, yet which involves an immense revolution,—the contemplation of everything as conditional, including even the most spontaneous creations of the mind. Thus we come to acknowledge, with Taine and Sainte-Beuve, that fixed laws control the production of literary work, and that a tragedy, a novel, a poem, are born under conditions as absolute as those which accompany the blooming of a flower. Laws govern the production of political systems and religious hypotheses,—laws regulate the decadence and prosperity of races, of countries, of families,—laws, finally, dominate our own intellect and our own affections.

It must not be forgotten, however, that this conception leaves room for personal responsibility. Our free will is simply set to choose among these conditions those which will or which will not produce certain effects. But whether the will choose freely or not, these conditions always imply the same result. They share, and we share with them, in that universal and immeasurable order which science declares to exist, and which, fragment by fragment, detail by

detail, she aims to discover. Thus considered, our individuality both diminishes and is increased. It diminishes because we see with too implacable clearness the limitations of our power, thus hedged about by laws which are independent of our volition. It increases, because outside our puny selves we catch glimpses of, we grasp at, those imperishable laws which were before we were, which will be when we are not. Beyond our own lives we thus touch and outlive all life; beyond our own joy, all joy; beyond our own suffering, all suffering. Such amplitudes of feeling do we gain with this new attitude of mind! As it was constant with Flaubert, many men of our generation have loved in him that profound accent in which they heard a magnificent echo of the inarticulate speech hidden in their own hearts.

III

Pessimism, however original and however sincere, yet remains a disease; and had Flaubert brought only this message of despair he would not occupy his high place in our respect. Happily he brings another doctrine, that of heroism, and I had almost said of religion. Flaubert himself employs this word, when speaking in one of his letters of Alfred de Musset:—"He lacked religion," he says; "and religion is indispensable." What he meant was that in this life, so wretched in his eyes and so foredoomed to failure, a man perceives nobility, finds comfort, only upon condition of devoting all his powers to something apart from himself and his interests, from his passions and his person. Perhaps this creed of the most exalted renunciation following on the completest pessimism is less contradictory than it appears; for the Christian faith, itself the most luminously hopeful which has ever appeared upon earth, rests also upon a pessimistic vision of man and of fate.

And if Flaubert were inconsistent in his beliefs, let us applaud the lack of logic which produced his masterpieces. His personal religion was that of literature. He loved it with the most unrestrained, the most untiring love. I do not know in the intellectual order a more pathetic drama than that which fills his letters to the friend of his youth, her whom he called his "Muse." Housed in his small abode at Croisset near the gates of Rouen, and scarcely going out except to pace his garden on the bank of the Seine, this man of thirty undertook to write a book with which he should be,—not satisfied, for what author worthy the name is ever satisfied? but which should come as near perfection as possible. That book is 'Madame Bovary.' The very ideal of the literary artist is here evoked before our inward gaze: the absolute, the irremediable scorn of contemporary success, the contempt for vanity, the complete absence of all desire for gain,—these elementary virtues of the great author are

naturally found there, as well as the scrupulous conscience which no difficulty discourages, and the invincible patience which no beginning over again wearies; and especially and everywhere the flame, the sacred fever of creative intellect. In these pages — usually scratched off at morning after the nightly task was finished — there stirs a sublime breath which draws tears. One seems to see, one sees, the genius of one of those immortal works which, like 'Tartuffe,' like the 'Pensées,' like the 'Caractères,' will endure as long as the French language. Never was human brain possessed by more passionate frenzy for art; and in saying that all Flaubert's great works were composed in the same way, with this prodigious care in detail, this implacable search for truth and beauty, this zeal and tenacity, it is plain why in thirty years of this exhausting work he composed so few volumes, and these of such virile composition, of such sovereign mastery of style, that all other modern works seem slight, cowardly, and incomplete beside them.

It is difficult to explain in what Flaubert's style — his great title to glory — exactly consists. No term is oftener employed, indeed, than this term "style." None more easily defies a definition. In saying that an author has style, some writers praise his elegant correctness, while others mean to affirm his original incorrectness. According to the first sense, the masters of style in France would be Fénelon, Buffon, Rousseau. According to the second sense, they would be Rabelais and Saint-Simon. The citation of these names suffices to prove both points of view legitimate. The complexity of things imposes the complexity of points of view. To write is indeed to translate ideas into words. But what must we understand by this formula, *ideas?* I have the idea of a straight line, I have the idea of the feeling I experience, I have the idea of the room where I am. Are these three kinds of ideas of the same order, and are the trains of accessory impressions which each entails equally diverse?

The phrases which serve as the external form of these three kinds of ideas must then be so different that certain French writers of the seventeenth century considered literature incapable of rendering those of the third group. Again, in our own time, Stendhal and Merimée absolutely denied that sensations of the eyes are reducible to words. Flaubert was of the contrary opinion. To his mind the thing had been proved, since Châteaubriand; and the men who failed to reproduce an actual contour or color in a phrase seemed to him as incompetent as did they whose prose failed to express an abstract idea or to convey an emotion. He maintained that Merimée did not understand his profession, and this he would demonstrate book in hand!

In what, then, did his conception of his profession consist? In the first place, in a special development of intellectual sensibility; and here Flaubert was certainly right. An isolated word taken by itself

should have its value of tone for the author, as the color on a palette has its value of tone to the painter. Considered in the dictionary, this word has a physical and moral existence perceived by the artist. Take at random one which is typical. Does not the word *frêle* (frail), which nevertheless comes from the same Latin word (*fragilis*) as fragile, differ from the latter as a flower differs from an object of human industry? Are there not words of race whose presence at the end of a pen or on the tip of the tongue betrays a patrician manner of feeling and thinking, while others reek of bad company and soil the paper on which the pen traces them? It is not their meaning which gives them this elegant or brutal, this ignoble or aristocratic character. It is the trace, visible or not, of their Latin origin, their tonic accent, their sonority, and still other elements which cannot be analyzed and which the artist discerns through practice. For Flaubert, the profession of authorship consisted in developing in himself this sense of the physiognomy of words to the point of always finding the exact, and as he maintained, the only, term to express a truth, a form, a feeling. «For there is only one,» he said to his favorite pupil Maupassant; and as to himself, his rigor was unsparing. Another of his friends, and his fervent admirer, M. Taine, told me that he had seen him spend three weeks hunting for a single word, and that was the word *secouer*, to shake. He was very proud of finishing his story of 'Hérodias' with the adverb *alternativement*, «alternately.» This word, whose two accents on *ter* and *ti* give it a loose swing, seemed to him to render concrete and almost perceptible the march of the two slaves who in turn carried the head of St. John the Baptist.

The choice of words resembles the choice of colors in painting. The value of a tone changes with the value of the tone placed next it. Therefore the second step in authorship consists, once the words are chosen, in putting them together and in constructing sentences. Flaubert's theories on sentence structure have become legendary. All his biographers have told us how he passed nights declaiming his own prose, crying his sentences with all his might, trying them, as he said in his common but expressive phrase, «with his own muzzle.» There was something of mania and something of paradox in this method. There was also a theory. He set it forth himself in his very curious preface to the 'Dernières Chansons' of Louis Bouilhet. Flaubert thought that a well-constructed phrase adapts itself to the rhythm of the respiration. He reasoned a little like this: In presence of such or such an idea we experience such or such an impression. This impression has its rebound in our organism. It leaves it colder or warmer; our blood beats quicker or slower; our breath is hurried or stopped. The phrase which translates this idea

should accord with this state of our organs; and how better ascertain this than by trying it with the register of our chest? «Badly constructed sentences,» said he, «never resist this test.» Now follow the consequences of this principle. They are infinite, and the art of writing, thus conceived, becomes difficult enough to terrify the most patient. If sentences are made to be read aloud, harmony is their ruling quality; and from that spring these two laws: constant renewal of forms, and suppression of all rhyme, of all hiatus, and of all repetitions. Goncourt recounts in his journal that he saw Flaubert unhappy because he had left the following expression in Madame Bovary: «d'une couronne de fleurs d'orange» (with a wreath of orange-blossoms). The three *d's*, governed each by the other, made him despair. He strove furiously to reduce the words which serve as setting to the others: the conjunctions, the prepositions, the auxiliary verbs. He fought for hours and days against *que*, *de*, *faire*, *avoir*, *être*. Dumas, who scarcely liked him, mocked this formidable labor, so disproportioned to the result: «He is a giant,» said he, «who strikes down a forest in order to make a box.» This witty epigram only proves that the author of the 'Demi-Monde' was a moralist, a mind preoccupied from the beginning with the service rendered; while Flaubert was an artist, the most careful and uncompromising of artists. Somewhere in his correspondence he speaks of a bit of wall on the Acropolis, the memory of which exalted him like a vision of perfect beauty. This comparison completely illustrates his ideal of style: a prose holding itself erect by virtue of essential words, and so finely and strongly constructed that these essential words — correct, exact, and precise, resting upon each other without parasitic attachments — are beautiful both in themselves and for their mathematical relation, — a prose which is such an integral substitute for the object that it becomes the object itself. «The author in his work,» he said with curious eloquence, «should be like God in the universe: everywhere present and nowhere visible. Art being only second to nature, its creator should exercise analogous methods, so that one feels in every atom, every aspect, a hidden, a limitless insusceptibility of injury from external things.» Was I wrong to speak of religion as influencing a man who found these solemn accents to define his dream of art?

Paul Bourget

THE SACRED PARROT

From 'Un Cœur Simple'

The sighs which Madame Aubain uttered while knitting beside her window, reached Félicité at her spinning in the kitchen. They often walked up and down together under the trellis, talking of Virginie, and wondering if such and such a thing would have pleased her, or what she would have said upon such an occasion.

All her little belongings were kept in a cupboard in the room with two beds, and Madame Aubain looked them over very seldom. But one day she resigned herself to the task, and moths flew out of the wardrobe.

Virginie's dresses hung in a row under a shelf, upon which were three dolls, some hoops, a little housekeeping set, and the wash-bowl. They drew out all the skirts, the stockings, the handkerchiefs, and spread them on the two beds before refolding them. The sun shone on all these poor things, and brought out the spots and the creases made by the movements of the body. The air was warm and blue, a blackbird was warbling, everything seemed to live in profound calm. They came across a little brown plush hat with long hairs, all worm-eaten. This Félicité took for her own. Their eyes, meeting each other, filled with tears; at last the mistress opened her arms, the servant threw herself in them, and they clung to each other, satisfying their sorrow in a kiss which made them equal.

It was their first embrace, for Madame Aubain was not of an expansive nature. Félicité felt grateful to her as for a benefit, and cherished her with religious veneration and the devotion of a faithful animal.

Her kindness of heart increased.

When she heard the drums of a regiment in the street, she stepped outside the door with a pitcher of cider and offered the soldiers a drink. When they were ill she cared for them. She was kind to the Poles, and there was one who even wanted to marry her. But this made trouble; for coming back from church one morning, she found that he had gone into her kitchen and made himself a vinegar stew, which he was tranquilly eating.

After the Poles she devoted herself to Father Colmiche, an old man who was said to have taken part in the horrors of '93. He

lived on the river-side in the rubbish of a pig-sty. The street urchins watched him through chinks in the wall, and threw stones which fell on the wretched bed where he lay groaning, shaken by catarrh; with his hair very long, his eyelids inflamed, and on his arm a tumor larger than his head. She took him linen, tried to clean the squalid hole, dreamed of establishing him in her bake-house in some way that would not trouble Madame. When the cancer had gathered, she bandaged it every day. Sometimes she brought him cake, or placed him in the sun on a bunch of straw; and the poor old man, driveling and trembling, thanked her with his dying voice, feared to lose her, and stretched out his hands to her when he saw her going away. He died, and she ordered a mass for the repose of his soul.

That very day a great joy came to her. Just at dinner-time Madame de Larsonnière's colored man arrived, with the parrot in his cage, and perch, chain, and padlock. A note from the Baroness informed Madame Aubain that her husband had been promoted to a prefecture. They were going away that evening, and she begged Madame Aubain to accept the bird as a remembrance and with her respects.

He had long busied the imagination of Félicité, for he came from America and thus recalled Victor; so she had often asked the negro about the bird. Once she had said, "How happy Madame would be to have him!"

The negro had repeated this speech to his mistress, and as she could not take the parrot with her, she thus disposed of it.

He was called Loulou. His body was green, the ends of his wings pink, his forehead blue, and his throat gilded.

But he had a tiresome mania for biting his perch, pulling out his feathers, and scattering water from his bath, so that he annoyed Madame Aubain, and she gave him to Félicité.

She attempted to teach him, and soon he was able to repeat, "Fine fellow! Your servant, sir! I salute you, Mary!" He was placed near the door, and several people expressed surprise that he did not answer to the name of Jacquot, like other parrots. They called him a ninny and a blockhead, which names were like dagger-thrusts to Félicité! Strange obstinacy of Loulou, who would not speak when any one was looking!

Nevertheless, he was fond of company; for on Sunday when the Mademoiselles Rochefeuille, M. De Houppeville, and some new-comers — Onfroy the apothecary, M. Varin, and Captain

Mathieu — had their game of cards, he beat the window-panes with his wings and chattered so furiously that it was impossible to speak.

Bourais's face seemed to amuse him greatly. As soon as he saw it, he began to laugh, to laugh with all his might. The outbursts of his voice escaped into the court, echo repeated them, the neighbors coming to their windows laughed too; so that to avoid being seen by the parrot, M. Bourais used to creep along the wall, holding up his hat to screen his profile until he reached the river and entered by the garden door. His glances at the bird lacked affection.

Once Loulou, having buried his head in the butcher-boy's basket, received a fillip, after which he always tried to pinch him through his shirt. Fabu threatened to wring his neck, although he was not a cruel fellow, in spite of his great whiskers and the tattooing on his arms. On the contrary, he had rather a liking for the parrot, so that in his jovial humor he wanted to teach him to swear. Félicité, frightened at this behavior, placed Loulou in the kitchen. His little chain was taken off, and he wandered about the house.

When he went down-stairs he rested the curve of his beak on the step and raised first his right claw and then the left, and she feared these gymnastics would make him dizzy. He fell ill, and could not speak or eat. There was a thick spot under his tongue such as chickens sometimes have, and she cured him by tearing this out with her nails. One day M. Paul was rash enough to blow the smoke of a cigar in his nostrils. Another time, when Madame Lormeau was teasing him with the end of her parasol, he snatched off the ferule. At last he lost himself.

She had placed him on the grass to refresh him, left him a moment, and when she returned,— no parrot! At first she looked for him in the bushes, on the bank of the stream, on the roofs, without heeding her mistress, who was calling, "Be careful! You are mad!" Finally she visited all the gardens of Pont l'Évegne; and she stopped the passers. "Perhaps you have seen my parrot somewhere?" and to those who did not know him she gave a description. All at once she thought she saw something green flying low down behind the mills. But when she reached the top of the bank, it was gone. A peddler assured her that he had just seen him in Mother Simonne's shop at Saint Mélaine. She

hurried there, but they did not know what she was talking about. At last she went home, exhausted, her shoes in rags, sick at heart; and seated near Madame in the middle of the bench, she was telling all her adventures, when a light weight fell on her shoulder,— Loulou! Where the mischief had he been? Promenading in the suburbs, perhaps.

She found this hard to get over; or rather, she never did get over it.

In consequence of a chill she had a sore throat, and soon after an ear-ache. Three years later she was deaf, and talked very loud even in church. Although her sins might have been proclaimed to all the corners of the diocese without disgrace to her or harm to the world, still the priest judged it advisable to hear her confession only in the vestry.

Illusory murmurings began to trouble her. Her mistress often said to her, "Good Heavens! how stupid you are!" and she answered, "Yes, Madame," looking around her as if for something.

The little circle of her ideas kept on narrowing; and the chiming of the bells, the lowing of the cattle, no longer existed for her. All the beings about her worked with the silence of phantoms. One sound only now reached her ears,— the voice of the parrot.

As if to divert her, he mimicked the tic-tac of the turnspit, the shrill cry of the fish-man, the saw of the carpenter who lived opposite; and when the bell rang he imitated Madame Aubain,— "Félicité! the door! the door!"

They held dialogues together, he uttering to satiety the three sentences of his repertory, and she answering with words as meaningless, but in which her heart overflowed. In her isolation Loulou was almost a son, a lover. He scaled her fingers, nibbled her lips, clung to her fichu; and as she bent her forehead toward him, shaking her head as nurses do, the broad flaps of her cap and his wings vibrated together.

When the clouds gathered and the thunder rumbled, he uttered cries, remembering perhaps the showers of his native forests. The dripping of water excited his frenzy; he flew madly about, went up to the ceiling, upset everything, and flew through the window to dabble in the garden. Then he returned quickly to one of the andirons, and hopping to dry his feathers, showed now his tail and now his beak.

One morning of the terrible winter of 1837, when she had placed him before the fireplace on account of the cold, she found him dead in the middle of his cage, his head down, and his claws in the iron bars. Doubtless a congestion had killed him. She believed that he had been poisoned with parsley, and without the slightest proof she suspected Fabu.

She wept so much that her mistress said, "Well! have him stuffed."

She consulted the apothecary, who had always been kind to the bird. He wrote to Havre: a certain Fellacher undertook the task. But as packages were sometimes lost from the stage, she decided to carry the bird herself as far as Honfleur.

Leafless apple-trees were ranged along the way. Ice covered the ditches. Dogs barked about the farms; and her hands under her mantle, with her little black sabots and her light basket, she hurried along in the middle of the street.

She crossed the forest, passed Haut-Chêne, and reached Saint-Gatien. Behind her in a cloud of dust and precipitated upon her by the descent, a mail-coach came flashing along on a gallop. Seeing this woman who did not trouble herself to get out of the way, the driver stood up under the hood, and the postilion called too, while the four horses, whom he could not hold in, increased their speed. The first two grazed her; with a pull at the reins the driver jerked them to one side, but furious, he raised his arm with his great whip, and as he flew past he dealt her such a blow that she fell on her back.

Her first movement, when she had regained consciousness, was to open her basket. Happily Loulou had not been hurt. She felt her right cheek burning, and when she put her hand to it she found that blood was flowing.

She sat down on a stone and mopped her face with her handkerchief. Then she ate a crust of bread which she had taken the precaution to put in her basket, and comforted herself by looking at her bird.

When she reached the height of Ecquemauville she saw the lights of Honfleur sparkling in the night like a quantity of stars; farther off the sea stretched confusedly. Then a weakness seized her; and all the misery of her childhood, the deception of her first love, her nephew's departure, Virginie's death, came back to her one after another, like the waves of the tide, mounting to her throat and stifling her.

Then she wished to see the captain of the boat; and without telling him what she was sending, she commended it to his care.

Fellacher kept the parrot for a long time. He always promised it for the next week, but after six months he announced that he had sent a case, and thus put an end to the uncertainty. It began to seem as if Loulou would never return. "They must have stolen him!" she was beginning to think.

At last he arrived,—magnificent, erect on the branch of a tree which was screwed into a mahogany base, one foot in the air, his head on one side, and biting a nut, which in his love of effect the taxidermist had gilded.

She shut him in her room. This place, to which she did not often admit people, looked like both a chapel and a bazar, it was so full of religious objects and of oddities. In fault of a stand, Loulou was established on a part of the chimney-piece which protruded into the room. Every morning when she woke up she saw him in the early light, and without sorrow and full of tranquillity she recalled his vanished days and insignificant actions to their least details.

Not communicating with any one, she lived in the torpor of a somnambulist. The processions of Corpus Christi reanimated her. Then she went to the neighbors to beg candlesticks and straw mats for the altar which was raised in the street.

In church she always looked at the picture of the Holy Ghost, and thought it like her parrot. This resemblance impressed her all the more in an image by Épinal, representing the baptism of our Lord. With his purple wings and emerald body, it was a true portrait of Loulou. She bought it and hung it instead of the Count D'Artois, so that in the same glance she could see both. They were associated in her thoughts; the parrot seemed sanctified by this connection to the Holy Ghost, who thus became more living and intelligible to her. The Father could not have chosen a dove to announce him, since that bird has no voice, but rather one of Loulou's ancestors. And as Félicité prayed she looked at the image, but from time to time she turned a little toward her bird.

She wanted to join the Sisters of the Virgin, but Madame Aubain dissuaded her.

In the month of March 1853 Madame Aubain had a sudden pain in her breast; her tongue seemed covered with smoke;

leeches could not calm the oppression, and on the ninth evening she died at exactly the age of seventy-two.

Félicité wept for her as masters are not wept. That Madame should die before her, troubled her mind and seemed contrary to the order of things,—inadmissible and monstrous.

Ten days later (the time to come from Besançon) the heirs arrived. The daughter-in-law searched the drawers, chose some furniture, and sold the remainder. Then they returned to the registry office.

Madame's arm-chair, her centre-table, her foot-stove, the eight chairs, were gone. The places where the engravings had hung showed in yellow squares on the walls. They had carried off the two beds with their mattresses, and none of Virginie's belongings remained in the cupboard! Félicité climbed up-stairs, drunk with grief.

The next day there was a sign on the door, and the apothecary cried in her ear that the house was for sale.

She tottered and had to sit down.

What troubled her most was the thought of leaving her room, so convenient for poor Loulou. Covering him with an anguished look, she implored the Holy Ghost, and fell into the idolatrous habit of kneeling before the parrot while she said her prayers. Sometimes the sun, coming in at the dormer window, fell on his glass eye, and it sparkled with a luminous ray which threw her into ecstasy.

Her mistress had left her an income of three hundred and eighty francs. The garden supplied her with vegetables. As to clothes, she had enough for the rest of her life, and she economized lights by going to bed with the dark.

In order to avoid the broker's shop, where some of Madame's old furniture was displayed, she scarcely ever went out. After her dizzy turn she dragged one leg, and as her strength grew less, Mother Simonne, who was bankrupt in her little grocery, came every morning to cut wood and draw water.

Her eyes grew weaker. She no longer opened the blinds. Thus many years passed, and the house was neither rented nor sold. In the fear that she might be sent away, Félicité never asked for any repairs. The shingles were rotting on the roof. All one winter her bolster was wet. After Easter she spit blood.

Then Mother Simonne brought a doctor. Félicité wanted to know what she had. But in her deafness only one word came

to her—"pneumonia." It was familiar to her, and she answered gently:—

"Ah! like Madame," finding it natural to follow her mistress.

The time for the street altars was drawing near.

One was always placed on the shore, a second before the post-office, the third near the middle of the street. There were rivalries as to the position of this last, and finally the parishioners selected the court of Madame Aubain.

The fever and oppression increased. Félicité mourned that she could not do anything for the altar. If she only had something to put on it! Then she thought of the parrot. The neighbors objected that it was not fitting. But the priest gave her permission, and this made her so happy that she begged him to accept Loulou, her one treasure, after her death.

From Tuesday to Saturday, the eve of Corpus Christi, she coughed oftener. That evening her face was drawn, her lips stuck to her gums, she vomited; and the next day, feeling herself very low, she summoned a priest.

Three kind women were with her when she received extreme unction. Then she declared that she must speak to Fabu.

He came in his Sunday clothes, ill at ease in this mournful atmosphere.

"Forgive me," she said, trying to hold out her arm. "I thought you killed him."

What did she mean by such nonsense? To suspect a man like him of murder!—and he grew angry and was going to storm. "She has lost her mind, that's plain enough."

From time to time Félicité talked to visions. The good women went away. Mother Simonne breakfasted.

A little later she took Loulou and carried him to Félicité.

"Come, say good-by to him!"

He was no longer a body: the worms were eating him; one of his wings was broken, the tow was bursting out of his breast. But blind now, she kissed his head and held him against her cheek. Then Mother Simonne took him back to the altar.

The odor of summer came from the pastures; flies were buzzing. The sun made the river sparkle and warmed the slates.

Mother Simonne, who had returned, was calmly sleeping.

The church bells woke her. Félicité's delirium left her. As she thought about the procession, she saw it as clearly as if she had followed it.

All the school-children, the choristers, and the firemen were walking on the sidewalks, while in the middle of the street the Swiss with his halberd came first, then the beadle with a great cross, the schoolmaster watching the boys, the nun anxious about her little girls; three of the prettiest looking like angels with their curled hair, throwing rose-leaves in the air; the deacon with outstretched arms leading the music; and two censer-swingers turning toward the Holy Sacrament at every step, as four vestrymen carried it along under a red velvet canopy; then the priest in his fine chasuble. A crowd of people pressed on behind between the white cloths hung along the houses, and thus they reached the shore.

Félicité's temples were damp with a cold sweat. Mother Simonne wiped it off with a linen cloth, telling herself that some day she too must go through this.

The murmur of the crowd grew plainer, was very strong for a moment, and then began to die away.

A discharge of guns shook the windows. The postilions were saluting the Host. Félicité rolled her eyes and said in the lowest possible tone:—

"Is he all right?"—troubled about the parrot.

Her final agony began. A death-rattle shook her more and more. There were bubbles of foam in the corners of her mouth, and her whole body trembled.

Soon they could hear the music again, the clear voices of the children and the deep voices of men. At intervals all were quiet, and the sound of footsteps, deadened by the flowers, seemed like cattle on the turf.

The clergy entered the court, and Mother Simonne climbed on a chair, so that she could look down upon the altar from the little round window.

Green wreaths were hung on the altar, which was adorned with English lace. In the middle was a little box containing relics; two orange-trees stood in the corners; and along the front were ranged silver candlesticks and china vases with sunflowers, lilies, peonies, foxgloves, and bunches of hydrangea. This mass of sparkling color sloped down from the highest stage to the carpet, and was prolonged on the pavement; and there were curiosities to attract the attention. A bird in silver-gilt had a crown of violets; pendants of Alençon gems sparkled from the moss; two Chinese screens displayed their landscapes. Loulou,

hidden behind the roses, showed only his blue crest like a bit of lapis lazuli.

The vestrymen, the choristers, and the children ranged themselves along three sides of the court. The priest slowly mounted the steps and set upon the lace his large golden sun, which sparkled as he did so. All knelt down. There was a solemn silence. And the censers, swinging freely, slipped up and down their slender chains.

A blue vapor mounted to Félicité's room. She breathed it in with a mystical sensuality, and then closed her eyelids. Her lips were smiling. Her heart beat more and more slowly, more gently and uncertainly like a spring which is growing exhausted, like an echo which is sinking away; and as she breathed for the last time, she seemed to see in the opening heavens a gigantic parrot hovering above her head.

SALAMMBÔ PREPARES FOR HER JOURNEY

From 'Salammbô'

It was the season when the doves of Carthage migrated to the mountain of Eryx in Sicily, there nesting about the temple of Venus. Previous to their departure, during many days, they sought each other, and cooed to reunite themselves; finally one evening they flew, driven by the wind, and this large white cloud glided in the heaven, very high above the sea.

The horizon was crimson. They seemed gradually to descend to the waves, then disappear as though swallowed up, and falling of their own accord into the jaws of the sun. Salammbô, who watched them disappear, lowered her head. Taanach, believing that she surmised her mistress's grief, tenderly said:—

"But mistress, they will return."

"Yes, I know it."

"And you will see them again."

"Perhaps!" Salammbô said, as she sighed.

She had not confided to any one her resolution, and for its discreet accomplishment she sent Taanach to purchase in the suburbs of Kinisdo (instead of requiring them of the stewards) all the articles it was necessary she should have: vermilion, aromatics, a linen girdle, and new garments. The old slave was

amazed by these preparations, without daring to ask any questions; and so the day arrived, fixed by Schahabarim, when Salammbô must depart.

Toward the twelfth hour she perceived at the end of the sycamores an old blind man, whose hand rested on the shoulder of a child who walked before him, and in the other hand he held against his hip a species of cithara made of black wood.

The eunuchs, the slaves, the women, had been scrupulously sent away; no one could possibly know the mystery that was being prepared.

Taanach lighted in the corners of the room four tripods full of *strobus* and cardamom; then she spread out great Babylonian tapestries and hung them on cords all round the room,— for Salammbô did not wish to be seen even by the walls. The player of the kinnor waited crouching behind the door, and the young boy, standing up, applied his lips to a reed flute. In the distance the street clamor faded, the violet shadows lengthened before the peristyles of the temples, and on the other side of the gulf the base of the mountain, the olive-fields, and the waste yellow ground indefinitely undulated till finally lost in a bluish vapor; not a single sound could be heard, and an indescribable oppression pervaded the air.

Salammbô crouched on the onyx step on the edge of the porphyry basin; she lifted her wide sleeves and fastened them behind her shoulders, and began her ablutions in a methodical manner, according to the sacred rites.

Next Taanach brought to her an alabaster phial containing something liquid, yet coagulated; it was the blood of a black dog, strangled by barren women on a winter's night in the ruins of a sepulchre. She rubbed it on her ears, her heels, and the thumb of her right hand; and even the nail remained tinged a trifle red, as if she had crushed a berry.

The moon rose; then, both at once, the cithara and the flute commenced to play. Salammbô took off her earrings, laid aside her necklace, bracelets, and her long white simarra; unknotted the fillet from her hair, and for some minutes shook her tresses gently over her shoulders to refresh and disentangle them. The music outside continued; there were always the same three notes, precipitous and furious; the strings grated, the flute was high-sounding and sonorous. Taanach marked the cadence by striking her hands; Salammbô, swaying her entire body, chanted

her prayers, and one by one her garments fell around her on the floor.

The heavy tapestry trembled, and above the cord that sustained it the head of the Python appeared. He descended slowly, like a drop of water trickling along a wall, and glided between the stuffs spread out, then poised himself on his tail; he lifted himself perfectly straight up, and darted his eyes, more brilliant than carbuncles, upon Salammbô.

A shudder of cold, or her modesty perhaps, at first made her hesitate. But she recalled the order of Schahabarim, so she went forward; the Python lowered himself, alighting upon the nape of her neck in the middle of his body, allowing his head and tail to hang down like a broken necklace, and the two ends trailed on the floor. Salammbô rolled them around her sides, under her arms, between her knees; then taking him by the jaw, she drew his little triangular mouth close to her teeth; and with half-closed eyes she bent back under the moon's rays. The white light seemed to enshroud her in a silvery fog; the tracks of her wet feet shone on the stones; stars twinkled in the depths of the water; the Python tightened against her his black coils speckled with spots of gold. Salammbô panted under this too heavy weight; her loins gave way, she felt that she was dying; the Python patted her thighs softly with his tail: then the music ceased, and he fell down.

Taanach drew near to Salammbô, and after arranging two candelabra, of which the lights burned in two crystal globes filled with water, she tinted with henna the inside of the hands of her mistress, put vermilion on her cheeks, antimony on her eyelids, and lengthened her eyebrows with a mixture of gum, musk, ebony, and crushed flies' feet.

Salammbô, sitting in a chair mounted with ivory, abandoned herself to the care of her slave. But the soothing touches, the odor of the aromatics, and the fasts she had kept, enervated her; she became so pale that Taanach paused.

"Continue!" said Salammbô; and as she drew herself up in spite of herself, she felt all at once reanimated. Then an impatience seized her; she urged Taanach to hasten, and the old slave growled:—

"Well, well, mistress! . . . You have no one waiting for you elsewhere!"

"Yes!" responded Salammbô: "some one waits for me."

Taanach started with surprise, and in order to know more she said:—

"What do you order me to do, mistress, if you should remain away?" . . .

But Salammbô sobbed, and the slave exclaimed:—

"You suffer! What is the matter with you? Do not go! Take me! When you were a little one and wept, I held you to my heart and suckled you, and made you laugh. Now I am old! I can do nothing for you! You do not love me any more! You hide your troubles from me; you disdain your nurse!" With fondness and vexation the tears coursed down her face, in the scars of her tattooing.

"No!" said Salammbô; "no: I love you; be comforted!"

Taanach, with a smile like the grimace of an old monkey, recommenced her task. Following the directions of the priest, Salammbô ordered her slave to make her magnificent. Taanach complied, with a barbaric taste full of elaboration and ingenuity.

Over a first fine wine-colored tunic she placed a second one, embroidered with birds' plumes. Golden scales were fastened to her hips; from her wide girdle flowed the folds of her blue, silver-starred petticoat-trousers. Then Taanach adjusted an ample robe of rare stuff from the land of the Seres, white, variegated with green stripes. She attached over Salammbô's shoulders a square of purple, made heavy at the hem with beads of *sandastrum;* and on the top of all these vestments she arranged a black mantle with a long train. Then she contemplated her, and proud of her work, she could not keep from saying:—

"You will not be more beautiful on the day of your nuptials!"

"My nuptials!" repeated Salammbô in a reverie, as she leaned her elbow on the ivory chair.

Taanach held up before her mistress a copper mirror, wide and long enough for her to view herself completely. She stood up, and with a light touch of one finger put back a curl that dropped too low on her forehead. Her hair was powdered with gold, crimped in front, hanging down her back in long twists, terminating in pearls. The light from the candelabra heightened the color on her cheeks, the gold throughout her garments, and the whiteness of her skin. She wore around her waist, on her arms, hands, and feet, such a profusion of jewels that the mirror, reflecting like a sun, flashed back prismatic rays upon her; and

Salammbô stood beside Taanach, leaning and turning around on all sides to view herself, smiling at the dazzling effect.

She walked to and fro, embarrassed by the time that she needs must tarry.

Suddenly the crow of a cock was heard. She quickly pinned over her hair a long yellow veil, passed a scarf around her neck, and buried her feet in blue leather buskins, saying to Taanach:

"Go, see under the myrtles if there is not a man with two horses."

Taanach had scarcely re-entered before Salammbô descended the stairway of the galleys.

"Mistress!" called out the slave. Salammbô turned around and placed one finger on her lips, in sign of discretion and silence.

Taanach crept quietly the length of the prows as far as the base of the terrace, and in the distance by the moonlight she distinguished in the cypress avenue a gigantic shadow, moving obliquely to the left of Salammbô: this was a foreboding of death.

Taanach went back to her room, threw herself on the floor, tore her face with her finger-nails, pulled out her hair, and uttered shrill yells at the top of her voice.

Finally the thought came to her that some one might hear; then she was quiet, and sobbed very low, with her head between her hands and her face laid flat on the stones.

THE SACRIFICE TO MOLOCH

From 'Salammbô'

A section of the wall of the temple of Moloch was removed, in order to pull the brazen god through without disturbing the ashes on the altar. As soon as the sun rose, the sacred slaves of the temple pushed him to the square of Khamoûn.

He moved backwards, sliding over cylinders; his shoulders overtopped the walls; from the farthest point the Carthaginians who perceived him fled with speed, for it was impossible to contemplate the Baal with impunity, save in the exercise of his wrath.

An odor of aromatics was wafted through the streets. All the temples were thrown open simultaneously, and tabernacles upon

chariots, or on litters which pontiffs carried, issued forth. Great plumes of feathers nodded at their corners, and rays flashed from their pointed spires, terminated by globes of crystal, gold, silver, or copper.

These were the Canaanite Baalim, reproductions of the supreme Baal, returning towards their essence to humble themselves before his power, and be lost in his splendor. The canopy of Melkarth, of fine purple, sheltered a flame of bitumen oil; while upon that of Khamoûn, which was of hyacinth color, was erected an ivory phallus bordered with a circle of gems: between the curtains of Eschmoûn, blue as the ether, a Python slept, describing a circle as it bit its tail; and the *Dii-Patæci*, held in the arms of their priests, their heels dragging on the ground, resembled large babies in swaddling-clothes. . . .

The brazen statue continued to move towards the square of Khamoûn. The Rich, carrying sceptres with emerald apples, started from the far end of Megara; the Elders, crowned with diadems, assembled in Kinisdo; and the masters of finance, the governors of provinces, merchants, soldiers, sailors, and the numerous horde employed at funerals, all displaying the insignia of their magistracy or the instruments of their vocations, converged towards the tabernacles that descended from the Acropolis between the colleges of pontiffs.

In deference to Moloch, they were all bedecked with their most splendid jewels. Diamonds sparkled over their black apparel; but their rings, now too wide, loosely fell from their emaciated hands, and nothing could be more lugubrious than that silent concourse, where brilliant earrings struck against pallid faces, and where gold tiaras encircled foreheads wrinkled by an atrocious despair.

Finally the Baal attained the centre of the square. His pontiffs made an inclosure with trellises to keep back the multitude, and remained themselves at his feet, surrounding him.

The priests of Khamoûn, in reddish woolen robes, aligned before their temple under the columns of the portico; those of Eschmoûn, in white linen mantles, with collars of the heads of hoopoes, wearing conical tiaras, established themselves on the steps of the Acropolis; the priests of Melkarth, in violet tunics, took their position on the western side; the priests of the Abaddirs, swathed in bands of Phrygian stuffs, placed themselves on the eastern side; and ranged on the southern side with the

necromancers, all covered with tattooings, were the howlers in patched mantles, the priests of the *Dii-Patæci*, and the Yidonim, who divined the future by placing a bone of a dead body in their mouths. The priests of Ceres, habited in blue robes, had prudently stopped in Satheb Street, intoning in a low voice a thesmophorion in Megarian dialect. . . .

Meantime a fire of aloe, cedar, and laurel wood burned between the legs of the Colossus. His long wings buried their points in the flame; the unguents with which he had been rubbed now trickled like sweat over his brazen limbs. About the round stone upon which his feet rested, children, enveloped in black veils, formed a motionless circle; and his inordinately long arms allowed the palms of his hands to reach down to them, as if to seize this crown and convey it to the sky.

The Rich, the Elders, the women, and in fact the entire multitude, thronged behind the priests and on the terraces of the houses. The large painted stars revolved no longer; the tabernacles were placed on the ground, and the smoke from the censers rose on high perpendicularly, like gigantic trees spreading their bluish boughs to the centre of the azure. Many of the spectators fainted; others became inert and petrified in their ecstasy; an infinite agony pressed heavily upon their hearts. The clamors one by one died out, and the people of Carthage panted in silence, absorbed in the terror of their desire.

At last the high priest of Moloch passed his right hand beneath the children's veils, and pulled out a lock of hair from each of their foreheads, which he threw into the flames. Then the men in red mantles intoned a sacred hymn:—

"Homage to thee, O Sun! King of the two Zones! Creator, self-begotten! Father and Mother! Father and Son! God and Goddess! Goddess and God!" and their voices were lost in the explosion of countless instruments, sounding all together to smother the cries of the victims. The scheminith with eight strings, the kinnor with ten, and the nebel with twelve, all twanged, whistled, and thundered forth. Enormous leather bottles stuck full of tubes emitted a sharp rolling noise; the tambourines, beaten with all possible force, resounded with heavy, rapid blows; and despite the fury of the clarions, the salsalim clicked like the wings of locusts.

The sacred slaves with a long hook opened the seven compartments ranged in the body of the Baal. Into the highest

division farina was introduced; into the second, two turtle-doves; into the third, an ape; into the fourth, a ram; into the fifth, a lamb; and into the sixth, as they did not possess an ox, a tanned hide from the sanctuary was substituted; the seventh aperture remained gaping.

Before a human victim should be offered, it was deemed best to test the arms of the god. Slender chainlets, passing from the fingers over his shoulders, descended at the back, which men pulled downward, raising to the height of his elbows his two open hands, that in approaching each other came opposite his belly. They worked them several times successively with little jerks. Then the musical instruments were hushed, and the fire roared fiercely.

The pontiffs of Moloch walked to and fro on the large stone slab, examining the multitude.

The first offering must be an individual sacrifice, an oblation perfectly voluntary, which would be effectual to incite others. But no one came forward, and the seven alleys leading from the barrier to the Colossus remained completely empty. To stimulate the people, the priests pulled from their girdles little stilettos, with which they slashed their faces. The Devotees, who had been stretched on the ground outside, were introduced into the inclosure, and a packet of horrible irons was thrown to them: each one chose his torture. They passed spits through their breasts, slit their cheeks, put upon their heads crowns of thorns; then they enlaced their arms together, and surrounding the children, they formed another great circle, ever contracting and expanding. Having reached the balustrade, they threw themselves back, only to eddy outwards again, continually attracting to them the crowd, by the vertigo of their movements, full of blood and cries.

Gradually the people, thus incited, came into the end of the alleys, and threw into the flames pearls, gold vases, cups, all their treasures, and flambeaux.

These offerings became more and more splendid, and kept multiplying. Presently a man who staggered, a man pale and hideous from terror, pushed forward a child; then could be distinguished between the hands of the Colossus a little black mass—it sank into the dark opening. The priests leaned over the edge of the large slab, and a new chant burst out, celebrating the joys of death and the renascence of eternity.

The children mounted up slowly, and as the smoke rose in lofty whirling masses, they seemed from afar to disappear in a cloud. Not one moved. All had been securely bound hand and foot, and the dark drapery prevented them from seeing anything, and from being recognized.

Hamilcar, in a red mantle like that of the priests of Moloch, remained near the Baal, standing before the great toe of his right foot. When the fourteenth child was put in, all the people saw that he made a demonstrative gesture of horror, but quickly resuming his attitude of composure, he crossed his arms, and gazed on the ground. On the other side of the Colossus the grand pontiff likewise remained motionless, bowing his head, upon which was an Assyrian mitre, and observing on his breast the gold plaque covered with prophetic stones, which threw out iridescent lights as the flames struck across them. He grew pale and abstracted.

Hamilcar inclined his head, and they were both so near the pyre that the hem of their robes in rising from time to time swept it.

Moloch's brazen arms moved more rapidly; they no longer paused. Each time a child was placed upon them, the priests of Moloch extended their hands over the victim to charge upon it the sins of the people, vociferating:—

"These are not men, but oxen!" and the multitude around repeated, "Oxen! Oxen!" The Devotees screamed out, "Lord! eat!" and the priests of Proserpine, conforming in terror to Carthage's need, mumbled their Eleusinian formula: "Pour forth rain! conceive!" No sooner were the victims placed on the verge of the aperture than they vanished, like a drop of water on a red-hot plate, and whiffs of white smoke curled up through the scarlet glow.

Yet the appetite of the god was not appeased; he still wanted more. In order to supply him, the children were piled on his hands, and were retained there by a great chain.

In the beginning, Devotees tried to count them, in order to note if the total number corresponded to the days of the solar year; but now so many were piled on that it was impossible to distinguish them during the dizzy movements of those horrible arms. All this lasted a long time, until nightfall. Then the interior divisions gave a most sombre glare. For the first time, the burning flesh was visible. Some people even fancied that they recognized hair, limbs, and entire bodies.

The day fell; clouds gathered over the head of the Baal. The pyre, now flameless, made a pyramid of glowing embers that reached to his knees; and all crimson, like a giant covered with blood, with head bent backward, he seemed to reel under the weight of his intoxication. According as the priests urged haste, the frenzy of the people augmented; as the number of victims decreased, some cried out to spare them, others that Moloch must have more. It seemed as though the walls, with their masses of spectators, would crumble beneath the yells of horror and of mystic voluptuousness. Then came into the alleys some faithful ones, dragging their children, who clung to them; and they beat the little hands to make them loose their hold, that they might deliver them to the red men.

Occasionally the musicians paused from sheer exhaustion; and in the lull could be heard the screams of mothers and the crackling of the grease spattering on the coals. The mandrake-drinkers crept on all-fours around the Colossus, roaring like tigers. The Yidonim prophesied; the Devotees chanted with their cleft lips. The railings were broken, for now all wanted to participate in the sacrifice; and fathers whose children were deceased cast into the yawning furnace their effigies, toys, and preserved bones. Those who possessed knives rushed upon the others; they cut each other's throats in their voracious rage, maddened by the holocaust. The sacred slaves, with bronze winnowing-baskets, took from the edge of the stone slab the fallen cinders, which they tossed high in the air, that the sacrifice should be dispersed over the entire city, and attain to the region of the stars.

The tumultuous noise and vast illumination had attracted the Barbarians to the very foot of the walls. Climbing upon the ruins of the *helepolis*, they looked on, gaping with horror.

PAUL FLEMING

(1609–1640)

Few names in that sterile period of German history which followed the century of the Reformation have won a lasting place in literature. In Gryphius the most gifted dramatist, in Opitz the greatest literary influence, and in Fleming the most genuine lyric poet of his time, the spirit of German letters still flickered; and Fleming, though humbly subordinating himself to the domination of Opitz, was nevertheless the genius in whom the spirit shone brightest.

Paul Fleming was born on October 5th, 1609, and the years of his brief life were those of universal disaster, when Germany was made the battle-ground of the contending nations. Fleming studied medicine in Leipsic, but meanwhile devoted himself so ardently to the development of his poetic gifts, that while still a student he received the Imperial crown of poetry. In 1630 he met Opitz, who, with a group of new German poets in his train, held the leadership of what is known to students as the First Silesian School. Fleming's reverence for this skillful but mechanical versifier was unbounded. It was not until three days before his early death that Fleming seemed to catch a glimpse of his own superiority; in the touching lines which he composed as his own epitaph, he wrote, "No countryman of mine sang like me;" and certain it is that in his work is displayed more spontaneity and greater depth of feeling than in that of the more famous leader. There is a strain of lofty pathos in Fleming's poetry that reminds of Schiller; and if it sometimes has a hollow sound, that lay in the character of the unreal time when the nations were fighting for moribund ideas, and when thought was sicklied o'er with the cast of pseudo-classical affectation. Brave men were exalted as gods and faithful officials as heroes, with the entire apparatus of mythological metaphor. And yet in Fleming's verse is revealed a deep and genuine piety, a broad humanity, and a healthy patriotism. His religious poems, through which he strove to keep his mind fixed

Paul Fleming

above the strife of parties and the demoralizing cruelty of that time of incessant war, are still favorites in the German hymnals of to-day. His love lyrics and sonnets, not always free from the affectations of his school, are yet the expression of true feeling and delicate fancy.

The destruction of Meissen and the death of Gustavus Adolphus were among the saddening experiences of Fleming's early life, but it was not to escape the disquieting events at home that sent him on distant travels: it was rather passion for travel and a love of the exotic. This passion found gratification in the appointment he received as a member of a Holstein embassy to Russia and Persia, in the service of which nearly six years of his life were passed. It was a life full of adventure by land and sea; there were bloody encounters in Persia, and twice the party suffered shipwreck. It was an experience that greatly widened the scope of his poetic material, as the Oriental coloring of the poems written during those six years shows.

Fleming's love life had its sorrows: the woman of his choice, during his long absence in the East, married another; he thereupon became engaged to a younger sister, who had in the mean time ripened into womanhood. They were to be married in Hamburg; but while he was awaiting her arrival, he fell sick and died, on April 2d, 1640, in his thirty-first year.

Fleming never won the high place in the estimation of the great contemporary public to which his genius entitled him; formalism prevailed, Opitz overshadowed him, the war crushed all but martial genius. Many of Fleming's poems have been lost, but enough remain to justify the claim that he was the one genuinely inspired lyric poet of the period of the Thirty Years' War.

TO MYSELF

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still;
What God hath ordered must be right;
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true;
Doubt not that he will give thee too
Thy part.

Only be steadfast; never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest:
Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all his creatures, so for thee,
The best.

Translation of Catherine Winkworth.

ON A LONG AND PERILOUS JOURNEY

WRITTEN ON A JOURNEY TO RUSSIA AND PERSIA, UNDERTAKEN BY THE AUTHOR AS PHYSICIAN TO THE EMBASSY FROM HOLSTEIN

WHERE'ER I go, whate'er my task,
The counsel of my God I ask,
Who all things hath and can;
Unless He give both thought and deed,
The utmost pains can ne'er succeed,
And vain the wisest plan.

For what can all my toil avail?
My care, my watching all must fail,
Unless my God is there;
Then let him order all for me
As he in wisdom shall decree;
On him I cast my care.

For naught can come, as naught hath been,
But what my Father hath foreseen,
And what shall work my good;
Whate'er he gives me I will take,
Whate'er he chooses I will make
My choice with thankful mood.

I lean upon his mighty arm,—
It shields me well from every harm,
All evil shall avert;
If by his precepts still I live,
Whate'er is useful he will give,
And naught shall do me hurt.

But only may he of his grace
The record of my guilt efface
And wipe out all my debt;

Though I have sinned, he will not straight
Pronounce his judgment,—he will wait,
Have patience with me yet.

I travel to a distant land
To serve the post wherein I stand,
Which he hath bade me fill;
And he will bless me with his light,
That I may serve his world aright,
And make me know his will.

And though through desert wilds I fare,
Yet Christian friends are with me there,
And Christ himself is near;
In all our dangers he will come,
And he who kept me safe at home
Can keep me safely here.

Yes, he will speed us on our way,
And point us where to go and stay,
And help us still and lead;
Let us in health and safety live,
And time and wind and weather give,
And whatsoe'er we need.

When late at night my rest I take,
When early in the morn I wake,
Halting or on my way,
In hours of weakness or in bonds,
When vexed with fears my heart desponds,
His promise is my stay.

Since, then, my course is traced by him,
I will not fear that future dim,
But go to meet my doom,
Well knowing naught can wait me there
Too hard for me through him to bear;
I yet shall overcome.

To him myself I wholly give,
At his command I die or live,
I trust his love and power:
Whether to-morrow or to-day
His summons come, I will obey,—
He knows the proper hour.

But if it please that love most kind,
And if this voice within my mind
Be whispering not in vain,
I yet shall praise my God ere long
In many a sweet and joyful song,
In peace at home again.

To those I love will he be near,
With his consoling light appear,
Who is my shield and theirs;
And he will grant beyond our thought
What they and I alike have sought
With many tearful prayers.

Then, O my soul, be ne'er afraid;
On Him who thee and all things made
With calm reliance rest;
Whate'er may come, where'er we go,
Our Father in the heavens must know
In all things what is best.

TO MY RING

So go, fair emerald; my loving message take
To her who has my heart, and rest thou well content
That henceforth thou art hers to whom I have thee sent;
Thy purity her hand will only purer make.
Be with her if she sleep; be with her if she wake;
She'll ask thee oft of me and what thy message meant.
Be thou like other gems: within thy brightness pent,
Keep what thou seest hid, for her and my sweet sake.
And if it come to pass that she, in thoughts half lost,
Should press her lips to thee, then save the kiss for me
Until the evening come. Unless the zephyrs see
The imprint of her kiss, and, enviously crossed,
Demand to bring it me, ere I to claim it go,
Then send it me by them, and let no mortal know.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

JEAN PIERRE CLARIS DE FLORIAN

(1755–1794)

JEAN PIERRE CLARIS DE FLORIAN was born of an impoverished family at the Château de Florian in Languedoc, 1755. His education, conducted by the best of masters, was begun in his own home and continued under the guidance of Voltaire, who was his kinsman and who admired his intelligence and abilities. The great master obtained for the young poet a place in the household of the Duc de Penthièvre, who granted him a commission of captain in one of his own regiments. It was after several years of attention to his military duties that Florian produced his pastoral romance 'Galatea' (1782), composed during the leisure hours of his service. It seems worthy of remark that Cervantes, the author of 'Don Quixote,' of which Florian was later on to render so acceptable a version to his compatriots, should have produced as an early work (if it was not his first) a pastoral bearing the same title.

JEAN P. C. DE FLORIAN

The 'Galatea' was followed by two volumes of dramatic pieces, and by another of short novels of the sentimental type; his next work, called 'Estelle,' enjoyed great popularity, and together with his 'Numa Pompilius' (1786) placed him in the front rank of contemporary literature. He was enrolled as a member of the Academies of Lyons, Florence, and Madrid, and on the death of the Cardinal de Luynes he was admitted into the Academy of Paris, the honor which he had most coveted.

During the tyranny of Robespierre, Florian was thrown into prison, his position with the Duc de Penthièvre and some verses in honor of Marie Antoinette serving as pretexts for his detention; and in spite of the ceaseless efforts of Boissy D'Anglas and Mercier he would doubtless have been sent to the guillotine, had not the downfall of the tyrant procured his release.

He left his prison with shattered health, and retired to the Parc de Scéaux, the estates of the Duc de Penthièvre, where he expired of a fever, September 13th, 1794.

Florian's style is typical of his times, although he showed an element of conservatism. His works were carefully written, and bear the marks of an elegant and delicate fancy without the impression of strength. His 'Numa Pompilius' seems to have been modeled on the 'Telemachus' of Fénelon. 'Gonzalve de Cordoue,' another of his romances, is in a more modern manner, although it opens with an invocation to the "Chaste nymphs of the Guadalquivir." Florian, in fine, is best known to-day by his fables, which have become classic side by side with those of La Fontaine.

The following translations of Florian were made for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Thomas Walsh

THE CONNOISSEUR

A FAT and pompous paroquet,
Free from his cage by hazard set,
Established him as *connoisseur*
Within a grove, when he, like those
Our critics false, began to slur
At everything with stuck-up nose:
The nightingale should trim her song—
Her cadences seemed rather poor:
The linnet he could not endure;
The thrush, perhaps, would get along
Could he but teach her for a while,—
That is, if she would aim at style.
Thus, none of all could please him — none;
And when their morning songs awoke,
The paroquet whistled, for a joke,
And kept it up till day was done.
Outraged at this unruly fate,
A deputation came in state,
Requesting him with curtsies low:—
"Good sir, who always whistle so,
Inform us, pray, where we offend:
We wish to have a song from you:
Come, show us how we may amend."
The paroquet, abashed, replied,
Scratching his head on either side,—
"Whistling, my friends, is all I do."

THE COURTIERS

A Persian king went out one day
To hunt with all his courtiers gay;
And growing thirsty, looked around
To see could any spring be found.
In vain; but near, an orchard stood
With ripened fruits in multitude.
"Now Lord forbid," exclaimed the King,
"That I should take a single thing;
For if my courtiers see me do't,
It means good-by to *all* the fruit."

THE DYING ROSE-TREE

O rose-tree, rose-tree, thou wert fair
When to thy cool retreat I came,
To hear and give the promise there
Our love should ever be the same.

How fair, oh then how fair, thy flowers
When his dear lap they rested on:
The buds that used to deck thy bowers
Are faded and forever gone.

'Twas sweet with water from the stream
To cool thy boughs with tender fears;
Now parched and dying do they seem,
For they are watered but with tears.

O rose-tree, rose-tree, thou wilt die;
And yet my heart thirsts more than thine:
I languish — would like thee could I,
Sweet rose-tree, this sad life resign!

SERENADE

Withdraw thy beams, thou moon unkind:—
Sweet night, my tender secret keep;
Bear thou my sorrows, gentle wind,
And whisper them where she doth sleep.
All else beside, who would not know
The pain her heavenly glances make,
Sleep on, sleep on; for if you wake
You must be rivals in my woe!

SONG

Lovely Idol of my soul,
Victim of a wounded heart,—
See my grief beyond control;
Live, sweet one, do not depart!
For myself do I implore:
Live, or I can live no more!

Thou hast told me o'er and o'er
That thy heart was mine alone;
Thou art all my earthly store,
And thou desirest to be gone.
For myself do I implore:
Live, or I can live no more.

My destiny is bound with thine,
But yet I cannot stay thy fate;
Oh, what a bitter lot is mine
That I must live—disconsolate!
For myself do I implore:
Live, or I can live no more!

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO

(1842–1911)

BY ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

THE condemnation by the Church of ‹Il Santo› and ‹Leila› has tended to make Fogazzaro the object of polemics better calculated to spread his fame than to elucidate his art. It has won him an eminence among radicals he was the first to disclaim. It has laid far too great emphasis upon his value as critic and thinker, for Fogazzaro as an ethicist is a mystic authoritarian. He is interested in finding divine sanction and psychological basis for conclusions previously accepted from prejudice and social tradition. His pseudo-philosophical essays (‹Ascensioni umane›) attempt to square an ultra-amateurish notion of Darwin with a poetic perception of Saint Augustine. He is one of the critics, so common in every age, who would adapt dogma to progress by showing that the new is really old. Fogazzaro seeks in every science materials to justify his preconceptions. This is as true of his psychology as of his science and philosophy. No one is going to deny this right to any citizen, and Fogazzaro is pre-eminently a citizen-thinker. On this point Catholics as well as liberals ought readily to agree, in order, once and for all, to ground the eminence of Fogazzaro on the solid base of his artistic merit, where his figure rises in its own distinctive grandeur.

In thus denying value to the citizen's thought of Fogazzaro we in no way impugn his value as a citizen. Fogazzaro, as a character, stands out in contrast not only with another distinguished figure of Italian letters, but with the whole army of post-Romantic litterateurs whose lives shine rather for richness and variety of experience than for singleness of moral purpose. Fogazzaro was a gentleman, of considerable wealth, of aristocratic tastes. The tenderness of family relationships warmed every corner of his life, as well as of his art. He was a lavish contributor to the charities of Vicenza, his native city. A certain stiffness is suggested by the quality of his wider social and literary associations. It is well to recall these facts; for this aristocratic environment becomes, in Fogazzaro's work, wholly self-conscious, conscious also of its ultimate and purest ideals. Fogazzaro's art is intensely personal. His personality never detaches itself from its social class. This class has a history, which, in a very real sense, is the history of modern Italy in one aspect of life where Italy is most Italian. Carducci is representative of part of the Italian past, just

as d'Annunzio may reflect some potentialities of Italy's future. Fogazzaro was the continuation of a representative tradition already glorious: — Rosmini, Gioberti, Manzoni, the practical idealists of the Italian «Risorgimento.»

We sometimes forget that between 1797 and 1859, the Italian revolution had not only to dethrone Jesuitism, but also to combat the eighteenth-century philosophy of France and the Hegelian and pseudo-Hegelian philosophy of Germany, with which most of the extremist agitation for freedom was affected. The national movement succeeded only from the time it was clearly destined to remain Catholic. This, in view of the perennial attitude of the Papacy toward the political question, has not yet wholly lost for Italians its character as a painful dilemma. Save that, since 1871, the position of the problem has been somewhat changed: before then it was a question of Catholicizing the national aspiration, while since it has been a question of nationalizing the Catholic spirit. Catholic patriotism, in its struggle toward coherence, has been one of the epic motives of Italian life throughout the nineteenth century. Of this motive in its second form, Fogazzaro was the poet.

Looking back to the first extensive work of Fogazzaro, to «Miranda,» we have all his characteristic motives. There is a ferocious anguish in this simple tale of hopeless fidelity to love: but its gloom is illumined by the beauty of strong character divinely sustained in faith. Miranda loves once and loves forever. And this wondrous love, unrewarded in the realm of justice, finds — as we are led to hope — its true, its eternal reward in the sphere of divine charity. The mystic element in this tale in verse is not obtrusive, but everywhere implicit. Furthermore its presence can be documented from the letters of Fogazzaro. Miranda's sacrifice is possible only because she is sustained by her faith, a faith which derives its unshakable firmness, its curative power from the faith and the hope of the world. Fogazzaro is not the first to have drawn tragic emotions from the juxtaposition of love and death. He is one of the great poets of the eternal separation. This motive drapes its melancholy about all the sweetness and melody of «Miranda.» Only its richer and more socially oriented developments give artistic value and significance to Fogazzaro's later work.

Let us not fail to emphasize the deep Italianity of these motivations of «Miranda.» The gloom which is so characteristic of contemporary Italian letters finds here, in striking obviousness, its roots in Catholic idealism. But whereas the tearful sentimentality of present-day writers is too often self-sufficient but rarely aware of its own causative spiritual affiliations — in other words remaining deficient in social bearing and outlook — the wider orientation we have referred to comes to Fogazzaro precisely from his social self-consciousness. Viewed

in this relation the conception of Fogazzaro's tetralogy, which begins with ‹Piccolo mondo antico,› and passing through ‹Piccolo mondo moderno› and ‹Il santo›, ends with ‹Leila,› is little short of gigantic; in the sense that these works examine the reaction and the adaptation of the Catholic spirit, with all its limitations of inherited tradition and inherent contradiction, to the modern world.

Fogazzaro's problem thus defined presents in reality two aspects: a criticism of modern society, and a criticism of Catholicism. He is chiefly concerned with the latter of these aspects, perhaps because all he might say of the former is implicit in what he does say of the latter. For Fogazzaro the world of to-day presents to the decent citizen, who would work for human well being, two methods and two ideals: rational humanitarianism — justice; and ethical spirituality — charity. As a Catholic, as an Italian, as a man, Fogazzaro chooses the latter. Christianity bears within itself the evidence of its eternity (‹Leila›); the living existence of God, the immortality of the spirit, are miraculously demonstrated to minds disposed by will to receive the evidence, in the phenomena of conscious mental and spiritual experience (‹Piccolo mondo moderno,› and *passim*). But those strong minds, conscious of their clear intellect, passionate in their devotion to the humane ideals of noble character (Luisa in ‹Piccolo mondo antico›), will find, pragmatically, that only in faith can the crushing realities of life be met, only in charity is justice obtainable.

Thus, above rational ethical values, Fogazzaro creates spiritual values of a higher order, which embrace the lower, and without which the lower cannot exist. Only within the Church and through its dogmas and rites can the individual attain and realize in action these higher values. But is the Church actually fulfilling this high mission of interpreting spirituality to the world? Yes (Franco, Don Giuseppe Flores, Don Aurelio, Piero Maironi, Donna Fedele) and no (the whole background of the «little modern and ancient world»), perhaps rather no than yes. Certainly in our society social problems must be met, new conceptions of duty, greater approximations to justice are to be created. The Church has to decide whether it will captain the march toward progress, or whether it will leave that task and the glory of it to rational humanitarianism (socialism, liberalism, industrial revolution). In ‹Il Santo› and ‹Leila› Fogazzaro presents his conception of the spiritual reform that must take place within the Church, the goal the Church must attain, the dangers that beset the path of the reformer. In all this, Fogazzaro's dialectic is skillfully evolved; the life philosophies he would combat are incarnated in the characters we love (Luisa, Enrico, Jeanne, Leila), while no socialist could be more merciless than he in the portrayal of clerical depravity and Catholic pharisaism.

A distinguished thinker, Mr. Guglielmo Ferrero, has found the

charm of Fogazzaro in the deep seriousness of this historic and social setting of his novels. This setting (save perhaps in ‹Piccolo Mondo Antico›) is suggested rather than described. It too is implicit in character portrayal rather than explicit in plot. It reveals its presence, rather than in social criticism, in an undertone of earnest civic purpose fundamental in all of Fogazzaro's extremely rich and complicated lyric moods. These moods, when most intense and most characteristic, rise usually from the conflict in individuals between the higher spiritual ideals we have indicated and the natural impulses of human nature. In ‹Miranda› Fogazzaro was the poet of separation. In his social novels he is the poet of renunciation, separation willed at the dictates of ideals, consoled, and sanctified to eternity by the attainment of the enduring riches of faith, integrated in the infinite store of vicarious sacrifice which as the ages pass will redeem the world.

We have, in Fogazzaro, people who renounce wealth, personal comfort, ambition, society. But the great artistic facts are love and death, Luisa and Ombretta, if you wish, or Jeanne Desalle and Piero Maironi. In Leila too is the grim desperation of eternal loss, long sustained by «comedy relief,» that prepares for the high flights of lyric fervor. But through the darkness breaks the light of faith, with its sense of peace and security, ultimate union in love, ultimate intoxication with divine joy: *Refecit nos; me reddidit tibi et te mihi*, but, as Fogazzaro adds — *in lumine vitæ*.

Limitless anguish, then, and infinite consolation. The image that binds Fogazzaro's tetralogy into close æsthetic unity is the cemetery of Oria, among the crags of Lake Lugano. There sleeps the little child Ombretta, who died that she might take her mother by the hand and lead her to the perfect vision of love and life. There sleep Franco and Luisa in the life of the Lord, caressing with the hand of love the feverish brow of Piero Maironi. There, over the grave of Piero, Jeanne Desalle will perform the last act of redeeming sacrifice. There Massimo Alberti will consecrate himself to the love of Leila, and to the faith of Donna Fedele. The great fact in human life is death. The graves of Oria are the symbol of death's annihilation. Through them the souls of the dear ones left behind are united with the forces of spiritual greatness which live and work through eternity. Before them the turmoils of passion, disappointment, despair, are changed to hope, confidence, realization.

But this is not all. Fogazzaro draws deeply upon filial, paternal, and maternal emotions, conceived both in natural and mystic relations (see especially ‹Leila›). There is something distinctive about Fogazzaro's marvelously lyric portrayal of suppressed sensuousness, of which the best example appears in his second romance, ‹Daniele Cortis.› Even Mr. Enrico Panzacchi, who professes inability to rise to the heights of Fogazzaro's mystic vision, cannot be insensible to the sus-

tained volitional tension which gives such a striking and cogent ethical value to all these novels.

The extrinsic accessories to Fogazzaro's art make themselves felt most apparently in the works of his earlier maturity — ‹Miranda,› ‹Malombra,› ‹Daniele Cortis›—and in his minor works. A careful analysis of ‹Eden Anto› (there are two important collections of tales, ‹Fedele› and ‹Idilj spezzati,› and several volumes of verse condensed later in ‹Poesie›) or of ‹Nadcide› would show all of Fogazzaro's philosophy and all of his technical devices. He is a master of «comedy relief,» especially developed in minor characters, vividly intuited and carefully worked out. Here he draws richly upon regional types, who reveal themselves in their native dialects. Equally remarkable are his expositions, which start far afield, and elaborate the background, playing skillfully upon the reader's curiosity in a manner perfected, perhaps exaggerated, by Mr. Salvatore di Giacomo. The symbolical interpretation of natural scenery — Fogazzaro's lingers most willingly on turbulent imagery, wind, rain, gathering storms, with an occasional moonlight, and in ‹Leila,› the suffocating perfume of flowers — is second in importance only to music. Here Fogazzaro revels in delight. The «Mystic Prelude» to ‹Leila› is only one of numberless specimens of symphonic development in his works, which are cluttered with musical erudition. The effect of music is sought repeatedly, and somewhat artificially perhaps at times, as in ‹Miranda› and ‹Daniele Cortis,› where there are rhythmic recurrences of resonant and suggestive sentences deeply fraught with passion and pregnant with the mellow anguish of memory. Who can forget the melody of vocalic rhyme that breaks into the blank verse of ‹Miranda›:

> Quando più ferve intorno a me la danza,
> Quand'alto il riso nei conviti suona,
> L'anima mia nella sua buia stanza
> Di te, di te, solo di te ragiona. . . .
>
> When most the dance around me seethes,
> When loud the banquet laughter rings,
> My soul in its dark chamber breathes
> And of thee, of thee only, sings.

Or «*Hieme et æstate, et prope et procul, usque dum vivam et ultra,*» from ‹Daniele Cortis,› — only one of the Latin epigraphs, so rich in stately elegance, which ring through the memory for years.

The totality of effect that Fogazzaro's work produces is one of extraordinary fibrousness and solidity. Of pure sentimentality there is little — unless perhaps in ‹Il mistero del poeta,› which has enjoyed a vogue precisely for that. The social and ethical vision of Fogazzaro separates him distinctly from the maudlin tearfulness of so much, too

much, contemporary Italian art. He is more truly a religious poet than Dante. He is one of the greatest interpreters of mystic emotion since Dante's time.

Biographical Note. — Antonio Fogazzaro, born at Vicenza, March 25th, 1842, died at Vicenza, March 7th, 1911; son of Mariano and Terresa Barrera Fogazzaro; friend and pupil of Giacomo Zanella; educated at Padua; in 1866 married Margherita Valmarana, having three children, Gina, Mariano, and Maria. Of a family of considerable wealth, Fogazzaro lived most of his life on his estates at Vicenza and in the region of Lake Lugano. He performed a variety of civic duties in his native city (education, public monuments, charities). He traveled extensively in Europe as a popular lecturer. Works: first publication of verse, 1863; (Miranda,) 1874, French, German, and Czech translations between 1882 and 1909; (Valsolda,) 1876, English, French, Russian, Spanish trans.; (Malombra,) novel, 1881; (Daniele Cortis,) 1885, trans., (The Politician); (Fedele), tales, 1887; (Il mistero del poeta,) 1888; (Racconti brevi,) 1894; (Piccolo mondo antico,) trans., (The Patriot,) 1896; (Poesie scelte,) 1898; (Ascensioni umane,) 1899; (Piccolo mondo moderno,) trans., (The Sinner,) 1901; (Idilli spezzati,) tales, 1901; (Scene,) 1903; (Il santo,) trans., (The Saint,) 1903; (Le poesie,) 1908, best collection of verse; (Leila,) 1910. Bibliography and biography by Molmenti, Milan, 1900, and S. Rumor, Milan, 1912. See McKenzie, Yale Review, 1913.

FROM «THE PATRIOT»

Translated by M. Prichard-Agnetti and copyrighted by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and reprinted by their permission.

CHAPTER I

RISOTTO AND TRUFFLES

On the lake a cold *breva*[1] was blowing, striving to drive away the gray clouds which clung heavily about the dark mountain-tops. Indeed, when the Pasottis reached Casarico on their way down from Albogasio Superiore, it had not yet begun to rain. The waves beat and thundered on the shore, jostling the boats at their moorings, while flashing tongues of white foam showed, here and there, as far as the frowning banks of the Doi over yonder. But down in the west, at the end of the lake, a line of light could be seen, a sign of approaching calm, of the diminishing *breva*, and behind the gloomy Caprino hill appeared the first misty rain. Pasotti, in his full dress black overcoat, a tall hat on his head, his hand grasping a thick bamboo walking-stick, was pacing nervously along the shore, peering now in this direction, now in that, or stopping to beat his stick upon the ground, and to shout for that ass of a boatman, who had not yet appeared.

The little black boat, with its red cushions, its red and white awning, its movable seat, used only on special occasions, fixed crosswise in its place, the oars lying ready amidship, was struggling, buffeted by the waves, between two coal barges, which hardly moved.

«Pin!» shouted Pasotti, growing more and more angry. «Pin!»

The only answer was the regular, constant thundering of the waves on the shore, and the bumping of one boat against another. At that moment one would have said there was not so much as a live dog in the whole of Casarico. Only a plaintive, old voice, like the husky falsetto of a ventriloquist, groaned from beneath the portico —

«Hadn't we better walk?»

At last Pin appeared in the direction of San Mamette.

«Hurry up, there!» shrieked Pasotti, raising his arms. The man began to run.

«Beast!» Pasotti roared. «It was with good reason they gave you the name of a dog!»

[1] *Breva:* local name for a sudden, violent wind blowing from the north, and sweeping over the Italian lakes. [*Translator's note.*]

«Hadn't we better walk, Pasotti?» groaned the plaintive voice. «Let us walk!»

Pasotti continued to abuse the boatman, who was hastily unfastening the chain of his boat from a ring, fixed in the bank. Presently he turned towards the portico, with an authoritative air, and jerking his chin, motioned to someone to come forward.

«Let us walk, Pasotti!» the voice groaned once more.

He shrugged his shoulders, made a rough gesture of command with his hand, and started down towards the boat.

Then an old lady appeared under one of the arches of the portico, her lean person enveloped in an Indian shawl, below which a black silk skirt showed. Her head was surmounted by a fashionable bonnet, spindling, and lofty, trimmed with tiny yellow roses, and black lace. Two black curls framed the wrinkled face; the eyes were large and gentle, and the wide mouth was shaded by a faint mustache.

«Oh, Pin!» she exclaimed, clasping her canary-colored gloves, and pausing on the bank to gaze helplessly at the boatman. «Can we really venture out with the lake in this state?»

Her husband made a still more imperious gesture, and his face assumed a still sourer expression. The poor woman slipped down to the boat in silence, and was helped in, trembling violently.

«I commend myself to Our Lady of Caravino, my good Pin!» she said. «What a dreadful lake!»

The boatman shook his head, smiling.

«By the way!» Pasotti exclaimed, «have you brought the sail along?»

«It is up at the house,» Pin answered. «Shall I go for it? But perhaps the Signora here might be frightened. Besides, here comes the rain!»

«Go and fetch it,» said Pasotti.

The Signora, who was as deaf as a post, had not heard a word of this conversation, and, greatly amazed at seeing Pin run off, asked her husband where he was going.

«The sail!» Pasotti shouted into her face. She sat, bending forward, her mouth wide open, striving in vain to catch, at least, the sound of his voice.

«The sail!» he repeated, still louder, his hands framing his mouth.

She began to think that she understood. Trembling with fright, she drew a questioning hieroglyphic in the air with her finger. Pasotti answered by drawing an imaginary curve in the air, and blowing

into it; then he silently nodded his head. His wife, convulsed with terror, started to leave the boat.

«I am going to get out!» said she in an agonized voice. «I am going to get out! I want to walk!»

Her husband seized her by the arm, and pulled her down into her seat, fixing two flaming eyes upon her.

Meanwhile the boatman had returned with the sail. The poor woman writhed and sighed; tears stood in her eyes, and she cast despairing glances at the shore, but she was silent. The mast was raised, the two lower ends of the sail were made fast, and the boat was about to put out, when a voice bellowed from the portico —

«Hallo! Hallo! The Signor Controllore!» and out popped a big, rubicund priest, with a glorious belly, a large, black straw hat, a cigar in his mouth, and an umbrella under his arm.

«Oh! Curatone!» Pasotti exclaimed. «Well done! Are you invited to the dinner also? Are you coming to Cressogno with us?»

«If you will take me,» the curate of Puria answered, going down towards the boat. «Well, I never! The Signora Barborin is here also.»

The expression of his big face became supremely amiable, his great voice became supremely sweet.

«She is devilish frightened, poor creature!» Pasotti grinned, while the curate was making a series of little bows, and smiling sweetly upon the lady, who was more terrified than ever at the prospect of this added weight. She began to gesticulate silently, as if the others had been more deaf than she herself. She pointed to the lake, to the sail, to the bulk of the enormous curate, raising her eyes to heaven, hiding her face in her hands, or pressing them to her heart.

«I don't weigh so very much,» said the curate laughing. «Hold your tongue, will you?» he added, turning to Pin, who had murmured disrespectfully: «A good, big fish!»

«I'll tell you how we can cure her of her fright!» Pasotti exclaimed. «Pin, have you a little table, and a pack of *tarocchi*[1] cards?»

«I have a pack,» Pin replied. «But they are rather greasy.»

They had great difficulty in making Signora Barbara — generally called *Barborin* — understand the matter in hand. She would not understand, not even when her husband forced the pack of fifty cards into her hands.

[1] *Tarocchi:* a game of cards once much in vogue in Italy. The «*Mondo,*» the «*Matto,*» the «*Bagatto,*» which will be referred to later on, are all picture cards used in this game. [*Translator's note.*]

For the present, however, playing was out of the question. The boat was being laboriously rowed forward towards the mouth of the river of San Mamette, where they would be able to hoist the sail. The surf, flung back from the shore, clashed with the incoming waves, and the little boat was tossing about among the seething, foaming crests. The lady was weeping and Pasotti was swearing at Pin, who had not stood out into the lake far enough. At last the fat curate seized a couple of oars, and planting his big person firmly in the middle of the boat, bent to his work with such good will that a few strokes sufficed to send them forward and out of difficulty. Then the sail was hoisted, and the boat glided quietly and smoothly onward, rocking slowly and gently, while the water gurgled softly under its keel. Then the smiling priest sat down beside Signora Barborin, who had closed her eyes and was muttering. But Pasotti drummed impatiently on the table with the cards, and play they must.

Meanwhile the gray rain was creeping slowly towards them, veiling the mountains, and stifling the *breva*.

The lady's breath returned in proportion as the wind's breath diminished, and she played resignedly, calmly oblivious to her own gross mistakes, and her husband's consequent outbursts of rage. When the rain began to rustle on the boat's awning, on the lifeless waves, which in the now almost breathless atmosphere were rolling in against the rocks of the Tention; when the boatman, judging it best to lower the sail, took to the oars once more, then, at last, Signora Barborin breathed freely. «Pin, my good fellow!» she said tenderly, and began playing *tarocchi* with a zeal, an energy, and an expression of beatitude, which neither mistakes nor scoldings could trouble.

Many days of *breva* and of rain, of sunshine and of storm have dawned and faded away over the Lake of Lugano, over the hills of Valsolda since that game of cards was played by Signora Pasotti, her husband, the retired controller of customs, and the big curate of Puria, in the boat which coasted slowly along the rocky shore between San Mamette and Cressogno in the misty rain.

The times were gray and sleepy, in keeping with the aspect of sky and lake, after the *breva* had subsided, the breeze which had so terrified Signora Pasotti. The great *breva*[1] of 1848, after bringing a few hours of sunshine, and striving awhile with the heavy clouds,

[1] The *breva* of 1848 means the revolution which swept over Italy in that year, after which the country sank into apparent calm, but all the while the people, chafing under the Austrian yoke, were preparing for the mighty effort which, at last, set them free. [*Translator's note.*]

had slumbered for three years, allowing one breathless, gloomy, silent day to follow another in those places where the scene of this humble tale of mine is laid.

The king and queens of *tarocchi*, the *mondo*, the *matto* and the *bagatto*, were imported personages at that time, and in those parts; minor powers tolerated benevolently by the great, silent Austrian Empire; and their antagonisms, their alliances, their wars, were the only political questions which might be freely discussed. Even Pin, as he rowed, eagerly poked his hooked and inquisitive nose into Signora Barborin's cards, withdrawing it reluctantly again. Once he paused in his rowing, and let his nose hover above the cards, to see how the poor woman would extricate herself from a difficult position; what she would do with a certain card it was dangerous to play, and equally dangerous to hold. Her husband thumped impatiently on the little table, the big curate sorted his cards with a blissful smile, while she clasped hers to her bosom, now laughing, now groaning, and rolling her eyes from one to the other of her companions.

«She holds the *matto*,» the curate whispered.

«She always goes on like that when she has the *matto*,» said Pasotti, and called to her, thumping the table once more —

«Out with the *matto!*»

«I will throw him into the lake!» said she. She cast a glance towards the prow, and, as an excuse, remarked that they were nearing Cressogno, and that it was time to stop playing.

Her husband fumed awhile, but finally resigned himself to putting on his gloves.

«Trout to-day, curate!» he observed, while his meek wife buttoned them for him. «White truffles, grouse, and wine from Ghemme.»

«Then you know!» the curate exclaimed. «I know it also. The cook told me yesterday at Lugano.»

«And besides, some ladies have been invited; the Carabellis, mother and daughter. Those Carabellis from Loveno, you know.»

«Indeed!» the curate exclaimed. «Is there any scheme —? There is Don Franco, now, in his boat. But what a strange flag the young man is flying! I never saw him with it before.»

Pasotti raised the awning and looked out. At a little distance a boat flying a white and blue flag rose and fell in unison with the weary motion of the waves. In the stern, under the flag, sat Don Franco Maironi, the grandson of the old Marchesa Orsola, who was giving the dinner.

Pasotti saw him rise, grasp the oars, and pull away, rowing slowly towards the upper lake, towards the wild gulf of the Doi, the white and blue flag spread wide, and floating above the boat's trail.

«Where is that eccentric young man going?» said he. And he muttered between his teeth; in the strained and husky voice of a Milanese rough — «A surly fellow!»

«They say he has great talents,» the priest observed.

«An empty head,» the other declared. «Much arrogance, little learning, no manners!»

«And half rotten,» he added. «If I were that young woman ——»

«Which!» the curate questioned.

«Why, Signorina Carabelli.»

«Mark my words, Signor Controllore! If the grouse and white truffles are meant for that Carabelli girl, they are thrown away!»

«Do you know something?» Pasotti inquired, his eyes flaming with curiosity.

The priest did not answer because, at that point, the bow grated on the gravel, and touched the landing-stage. He got out first; Pasotti, with rapid and imperious gestures, gave his wife some orders of unknown purport. Then he himself left the boat. Last to get out was the poor woman, wrapped in her Indian shawl, bending under the tall black bonnet with the little, yellow roses, staggering, and stretching out her big hands in the canary-colored gloves. The two curls, hanging on either side of her meek ugliness, gave her a special air of resignation, under the umbrella of her husband, proprietor, inspector, and jealous custodian of so much elegance.

The three went up to the portico, by means of which the little Villa Maironi spans the road leading from the landing-stage to the parish-church of Cressogno. Between two happy sighs, the curate and Pasotti sniffed an indistinct, warm odor, which floated out from the open vestibule of the villa.

«Ah! *risotto! risotto!*» the priest whispered, with a greedy glow on his face.

Pasotti, who had a keen nose, shook his head, knitting his brows in manifest contempt for that other nose.

«It is not *risotto*,» said he.

«What do you mean by saying it is not *risotto?*» the priest exclaimed in vexation. «It *is risotto; risotto* with truffles. Don't you smell it?»

Both stopped halfway across the vestibule, sniffing the air noisily like a couple of hounds.

«Do me the favor, my dear curate, to confine your remarks to *posciandra*,» said Pasotti, after a long pause, alluding to a certain coarse dish the peasants prepare, with cabbage and sausages. «Truffles there are, but *risotto* there is not!»

«*Posciandra! posciandra!*» the other grumbled, somewhat offended. «As to that ——»

The poor, meek lady understood that they were quarreling, and, much alarmed, began pointing upward towards the ceiling, with her right forefinger, to warn them that they might be overheard up above. Her husband seized her uplifted arm, signed to her to sniff, and then blew into her wide open mouth the word: «*Risotto*.»

She hesitated, not having heard distinctly. Pasotti shrugged his shoulders. «She don't understand anything," said he. «The weather is going to change,» and he went upstairs, followed by his wife. The stout curate wished to take another look at Don Franco's boat. «The Carabellis, indeed!» he mused, but he was immediately recalled by Signora Barborin, who begged him to sit beside her at the table; she was so timid, poor creature!

The fumes of the pots and kettles filled the stairs with warm fragrance. «It is not *risotto*,» the vanguard murmured. «It is *risotto*,» the rearguard answered in the same tone. And thus they continued, ever more softly: «It is not *risotto;* it is *risotto*»; until Pasotti pushed open the door of the red room, where the mistress of the house was usually to be found.

A hideous, lean, little dog trotted, barking, towards Signora Barborin, who was endeavoring to smile, while Pasotti was putting on his most obsequious expression, and the curate, entering last, his big face all sweetness, was really, in his heart, consigning the cursed little beast to hell.

«Friend, come here, Friend!» the old Marchesa said placidly. «Dear Signora, dear Controllore, and the curate!»

Her gruff nasal voice was pitched in the same calm tone to the guests and to the dog. She had risen to receive Signora Barborin, but did not move a step from the sofa, and stood there, a squat figure, with dull, torpid eyes beneath her marble forehead, and her black wig, which rounded out over her temples in the shape of two big snails. Her face must once have been handsome, and still retained in its pallor, tinged with yellow like old marble, a certain cold majesty, which — like her glance and her voice — never varied with the varying emotions of her soul. The big curate, standing at a distance, made her two or three jerky bows, but Pasotti kissed her hand, while

Signora Barborin, who felt her blood turn to ice under the old lady's lifeless glance, did not know how to move, nor what to say. Another lady had risen from the sofa when the Marchesa rose, and was staring with an insolent air at Signora Pasotti, at that poor little bundle, old within, and new without! «Signora Pasotti and her husband,» said the Marchesa. «Donna Eugenia Carabelli.»

Donna Eugenia hardly bowed her head. Her daughter, Donna Carolina, was standing at the window, talking with one of the Marchesa's favorites, the niece of the agent.

The Marchesa did not consider it necessary to disturb her in order to present the new arrivals, and when she had invited them to be seated, she resumed her quiet conversation with Donna Eugenia concerning mutual friends in Milan, while Friend, sniffing and sneezing, circled slowly round Signora Barborin's shawl, which smelt of camphor, or rubbed himself against the curate's calves, studying Pasotti the while, with those pitiful, watery eyes of his, but never once touching him, as if he understood that the master of that Indian shawl, in spite of his amiable expression, would have liked to ring his — Friend's — neck!

And the Marchesa Orsola talked on in her usual guttural, sleepy voice, and Donna Carabelli, in answering, strove to give her loud, imperious voice an amiable ring. But to Pasotti's penetrating glance, and cunning shrewdness it was quite clear that the two old ladies were concealing a certain dissatisfaction, which was greater in the Marchesa Maironi than in Donna Eugenia. Every time the door opened the dim eyes of the one and the dark eyes of the other were turned in that direction. Once it admitted the prefect of the *Santuario della Caravina*, with little Signor Paolo Sala, called *el Paolin* — little Paul — and Signor Paolo Pozzi, called *el Paolon* — big Paul — who were inseparable companions. Again there entered the Marchese Bianchi, of Oria, a former officer of the kingdom of Italy, with his daughter. He was a noble type of the gallant, old soldier, as he stood beside the attractive and vivacious young girl.

On both occasions a shadow of vexation passed over Donna Carabelli's face. Her daughter also turned her eyes swiftly towards the door when it was thrown open, but presently she would begin chatting and laughing again, more gayly than ever.

«And Don Franco, Marchesa? How is Don Franco?» said the cunning Pasotti, in a mellifluous voice, as he offered his open snuff-box to his hostess.

«Thank you,» the Marchesa answered, bending forward a little

and dipping her fingers into the snuff. «Franco? To tell the truth I am rather anxious about him. This morning he was not feeling very well, and he has not appeared yet. I trust ——»

«Don Franco?» said the Marchese. «He is out in his boat. We saw him a few minutes ago, rowing like any boatman.»

Donna Eugenia spread her fan open.

«Well done!» said she, fanning furiously. «A most delightful pastime.» Then she closed the fan with a bang, and began biting at it with her lips.

«Probably he needed the air,» the Marchesa observed, in her unruffled, nasal drawl.

«Probably he needed a wetting,» the prefect of the Caravina murmured, his eyes sparkling with fun. «It is raining!»

«Don Franco is coming now, Signora Marchesa,» said the agent's niece, after a glance at the lake.

«That is good,» the sleepy, nasal drawl replied. «I hope he is feeling better. If not, he will not speak two words. He is a perfectly healthy boy, but very apprehensive about himself. By the way, Signor Controllore, why does not Signor Giacomo make his appearance?»

«*El sior Zacomo*,» Pasotti began, in imitation of Signor Giacomo Puttini, an old bachelor from the Veneto, who had lived at Albogasio Superiore, near Villa Pasotti, for the last thirty years. «*El sior Zacomo* ——»

«Tut, tut!» said the old lady, interrupting him. «I cannot allow you to make fun of the Venetians, and besides, it is not true that they say *Zacomo* in the Veneto.»

She herself was a native of Padua, and although she had lived in Brescia for half a century, still her Lombard accent was not entirely free from certain chronic suggestions of her Paduan origin. While Pasotti was protesting, with ceremonial horror, that he had only intended to imitate the voice of his beloved friend and neighbor, the door opened a third time. Donna Eugenia, well aware who was coming, did not condescend to look round, but the Marchesa allowed her dull eyes to rest on Don Franco with the greatest unconcern.

Don Franco, sole heir to the name of Maironi, was the son of the Marchesa's son who had died when only eight-and-twenty. He had lost his mother at his birth, and had always lived under the rule of his grandmother Maironi. He was tall and slender, and wore a tangle of rather long, dark hair, and this had procured for him the

nickname of *el scovin d'i nivol* «the cloud sweeper.» He had eloquent, light blue eyes, a keen, animated and pleasing face, quick to blush or turn pale. Now that frowning face was saying very plainly: «Here I am, but I am much put out!»

«How do you feel, Franco?» his grandmother inquired, and added quickly, without waiting for an answer: «Donna Carolina is anxious to hear that piece by Kalkbrenner.»

«Oh! not at all!» said the girl, turning to the young man with an air of indifference. «I did indeed say so, but then I am not fond of Kalkbrenner, I had much rather chat with the young ladies.»

Franco seemed quite satisfied with the reception he had received and, without waiting for further remarks, went over to talk with the big curate about a fine old picture they were to inspect together, in the church at Dasio. Donna Eugenia Carabelli was quivering with indignation. She had come from Loveno, with her daughter, after certain secret diplomatic transactions, in which other powers had had a hand. Should this visit be paid or not; would the dignity of the house of Carabelli permit it; did that probability of success which Donna Eugenia exacted, really exist? Such were the final questions, which diplomacy had been called upon to answer, for, notwithstanding the acquaintance of long standing which existed between Mamma Carabelli and Grandmamma Maironi, the young people had met only once or twice, and then but for a few minutes. They were being drawn together by their surroundings of wealth and nobility, of relationships and friendships, as a drop of salt water and a drop of fresh water are mutually drawn together, though the microscopic creatures which have their being in the one and in the other be condemned to perish if the two drops mingle. The Marchesa had carried her point. It had been decided — apparently out of respect for her age, but really out of respect for her money — that the interview should take place at Cressogno; for, though Franco himself was possessed only of his mother's modest fortune, amounting to eighteen or twenty thousand Austrian *lire*, his grandmother was enthroned in all her calm dignity upon several millions. And now Donna Eugenia, observing the young man's conduct, was furious with the Marchesa, as well as with those who had exposed her daughter and herself to such humiliation. If, at a single blow, she could have swept away the old woman, her grandson, the gloomy house, and the tiresome company, she would have done so with joy; but she must hide her feelings, feign indifference, swallow the indignity and the dinner.

The Marchesa preserved her external, marble placidity, though her heart was filled with anger and rancor against her grandson. Two years before he had dared to ask her consent to his marriage with a young girl of Valsolda, of good family, but neither rich nor of noble birth. His grandmother's decided refusal had rendered the union impossible, and indeed the girl's mother had felt obliged to forbid Don Franco the house; but the Marchesa was convinced that those people still had their eyes on her millions. She had therefore determined to find a wife for Franco, at once, in order to avert all danger. She had sought for a girl who should be rich, but not too rich; of noble, but not too noble birth; intelligent, but not too intelligent. Having discovered one of the right sort, she suggested her to Franco who flew into a rage, and declared he had no desire to marry. The answer had a very suspicious ring, and she redoubled her vigilance, watching every movement of her grandson and of that «Madam Trap,» that being the pleasing title she had bestowed upon Signorina Luisa Rigey.

The Rigey family, consisting of the two ladies only, lived at Castello, in Valsolda, so it was not difficult to watch their movements. Nevertheless the Marchesa could not discover anything. But one evening Pasotti told her, with much hypocritical and many horrified comments, that the prefect of the Caravina, while chatting with Pasotti himself, with Signor Giacomo Puttini and with Paolin and Paolon, in the chemist's shop at San Mamette, had made the following remark: «Don Franco is going to keep quiet until the old lady is really dead!» The Marchesa having listened to this delicate piece of wit, answered: «A thousand thanks!» through her placid nose, and changed the subject. Later she learned that Signora Rigey — always more or less of an invalid — was suffering from hypertrophia of the heart, and it appeared to her that Franco's spirits were much affected by this illness. It was then that Signorina Carabelli was suggested to her. Carolina Carabelli was perhaps not entirely to her taste, but with that other danger threatening she could not hesitate. She spoke to Franco. This time he did not fly into a rage, but listened in an absent-minded way, and said he would think the matter over. This was perhaps the one act of hypocrisy of his whole life. Then the Marchesa boldly played a high card, and sent for the Carabellis.

She saw plainly enough now that the game was lost. Don Franco had not been present when the ladies arrived, and later had appeared only once for a few minutes. During those few minutes his manner

had been gracious, but not so his expression. As usual his face had spoken so plainly that — though the Marchesa immediately invented an indisposition for him — no one could have been deceived. But in spite of all this, the old lady was not convinced that she had played her cards unskillfully. Ever since she had reached the age of discretion it had been a rule with her never to recognize in herself a single defect or mistake, never wittingly to wound her own noble and beloved self. Now she preferred to believe that, after her sermon on matrimony, some honeyed but poisonous and ensnaring word had mysteriously reached her grandson. If her disappointment was somewhat mitigated, this was due to the conduct of Signorina Carabelli, whose lively resentment was but ill concealed. This was not pleasing to the Marchesa. The prefect of the Caravina was not mistaken — though he perhaps erred slightly in the form of his discourse, when he said, softly, of her: «She is Austria itself.» Like the old Austria of those days, the old Marchesa did not wish for any bold spirits in her empire. Her own iron will would not tolerate others in its neighborhood. Such an indocile Lombardy-Venice as was Franco was already too much, and the Carabelli girl, who appeared to have a mind and a will of her own, would probably prove a troublesome subject of the house of Maironi, a species of turbulent Hungary.

Dinner was announced. The footman's shaven face, and ill-fitting, gray livery reflected the Marchesa's aristocratic tastes, which, however, had been tempered by habits of economy.

«And where is this Signor Giacomo, Controllore?» she said, without rising.

«I fear he is not coming, Marchesa,» Pasotti replied. «I saw him this morning, and said to him: ‹Then we shall meet at dinner, Signor Giacomo?› But he squirmed as if he had swallowed a snake. He twisted and turned and at last puffed out: ‹Yes, probably. I don't know! Perhaps. I can't say! — Uff! uff. Well really now, my good Controllore, indeed I don't know! — Uff, uff!› — and I could get nothing more out of him.»

The Marchesa summoned the footman to her side, and gave him an order in a low tone. He bowed and withdrew. In his longing for the risotto, the curate of Puria was rocking his body to and fro, and stroking his knees. But the Marchesa on her sofa seemed turned to stone, so he also became petrified. The others gazed mutely at one another.

Poor Signora Barborin, who had seen the footman, and was sur-

prised at this immobility and these astonished faces, arched her eyebrows, questioning with her eyes, first her husband, then Puria, then the prefect, until a lightning glance from Pasotti petrified her as well. «Perhaps the dinner is burnt!» she reflected, assuming an expression of indifference. «If they would only send us home! What luck that would be!» But in a minute or two the servant returned, and bowed.

«Let us go,» the Marchesa said, rising.

In the dining room the company found a new personage; a little, crooked, old man, with kind eyes and a long nose, that drooped towards his chin.

«Indeed, Signora Marchesa,» he began, humbly and timidly, «I have already dined.»

«Sit down, Signor Viscontini,» the Marchesa replied, who, like all those who are determined to make their world bend to their own comfort and tastes, was well versed in the insolent art of feigning deafness.

The little man did not dare to answer, neither did he dare to sit down.

«Courage, Signor Viscontini!» said Paolin, who stood near him. «What are you doing here?»

«He is filling a gap!» muttered the prefect. In fact, the excellent Signor Viscontini, by trade a tuner of pianos, had that morning come from Lugano to tune the Zelbis' piano at Cima, and Don Franco's also, and at one o'clock he had dined at Casa Zelbi. Then he had come to Villa Maironi, and was now called upon to act as substitute for Signor Giacomo, because, without him, the company would have numbered thirteen.

A brown liquid was smoking in the silver soup-tureen.

«It is not risotto!» Pasotti whispered to Puria, passing behind him. But the big, mild face gave no sign of having heard.

The Casa Maironi dinners were always lugubrious affairs, and this one promised to be more than usually so. But as a compensation, it was much finer than usual. While they were eating, Pasotti and Puria often exchanged glances of admiration, as if congratulating one another on the exquisite delight they were enjoying; and if ever Puria failed to catch one of Pasotti's glances, Signora Barborin, seated beside him, would apprise him of it by a timid touch of her elbow.

The voices which predominated were those of the Marchesa and Donna Eugenia. Bianchi's large aristocratic nose, and his shrewd

but gallant and courteous smile were often turned towards the lady's beauty, which though already fading, had not, as yet, departed. Both belonged to Milanese families of the best blood, and were united by a certain sense of superiority, not only over the other middle-class guests, but over their hosts as well, whose nobility was only provincial. The Marchese was affability itself, and would have conversed amiably with the humblest of his fellow-guests, but Donna Eugenia, in the bitterness of her soul, in her disgust for the place and the persons, attached herself to him as to the only one worthy of her attention, markedly singling him out, in order, also, to offend the others. She embarrassed him by remarking in a loud tone that she did not see how he could ever have taken a fancy to this odious Valsolda. The Marchese, who for many years had led a life of quiet and retirement in this region, where, moreover, the birth of his only daughter, Donna Ester, had taken place, was, first, greatly disconcerted, for this remark was calculated to wound several of their fellow-guests; but finally he burst into a brilliant defense of the place. The Marchesa showed no feeling; Paolin, Paolon, and the prefect, all natives of Valsolda, were silent and abashed.

Then, in pompous language, Pasotti sang the praises of Niscioree, the villa belonging to Bianchi, near Oria. These praises did not seem to please the Marchese, who, himself a most loyal man, had not always found Pasotti to his liking, in the past. He invited Donna Carabelli to come to Niscioree. «You must not go on foot, Eugenia,» said the Marchesa, well aware that her friend was tormented by the fear of growing stout. «The road from the Custom House to Niscioree is so narrow! You could not possibly pass.» Donna Eugenia protested hotly. «It is not, indeed, the Corso of Porta Renza,» said the Marchese, «but neither is it *le chemin du Paradis* — unfortunately!»

«That it is not! Most certainly not! You may take my word for it!» exclaimed Viscontini, heated, as ill luck would have it, by too many glasses of Ghemme. All eyes were turned upon him, and Paolin said something to him in a low tone. «Crazy?» the little man retorted, his face aflame. «Not by any means! I tell you —» And here he related how, coming from Lugano that morning, he had felt cold in the boat, and had gotten out at Niscioree, intending to pursue his journey on foot; how there, between those two walls, where the path was so narrow an ass could not turn round in it, he had met the customs-officers, who had first abused him for getting out at Niscioree, and had then taken him back to the beastly custom-

house. He said that beast of a Ricevitore — the receiver of customs — had confiscated a roll of manuscript music he had with him, taking the crotchets and quavers for a secret political correspondence.

Profound silence followed this recital. Presently the Marchesa declared that Signor Viscontini was entirely in the wrong. He should not have landed at Niscioree, it was forbidden. As to the Ricevitore, he was a most worthy man. Pasotti, with a solemn face, confirmed this statement.

«Excellent official,» said he. «Excellent rascal!» muttered the prefect between his teeth. Franco, who at first appeared to be thinking of something else, roused himself, and cast a contemptuous glance at Pasotti.

«After all,» the Marchesa added, «it seems to me that, in the disguise of manuscript music, there might easily ——»

«Certainly,» said Paolin, who played the Austrian from fear while the mistress of the house was Austrian from conviction.

The Marchese, who in 1815 had broken his sword in two that he might not be obliged to serve the Austrians, smiled saying quietly: «*La! C'est un peu fort!*»

«But everyone knows that the Ricevitore is a beast!» Franco exclaimed.

«I beg to differ with you, Don Franco,» said Pasotti.

«Nonsense; beg to differ!» the other retorted. «He is a perfect beast!»

«He is a conscientious man,» said the Marchesa, «an official who does his duty.»

«Then his masters are the beasts!» Franco exclaimed.

«My dear Franco!» drawled the emotionless voice, «I will not tolerate such language in my house! Thank God we are not in Piedmont!» Pasotti grinned his approval. Then Franco, lifting his plate with both hands shivered it upon the table with a furious blow. «Holy Mother!» gasped Viscontini, and Paolon, interrupted in the laborious operations of a toothless glutton, uttered an exclamation of alarm. «Yes, yes!» said Franco, rising, his face distorted, «I had better go!» And he left the room. Donna Eugenia at once turned faint, and had to be led away. All the ladies, except Signora Pasotti, followed her out at one door, while the footman entered at another, bearing a great *risotto* pie. Puria cast a triumphant glance at Pasotti, but Pasotti pretended not to notice. All had risen. Viscontini, the apparent culprit, kept repeating: «I can't make it out! I can't make it out!» and Paolin, much vexed at seeing the dinner

thus interrupted, grumbled at him: «What business have you to try to make anything out?» The Marchese was frowning fiercely, but kept silent. At last Pasotti, the real culprit, assuming an air of affectionate sadness, said, as if speaking to himself: «What a pity! Poor Don Franco! A heart of gold, a good head, but such a disposition! It is indeed unfortunate.»

«Alas!» exclaimed Paolin, and Puria added despairingly: «Truly a great misfortune!»

They waited and waited, but the ladies did not return. Then someone moved. Paolin and Puria, their hands clasped behind them, walked slowly towards the sideboard, lost in contemplation of the *risotto* pie. Puria called sweetly to Pasotti, but Pasotti did not move. «I only wished to observe,» the big curate said, hiding his triumph so that it might or might not be apparent, «I only wished to observe that there are white truffles in it.»

«I should say that black truffles[1] are not wanting here either,» remarked the Marchese pointedly, and slightly accentuating the words.

[1] *Tartufo:* often used to indicate those who are hypocritically pious. The word «black» refers to the priest's black robe. [*Translator's note.*]

FOLK-SONG

BY F. B. GUMMERE

AS IN the case of ballads, or narrative songs, it was important to sunder not only the popular from the artistic, but also the ballad of the people from the ballad for the people; precisely so in the article of communal lyric one must distinguish songs of the folk — songs made by the folk — from those verses of the street or the music hall which are often caught up and sung by the crowd until they pass as genuine folk-song. For true folk-song, as for the genuine ballad, the tests are simplicity, sincerity, mainly oral tradition, and origin in a homogeneous community. The style of such a poem is not only simple, but free from individual stamp; the metaphors, employed sparingly at the best, are like the phrases which constantly occur in narrative ballads, and belong to tradition. The metre is not so uniform as in ballads, but must betray its origin in song. An unsung folk-song is more than a contradiction, — it is an impossibility. Moreover, it is to be assumed that primitive folk-songs were an outcome of the dance, for which originally there was no music save the singing of the dancers. A German critic declares outright that for early times there was "no dance without singing, *and no song without a dance;* songs for the dance were the earliest of all songs, and melodies for the dance the oldest music of every race." Add to this the undoubted fact that dancing by pairs is a comparatively modern invention, and that primitive dances involved the whole able-bodied primitive community (Jeanroy's assertion that in the early Middle Ages only women danced, is a libel on human nature), and one begins to see what is meant by folk-song; primarily it was made by the singing and dancing throng, at a time when no distinction of lettered and unlettered classes divided the community. Few, if any, of these primitive folk-songs have come down to us; but they exist in survival, with more or less trace of individual and artistic influences. As we cannot apply directly the test of such a communal origin, we must cast about for other and more modern conditions.

When Mr. George Saintsbury deplores "the lack, notorious to this day, of one single original English folk-song of really great beauty," he leaves his readers to their own devices by way of defining this species of poetry. Probably, however, he means the communal lyric in survival, not the ballad, not what Germans would include under *volkslied* and Frenchmen under *chanson populaire.* This distinction, so

often forgotten by our critics, was laid down for English usage a century ago by no less a person than Joseph Ritson. «With us,» he said, «songs of sentiment, expression, or even description, are properly called Songs, in contradistinction to mere narrative compositions, which now denominate Ballads.»

Notwithstanding this lucid statement, we have failed to clear the field of all possible causes for error. The song of the folk is differentiated from the song of the individual poet; popular lyric is set over against the artistic, personal lyric. But lyric is commonly assumed to be the expression of individual emotion, and seems in its very essence to exclude all that is not single, personal, and conscious emotion. Professor Barrett Wendell, however, is fain to abandon this time-honored notion of lyric as the subjective element in poetry, the expression of individual emotion, and proposes a definition based upon the essentially musical character of these songs. If we adhere strictly to the older idea, communal lyric, or folk-song, is a contradiction in terms; but as a musical expression, direct and unreflective, of communal emotion, and as offspring of the enthusiasm felt by a festal, dancing multitude, the term is to be allowed. It means the lyric of a throng. Unless one feels this objective note in a lyric, it is certainly no folk-song, but merely an anonymous product of the schools. The artistic and individual lyric, however sincere it may be, is fairly sure to be blended with reflection; but such a subjective tone is foreign to communal verse — whether narrative or purely lyrical. In other words, to study the lyric of the people, one must banish that notion of individuality, of reflection and sentiment, which one is accustomed to associate with all lyrics. To illustrate the matter, it is evident that Shelley's 'O World, O Life, O Time,' and Wordsworth's 'My Heart Leaps Up,' however widely sundered may be the points of view, however varied the character of the emotion, are of the same individual and reflective class. Contrast now with these a third lyric, an English song of the thirteenth century, preserved by some happy chance from the oblivion which claimed most of its fellows; the casual reader would unhesitatingly put it into the same class with Wordsworth's verses as a lyric of «nature,» of «joy,» or what not, — an outburst of simple and natural emotion. But if this 'Cuckoo Song' be regarded critically, it will be seen that precisely those qualities of the individual and the subjective are wanting. The music of it is fairly clamorous; the refrain counts for as much as the verses; while the emotion seems to spring from the crowd and to represent a community. Written down — no one can say when it was actually composed — not later than the middle of the thirteenth century, along with the music and a Latin hymn interlined in red ink, this song is justly regarded by critics as communal rather

than artistic in its character; and while it is set to music in what Chappell calls "the earliest secular composition, in parts, known to exist in any country," yet even this elaborate music was probably "a national song and tune, selected according to the custom of the times as a basis for harmony," and was "not entirely a scholastic composition." It runs in the original:—

Sumer is icumen in.
Lhude sing cuccu.
Groweth sed
And bloweth med
And springth the wde nu.
Sing cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth,
Bucke verteth,
Murie sing cuccu.
Cuccu, cuccu.

Wel singes thu cuccu,
Ne swik thu naver nu.

Burden

Sing cuccu nu. Sing cuccu.
Sing cuccu. Sing cuccu nu.[1]

The monk, whose passion for music led him to rescue this charming song, probably regretted the rustic quality of the words, and did his best to hide the origin of the air; but behind the complicated music is a tune of the country-side, and if the refrain is here a burden, to be sung throughout the piece by certain voices while others sing the words of the song, we have every right to think of an earlier refrain which almost absorbed the poem and was sung by

[1] For facsimile of the MS., music, and valuable remarks, see Chappell, 'Ballad Literature and Popular Music of the Olden Time,' Vol. i., frontispiece, and pages 21 ff. For pronunciation, see A. J. Ellis, 'Early English Pronunciation,' ii., 419 ff. The translation given by Mr. Ellis is:—

"Summer has come in; loudly sing, cuckoo! Grows seed and blossoms mead and springs the wood now. Sing, cuckoo! Ewe bleats after lamb, lows after (its) calf the cow; bullock leaps, buck verts (seeks the green); merrily sing, cuckoo! Cuckoo, cuckoo! Well singest thou, cuckoo; cease thou not never now. *Burden.*— Sing, cuckoo, now; sing, cuckoo! Sing, cuckoo, sing cuckoo, now."— *Lhude*, *wde* (= *wude*), *awe*, *calve*, *bucke*, are dissyllabic. Mr. Ellis's translation of *verteth* is very doubtful.

a dancing multitude. This is a most important consideration. In all parts of Europe, songs for the dance still abound in the shape of a welcome to spring; and a lyrical outburst in praise of the jocund season often occurs by way of prelude to the narrative ballad: witness the beautiful opening of 'Robin Hood and the Monk.' The troubadour of Provence, like the minnesinger of Germany, imitated these invocations to spring. A charming *balada* of Provence probably takes us beyond the troubadour to the domain of actual folk-song.[1] "At the entrance of the bright season," it runs, "in order to begin joy and to tease the jealous, the queen will show that she is fain to love. As far as to the sea, no maid nor youth but must join the lusty dance which she devises. On the other hand comes the king to break up the dancing, fearful lest some one will rob him of his April queen. Little, however, cares she for the graybeard; a gay young 'bachelor' is there to pleasure her. Whoso might see her as she dances, swaying her fair body, he could say in sooth that nothing in all the world peers the joyous queen!" Then, as after each stanza, for conclusion the wild refrain — like a *procul este, profani!* — "Away, ye jealous ones, away! Let us dance together, together let us dance!" The interjectional refrain, "eya," a mere cry of joy, is common in French and German songs for the dance, and gives a very echo of the lusty singers. Repetition, refrain, the infectious pace and merriment of this old song, stamp it as a genuine product of the people.[2] The brief but emphatic praise of spring with which it opens is doubtless a survival of those older pagan hymns and songs which greeted the return of summer and were sung by the community in chorus to the dance, now as a religious rite, now merely as

[1] The first stanza in the original will show the structure of this true "ballad" in the primitive sense of a dance-song. There are five of these stanzas, carrying the same rhymes throughout: —

A l'entrada del temps clar,— eya,—
Per joja recomençar,— eya,—
E per jelos irritar,— eya,—
Vol la regina mostrar
Qu' el' est si amoroza.

REFRAIN

Alavi', alavia, jelos,
laissaz nos, laissaz nos
ballar entre nos, entre nos'

[2] Games and songs of children are still to be found which preserve many of the features of these old dance-songs. The dramatic traits met with in the games point back now to the choral poetry of pangan times, when perhaps a bit of myth was enacted, now to the communal dance where the stealing of a bride may have been imitated.

the expression of communal rejoicing. What the people once sang in chorus was repeated by the individual poet. Neidhart the German is famous on account of his rustic songs for the dance, which often begin with this lusty welcome to spring; while the dactyls of Walther von der Vogelweide not only echo the cadence of dancing feet, but so nearly exclude the reflective and artistic element that the "I" of the singer counts for little. "Winter," he sings,—

> Winter has left us no pleasure at all;
> Leafage and heather have fled with the fall,
> Bare is the forest and dumb as a thrall;
> If the girls by the roadside were tossing the ball,
> I could prick up my ears for the singing-birds' call![1]

That is, "if spring were here, and the girls were going to the village dance"; for ball-playing was not only a rival of the dance, but was often combined with it. Walther's dactyls are one in spirit with the fragments of communal lyric which have been preserved for us by song-loving "clerks" or theological students, those intellectual tramps of the Middle Ages, who often wrote down such a merry song of May and then turned it more or less freely into their barbarous but not unattractive Latin. For example:—

> Now is time for holiday!
> Let our singing greet the May;
> Flowers in the breezes play,
> Every holt and heath is gay.
>
> Let us dance and let us spring
> With merry song and crying!
> Joy befits the lusty May:
> Set the ball a-flying!
> If I woo my lady-love,
> Will she be denying?[2]

The steps of the dance are not remote; and the same echo haunts another song of the sort:—

> Dance we now the measure,
> Dance, lady mine!
> May, the month of pleasure,
> Comes with sweet sunshine.

[1] Unless otherwise credited, translations are by the writer.

[2] From 'Carmina Burana,' a collection of these songs in Latin and German preserved in a MS. of the thirteenth century; edited by J. A. Schmeller, Breslau, 1883. This song is page 181 ff., in German, 'Nu Suln Wir Alle Fröude Hân.

Winter vexed the meadow
Many weary hours:
Fled his chill and shadow,—
Lo, the fields are laughing
Red with flowers.[1]

Or the song at the dance may set forth some of the preliminaries, as when a girl is supposed to sing:—

Care and sorrow, fly away!
On the green field let us play,
Playmates gentle, playmates mine,
Where we see the bright flowers shine.
I say to thee, I say to thee,
Playmate mine, O come with me!

Gracious Love, to me incline,
Make for me a garland fine,—
Garland for the man to wear
Who can please a maiden fair.
I say to thee, I say to thee,
Playmate mine, O come with me![2]

The greeting from youth to maiden, from maiden to youth, was doubtless a favorite bit of folk-song, whether at the dance or as independent lyric. Readers of the 'Library' will find such a greeting incorporated in 'Child Maurice'[3]; only there it is from the son to his mother, and with a somewhat eccentric list of comparisons by way of detail, instead of the terse form known to German tradition:—

Soar, Lady Nightingale, soar above!
A hundred thousand times greet my love!

The variations are endless; one of the earliest is found in a charming Latin tale of the eleventh century, 'Rudlieb,' "the oldest known romance in European literature." A few German words are mixed with the Latin; while after the good old ballad way the greeting is first given to the messenger, and repeated when the messenger performs his task:—"I wish thee as much joy as there are leaves on the trees,—and as much delight as birds have, so much love (*minna*), —and as much honor I wish thee as there are flowers and grass!" Competent critics regard this as a current folk-song of greeting inserted in the romance, and therefore as the oldest example of *minnesang* in German literature. Of the less known variations of this

[1] Ibid., page 178: 'Springe wir den Reigen.'
[2] Ibid., page 213: 'Ich wil Trûren Varen lân.'
[3] Article in 'Ballads,' Vol. iii., page 1340.

theme, one may be given from the German of an old song where male singers are supposed to compete for a garland presented by the maidens; the rivals not only sing for the prize but even answer riddles. It is a combination of game and dance, and is evidently of communal origin. The honorable authorities of Freiburg, about 1556, put this practice of "dancing of evenings in the streets, and singing for a garland, and dancing in a throng" under strictest ban. The following is a stanza of greeting in such a song:—

Maiden, thee I fain would greet,
From thy head unto thy feet.
As many times I greet thee even
As there are stars in yonder heaven,
As there shall blossom flowers gay,
From Easter to St. Michael's day![1]

These competitive verses for the dance and the garland were, as we shall presently see, spontaneous: composed in the throng by lad or lassie, they are certainly entitled to the name of communal lyric. Naturally, the greeting could ban as well as bless; and little Kirstin (Christina) in the Danish ballad sends a greeting of double charge:—

To Denmark's King wish as oft good-night
As stars are shining in heaven bright;
To Denmark's Queen as oft bad year
As the linden hath leaves or the hind hath hair![2]

Folk-song in the primitive stage always had a refrain or chorus. The invocation of spring, met in so many songs of later time, is doubtless a survival of an older communal chorus sung to deities of summer and flooding sunshine and fertility. The well-known Latin 'Pervigilium Veneris,' artistic and elaborate as it is in eulogy of spring and love, owes its refrain and the cadence of its trochaic rhythm to some song of the Roman folk in festival; so that Walter Pater is not far from the truth when he gracefully assumes that the whole poem was suggested by this refrain "caught from the lips of the young men, singing because they could not help it, in the streets of Pisa," during that Indian summer of paganism under the Antonines. This haunting refrain, with its throb of the spring and the festal throng, is ruthlessly tortured into a heroic couplet in Parnell's translation:—

Let those love now who never loved before:
Let those who always loved now love the more.

Contrast the original!—

Cras amet qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit cras amet!

[1] Uhland, 'Volkslieder,' i. 12.
[2] Grundtvig, 'Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser,' iii. 161.

This is the trochaic rhythm dear to the common people of Rome and the near provinces, who as every one knows spoke a very different speech from the speech of the patrician, and sang their own songs withal; a few specimens of the latter, notably the soldiers' song about Cæsar, have come down to us.[1]

The refrain itself, of whatever metre, was imitated by classical poets like Catullus; and the earliest traditions of Greece tell of these refrains, with gathering verses of lyric or narrative character, sung in the harvest-field and at the dance. In early Assyrian poetry, even, the refrain plays an important part; while an Egyptian folk-song, sung by the reapers, seems to have been little else than a refrain. Towards the end of the Middle Ages, courtly poets took up the refrain, experimented with it, refined it, and so developed those highly artificial forms of verse known as roundel, triolet, and ballade. The refrain, in short, is corner-stone for all poetry of the people, if not of poetry itself; beginning with inarticulate cries of joy or sorrow, like the *eya* noted above, mere emotional utterances or imitations of various sounds, then growing in distinctness and compass, until the separation of choral from artistic poetry, and the increasing importance of the latter, reduced the refrain to a merely ancillary function, and finally did away with it altogether. Many refrains are still used for the dance which are mere exclamations, with just enough coherence of words added to make them pass as poetry. Frequently, as in the French, these have a peculiar beauty. Victor Hugo has imitated them with success; but to render them into English is impossible.

The refrain, moreover, is closely allied to those couplets or quatrains composed spontaneously at the dance or other merry-making of the people. In many parts of Germany, the dances of harvest

[1] We cannot widen our borders so as to include that solitary folk-song rescued from ancient Greek literature, the 'Song of the Swallow,' sung by children of the Island of Rhodes as they went about asking gifts from house to house at the coming of the earliest swallow. The metre is interesting in comparison with the rhythm of later European folk-songs, and there is evident dramatic action. Nor can we include the fragments of communal drama found in the favorite Debates Between Summer and Winter,—from the actual contest, to such lyrical forms as the song at the end of Shakespeare's 'Love's Labor's Lost.' The reader may be reminded of a good specimen of this class in 'Ivy and Holly,' printed by Ritson, 'Ancient Songs and Ballads,' Hazlitt's edition, page 114 ff., with the refrain:—

Nay, Ivy, nay,
  Hyt shal not be, I wys;
Let Holy hafe the maystry,
  As the maner ys.

were until recent days enlivened by the so-called *schnaderhüpfl*, a quatrain sung to a simple air, composed on the spot, and often inclining to the personal and the satiric. In earlier days this power to make a quatrain off-hand seems to have been universal among the peasants of Europe. In Scandinavia such quatrains are known as *stev*. They are related, so far as their spontaneity, their universal character, and their origin are concerned, to the *coplas* of Spain, the *stornelli* of Italy, and the distichs of modern Greece. Of course, the specimens of this poetry which can be found now are rude enough; for the life has gone out of it, and to find it at its best one must go back to conditions which brought the undivided genius of the community into play. What one finds nowadays is such motley as this, — a so-called *rundâ* from Vogtland, answering to the Bavarian *schnaderhüpfl*: —

I and my Hans,
We go to the dance;
And if no one will dance,
Dance I and my Hans!

A *schnaderhüpfl* taken down at Appenzell in 1754, and one of the oldest known, was sung by some lively girl as she danced at the reapers' festival: —

Mine, mine, mine, — O my love is fine,
And my favor shall he plainly see;
Till the clock strike eight, till the clock strike nine,
My door, my door shall open be.

It is evident that the great mass of this poetry died with the occasion that brought it forth, or lingered in oral tradition, exposed to a thousand chances of oblivion. The Church made war upon these songs, partly because of their erotic character, but mainly, one may assume, because of the chain of tradition from heathen times which linked them with feasts in honor of abhorred gods, and with rustic dances at the old pagan harvest-home. A study of all this, however, with material at a minimum, and conjecture or philological combination as the only possible method of investigation, must be relegated to the treatise and the monograph;[1] for present purposes we must confine our exposition and search to songs that shall attract readers as well as students. Yet this can be done only by the admission into our pages of folk-song which already bears witness, more or less, to the touch of an artist working upon material once exclusively communal and popular.

[1] Folk-lore, mythology, sociology even, must share in this work. The reader may consult for indirect but valuable material such books as Frazer's 'Golden Bough,' or that admirable treatise, Tylor's 'Primitive Culture.'

Returning to our English type, the 'Cuckoo Song,' we are now to ask what other communal lyrics with this mark upon them, denoting at once rescue and contamination at the hands of minstrel or wandering clerk, have come down to us from the later Middle Ages. Having answered this question, it will remain to deal with the difficult material accumulated in comparatively recent times. Ballads are far easier to preserve than songs. Ballads have a narrative; and this story in them has proved antiseptic, defying the chances of oral transmission. A good story travels far, and the path which it wanders from people to people is often easy to follow; but the more volatile contents of the popular lyric — we are not speaking of its tune, which is carried in every direction — are easily lost.[1] Such a lyric lives chiefly by its sentiment, and sentiment is a fragile burden. We can however get some notion of this communal song by process of inference, for the earliest lays of the Provençal troubadour, and probably of the German minnesinger, were based upon the older song of the country-side. Again, in England there was little distinction made between the singer who entertained court and castle and the gleeman who sang in the villages and at rural festivals; the latter doubtless taking from the common stock more than he contributed from his own. A certain proof of more aristocratic and distinctly artistic, that is to say, individual origin, and a conclusive reason for refusing the name of folk-song to any one of these lyrics of love, is the fact that it happens to address a married woman. Every one knows that the troubadour and the minnesinger thus addressed their lays; and only the style and general character of their earliest poetry can be considered as borrowed from the popular muse. In other words, however vivacious, objective, vigorous, may be the early lays of the troubadour, however one is tempted to call them mere modifications of an older folk-song, they are excluded by this characteristic from the popular lyric and belong to poetry of the schools. Marriage, says Jeanroy, is always respected in the true folk-song. Moreover, this is only a negative test. In Portugal, many songs which must be referred to the individual and courtly poet are written in praise of the unmarried girl; while in England, whether it be set down to austere morals or to the practical turn of the native mind, one finds little or nothing to match this troubadour and minnesinger poetry in honor of the stately but capricious dame.[1] The folk-song

[1] For early times translation from language to language is out of the question, certainly in the case of lyrics. It is very important to remember that primitive man regarded song as a momentary and spontaneous thing.

[2] Yet even rough Scandinavia took up this brilliant but doubtful love poetry. To one of the Norse kings is attributed a song in which the royal singer informs his «lady» by way of credentials for his wooing,—«I have struck a blow in the Saracen's land; *let thy husband do the same!*»

that we seek found few to record it; it sounded at the dance, it was heard in the harvest-field; what seemed to be everywhere, growing spontaneously like violets in spring, called upon no one to preserve it and to give it that protection demanded by exotic poetry of the schools. What is preserved is due mainly to the clerks and gleemen of older times, or else to the curiosity of modern antiquarians, rescuing here and there a belated survival of the species. Where the clerk or the gleeman is in question, he is sure to add a personal element, and thus to remove the song from its true communal setting. Contrast the wonderful little song, admired by Alceste in Molière's 'Misanthrope,' and as impersonal, even in its first-personal guise as any communal lyric ever made,—with a reckless bit of verse sung by some minstrel about the famous Eleanor of Poitou, wife of Henry II. of England. The song so highly commended by Alceste[1] runs, in desperately inadequate translation:—

If the King had made it mine,
Paris, his city gay,
And I must the love resign
Of my bonnie may,[2]—

To King Henry I would say:
Take your Paris back, I pray;
Better far I love my may,—
O joy!—
Love my bonnie may!

Let us hear the reckless "clerk":—

If the whole wide world were mine,
From the ocean to the Rhine,
All I'd be denying
If the Queen of England once
In my arms were lying![3]

The tone is not directly communal, but it smacks more of the village dance than of the troubadour's harp; for even Bernart of Ventadour did not dare to address Eleanor save in the conventional tone of despair. The clerks and gleemen, however, and even English peasants of modern times,[4] took another view of the matter. The "clerk," that delightful vagabond who made so nice a balance between

[1] 'Le Misanthrope,' i. 2; he calls it a *vielle chanson*. M. Tiersot concedes it to the popular muse, but thinks it is of the city, not of the country.

[2] *May*, a favorite ballad word for "maid," "sweetheart."

[3] 'Carm. Bur.,' page 185: "Wær diu werlt alliu min."

[4] See Child's Ballads, vi. 257, and Grandfer Cantle's ballad in Mr. Hardy's 'Return of the Native.' See next page

church and tavern, between breviary and love songs, has probably done more for the preservation of folk-song than all other agents known to us. In the above verses he protests a trifle or so too much about himself; let us hear him again as mere reporter for the communal lyric, in verses that he may have brought from the dance to turn into his inevitable Latin:—

Come, my darling, come to me,
I am waiting long for thee,—
I am waiting long for thee,
Come, my darling, come to me!

Rose-red mouth, so sweet and fain,
Come and make me well again;—
Come and make me well again,
Rose-red mouth, so sweet and fain.[1]

More graceful yet are the anonymous verses quoted in certain Latin love-letters of a manuscript at Munich; and while a few critics rebel at the notion of a folk-song, the pretty lines surely hint more of field and dance than of the study.

Thou art mine,
I am thine,
Of that may'st certain be;
Locked thou art
Within my heart,
And I have lost the key:
There must thou ever be!

Now it happens that this notion of heart and key recurs in later German folk-song. A highly popular song of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has these stanzas:[2]

For thy dear sake I'm hither come,
Sweetheart, O hear me woo!
My hope rests evermore on thee,
I love thee well and true.
Let me but be thy servant,
Thy dear love let me win;

[1] 'Carm. Bur.,' page 208: «Kume, Kume, geselle mîn.»

[2] Translated from Böhme 'Altdeutsches Liederbuch,' Leipzig, 1877, page 233. Lovers of folk-song will find this book invaluable on account of the carefully edited musical accompaniments. With it and Chappell, the musician has ample material for English and German songs; for French, see Tiersot, 'La Chanson Populaire en France.'

Come, ope thy heart, my darling,
And lock me fast within!

. . . . . .

Where my love's head is lying,
There rests a golden shrine;
And in it lies, locked hard and fast,
This fresh young heart of mine:
Oh would to God I had the key,—
I'd throw it in the Rhine;
What place on earth were more to me,
Than with my sweeting fine?

Where my love's feet are lying,
A fountain gushes cold,
And whoso tastes the fountain
Grows young and never old:
Full often at the fountain
I knelt and quenched my drouth,—
Yet tenfold rather would I kiss
My darling's rosy mouth!

And in my darling's garden[1]
Is many a precious flower;
Oh, in this budding season,
Would God 'twere now the hour
To go and pluck the roses
And nevermore to part:
I think full sure to win her
Who lies within my heart!

. . . . . .

Now who this merry roundel
Hath sung with such renown?
That have two lusty woodsmen
At Freiberg in the town,—
Have sung it fresh and fairly,
And drunk the cool red wine:
And who hath sat and listened?—
Landlady's daughter fine!

What with the more modern tone, and the lusty woodsmen, one has deserted the actual dance, the actual communal origin of song;

[1] The garden in these later songs is constantly a symbol of love. To pluck the roses, etc., is conventional for making love.

but one is still amid communal influences. Another little song about the heart and the key, this time from France, recalls one to the dance itself, and to the simpler tone:—

Shut fast within a rose
I ween my heart must be;
No locksmith lives in France
Who can set it free,—
Only my lover Pierre,
Who took away the key![1]

Coming back to England, and the search for her folk-song, it is in order to begin with the refrain. A "clerk," in a somewhat artificial lay to his sweetheart, has preserved as refrain what seems to be a bit of communal verse:—

Ever and aye for my love I am in sorrow sore;
I think of her I see so seldom any more,[2]—

rather a helpless moan, it must be confessed.

Better by far is the song of another *clericus*, with a lusty little refrain as fresh as the wind it invokes, as certainly folk-song as anything left to us:—

Blow, northern wind,
Send thou me my sweeting!
Blow, northern wind,
Blow, blow, blow!

The actual song, though overloaded with alliteration, has a good movement. A stanza may be quoted:—

I know a maid in bower so bright
That handsome is for any sight,
Noble, gracious maid of might,
Precious to discover.

In all this wealth of women fair,
Maid of beauty to compare
With my sweeting found I ne'er
All the country over!

Old too is the lullaby used as a burden or refrain for a religious poem printed by Thomas Wright in his 'Songs and Carols': —

[1] Quoted by Tiersot, page 88, from 'Chansons à Danser en Rond,' gathered before 1704.

[2] Böddeker's 'Old Poems from the Harleian MS. 2253,' with notes, etc., in German; Berlin, 1878, page 179.

Lullay, myn lykyng, my dere sone, myn swetyng,
Lullay, my dere herte, myn owyn dere derlyng.[1]

The same English manuscript which has kept the refrain 'Blow, Northern Wind,' offers another song which may be given in modern translation and entire. All these songs were written down about the year 1310, and probably in Herefordshire. As with the *carmina burana*, the lays of German "clerks," so these English lays represent something between actual communal verse and the poetry of the individual artist; they owe more to folk-song than to the traditions of literature and art. Some of the expressions in this song are taken, if we may trust the critical insight of Ten Brink, directly from the poetry of the people.

A MAID as white as ivory bone,
A pearl in gold that golden shone,
A turtle-dove, a love whereon
My heart must cling:
Her blitheness nevermore be gone
While I can sing!

When she is gay,
In all the world no more I pray
Than this: alone with her to stay
Withouten strife.
Could she but know the ills that slay
Her lover's life!

Was never woman nobler wrought;
And when she blithe to sleep is brought,
Well for him who guessed her thought,
Proud maid! Yet O,
Full well I know she will me nought.
My heart is woe.

And how shall I then sweetly sing
That thus am marréd with mourning?
To death, alas, she will me bring
Long ere my day.
Greet her well, the sweetë thing,
With eyen gray!

[1] See also Ritson, 'Ancient Songs and Ballads,' 3d Ed., pages xlviii., 202 ff. The Percy folio MS. preserved a cradle song, 'Balow, my Babe, ly Still and Sleepe,' which was published as a broadside, and finally came to be known as 'Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.' These "balow" lullabies are said by Mr. Ebbsworth to be imitations of a pretty poem first published in 1593, and now printed by Mr. Bullen in his 'Songs from Elizabethan Romances,' page 92.

Her eyes have wounded me, i-wis,
Her arching brows that bring the bliss;
Her comely mouth whoso might kiss,
In mirth he were;
And I would change all mine for his
That is her fere.[1]

Her fere, so worthy might I be,
Her fere, so noble, stout and free,
For this one thing I would give three,
Nor haggle aught.
From hell to heaven, if one could see,
So fine is naught,
[Nor half so free;[2]
All lovers true, now listen unto me.]

Now hearken to me while I tell,
In such a fume I boil and well;
There is no fire so hot in hell
As his, I trow,
Who loves unknown and dares not tell
His hidden woe.

I will her well, she wills me woe;
I am her friend, and she my foe;
Methinks my heart will break in two
For sorrow's might;
In God's own greeting may she go,
That maiden white!

I would I were a throstlecock,
A bunting, or a laverock,[3]
Sweet maid!
Between her kirtle and her smock
I'd then be hid!

The reader will easily note the struggle between our poet's conventional and quite literary despair and the fresh communal tone in such passages as we have ventured, despite Leigh Hunt's direful example, to put in italics. This poet was a clerk, or perhaps not even that,—a gleeman; and he dwells, after the manner of his kind,

[1] *Fere*, companion, lover. «I would give all I have to be her lover.»

[2] Superfluous verses; but the MS. makes no distinction. *Free* means noble, gracious. «If one could see everything between hell and heaven, one would find nothing so fair and noble.»

[3] Lark. The poem is translated from Böddeker, page 161 ff.

upon a despair which springs from difference of station. But it is England, not France; it is a maiden, not countess or queen, whom he loves; and the tone of his verse is sound and communal at heart. True, the metre, afterwards a favorite with Burns, is one used by the oldest known troubadour of Provence, Count William, as well as by the poets of miracle plays and of such romances as the English 'Octavian'; but like Count William himself, who built on a popular basis, our clerk or gleeman is nearer to the people than to the schools. Indeed, Uhland reminds us that Breton *kloer* ("clerks") to this day play a leading part as lovers and singers of love in folk-song; and the English clerks in question were not regular priests, consecrated and in responsible positions, but students or unattached followers of theology. They sang with the people; they felt and suffered with the people — as in the case of a far nobler member of the guild, William Langland; and hence sundry political poems which deal with wrongs and suffering endured by the commons of that day. In the struggle of barons and people against Henry III., indignation made verses; and these, too, we owe to the clerks. Such a burst of indignation is the song against Richard of Cornwall, with a turbulent refrain which sounds like a direct loan from the people. One stanza, with this refrain, will suffice. It opens with the traditional "lithe and listen" of the ballad-singer:—

Sit all now still and list to me:
The German King, by my loyalty!
Thirty thousand pound asked he
To make a peace in this country,—
And so he did and more!

Refrain

Richard, though thou be ever trichard,[1]
Trichen[2] shalt thou nevermore!

This, however, like many a scrap of battle-song, ribaldry exchanged between two armies, and the like, has interest rather for the antiquarian than for the reader. We shall leave such fragments, and turn in conclusion to the folk-song of later times.

The England of Elizabeth was devoted to lyric poetry, and folk-song must have flourished along with its rival of the schools. Few of these songs, however, have been preserved; and indeed there is no final test for the communal quality in such survivals. Certainly some of the songs in the drama of that time are of popular origin; but the majority, as a glance at Mr. Bullen's several collections will prove, are artistic and individual, like the music to which they were

[1] Traitor. [2] Betray.

sung. Occasionally we get a tantalizing glimpse of another lyrical England, the folk dancing and singing their own lays; but no Autolycus brings these to us in his basket. Even the miracle plays had not despised folk-song; unfortunately the writers are content to mention the songs, like our Acts of Congress, only by title. In the "comedy" called 'The Longer Thou Livest the More Foole Thou Art,' there are snatches of such songs; and a famous list, known to all scholars, is given by Laneham in a letter from Kenilworth in 1575, where he tells of certain songs, "all ancient," owned by one Captain Cox. Again, nobody ever praised songs of the people more sincerely than Shakespeare has praised them; and we may be certain that he used them for the stage. Such is the 'Willow Song' that Desdemona sings,—an "old thing," she calls it; and such perhaps the song in 'As You Like It,'—'It Was a Lover and His Lass.' Nash is credited with the use of folk-songs in his 'Summer's Last Will and Testament'; but while the pretty verses about spring and the tripping lines, 'A-Maying,' have such a note, nothing could be further from the quality of folk-song than the solemn and beautiful 'Adieu, Farewell, Earth's Bliss.' In Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' however, Merrythought sings some undoubted snatches of popular lyric, just as he sings stanzas from the traditional ballad; for example, his—

Go from my window, love, go;
Go from my window, my dear;
The wind and the rain
Will drive you back again,
You cannot be lodged here,—

is quoted with variations in other plays, and was a favorite of the time,[1] and like many a ballad appears in religious parody. A modern variant, due to tradition, comes from Norwich; the third and fourth lines ran:—

For the wind is in the west,
And the cuckoo's in his nest.

From the time of Henry VIII. a pretty song is preserved of this same class:—

Westron wynde, when wyll thou blow!
The smalle rain downe doth rayne;
Oh if my love were in my armys,
Or I in my bed agayne!

This sort of song between the lovers, one without and one within, occurs in French and German at a very early date, and is probably much older than any records of it; as serenade, it found great favor

[1] The music in Chappell, page 141.

with poets of the city and the court, and is represented in English by Sidney's beautiful lines, admirable for purposes of comparison with the folk-song:—

"Who is it that this dark night
Underneath my window plaineth?"
"It is one who, from thy sight
Being, ah, exiled! disdaineth
Every other vulgar light."

The zeal of modern collectors has brought together a mass of material which passes for folk-song. None of it is absolutely communal, for the conditions of primitive lyric have long since been swept away; nevertheless, where isolated communities have retained something of the old homogeneous and simple character, the spirit of folk-song lingers in survival. From Great Britain, from France, and particularly from Germany, where circumstances have favored this survival, a few folk-songs may now be given in inadequate translation. To go further afield, to collect specimens of Italian, Russian, Servian, modern Greek, and so on, would need a book. The songs which follow are sufficiently representative for the purpose.

A pretty little song, popular in Germany to this day, needs no pompous support of literary allusion to explain its simple pathos; still, it is possible that one meets here a distant echo of the tragedy of obstacles told in romance of Hero and Leander. When one hears this song, one understands where Heine found the charm of his best lyrics:—

Over a waste of water
The bonnie lover crossed,
A-wooing the King's daughter:
But all his love was lost.

Ah, Elsie, darling Elsie,
Fain were I now with thee;
But waters twain are flowing,
Dear love, twixt thee and me![1]

Even more of a favorite is the song which represents two girls in the harvest-field, one happy in her love, the other deserted; the noise of the sickle makes a sort of chorus. Uhland placed with the two stanzas of the song a third stanza which really belongs to another tune; the latter, however, may serve to introduce the situation:—

I heard a sickle rustling,
Ay, rustling through the corn:
I heard a maiden sobbing
Because her love was lorn.

[1] Böhme, with music, page 94.

«Oh let the sickle rustle!
I care not how it go;
For I have found a lover,
A lover,
Where clover and violets blow.»

«And hast thou found a lover
Where clover and violets blow?
I stand here, ah, so lonely,
So lonely,
And all my heart is woe!»

Two songs may follow, one from France, one from Scotland, bewailing the death of lover or husband. 'The Lowlands of Holland' was published by Herd in his 'Scottish Songs.'[1] A clumsy attempt was made to fix the authorship upon a certain young widow; but the song belies any such origin. It has the marks of tradition:—

My love has built a bonny ship, and set her on the sea,
With sevenscore good mariners to bear her company;
There's threescore is sunk, and threescore dead at sea,
And the Lowlands of Holland has twin'd[2] my love and me.

My love he built another ship, and set her on the main,
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her hame,
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began to rout;
My love then and his bonny ship turned withershins[3] about.

There shall neither coif come on my head nor comb come in my hair;
There shall neither coal nor candle-light come in my bower mair;
Nor will I love another one until the day I die,
For I never loved a love but one, and he's drowned in the sea.

«O haud your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and be content;
There are mair lads in Galloway, ye neen nae sair lament.»
O there is none in Gallow, there's none at a' for me;
For I never loved a love but one, and he's drowned in the sea.

[1] Quoted by Child, 'Ballads,' iv. 318.
[2] Separated, divided.
[3] An equivalent to upside down, «in the wrong direction.»

The French song[1] has a more tender note:—

Low, low he lies who holds my heart,
The sea is rolling fair above;
Go, little bird, and tell him this,—
Go, little bird, and fear no harm,—
Say I am still his faithful love,
Say that to him I stretch my arms.

Another song, widely scattered in varying versions throughout France, is of the forsaken and too trustful maid,—'En revenant des Noces.' The narrative in this, as in the Scottish song, makes it approach the ballad.

Back from the wedding-feast,
All weary by the way,

I rested by a fount
And watched the waters' play;

And at the fount I bathed,
So clear the waters' play;

And with a leaf of oak
I wiped the drops away.

Upon the highest branch
Loud sang the nightingale.

Sing, nightingale, oh sing,
Thou hast a heart so gay!

Not gay, this heart of mine:
My love has gone away,

Because I gave my rose
Too soon, too soon away.

Ah, would to God that rose
Yet on the rosebush lay,—

Would that the rosebush, even,
Unplanted yet might stay,—

Would that my lover Pierre
My favor had to pray![2]

[1] See Tiersot, 'La Chanson Populaire,' p. 103, with the music. The final verses, simple as they are, are not rendered even remotely well. They run:—

Que je suis sa fidèle amie,
Et que vers lui je tends les bras.

[2] Tiersot, p. 90. In many versions there is further complication with king and queen and the lover. This song is extremely popular in Canada.

The corresponding Scottish song, beautiful enough for any land or age, is the well-known 'Waly, Waly':—

Oh waly, waly, up the bank,
And waly, waly, down the brae,
And waly, waly, yon burn-side,
Where I and my love wont to gae.

I lean'd my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed and syne it brak,
Sae my true-love did lightly[1] me.

Oh waly, waly, but love be bonny
A little time, while it is new;
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.

Oh wherefore should I busk my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true-love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true-love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

[1] Lightly (a verb) is to treat with contempt, to undervalue. Compare the burden quoted by Chappell, p. 458, and very old: —

The bonny broome, the well-favored broome,
The broome blooms faire on hill;
What ailed my love to lightly me,
And I working her will?

When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet,
And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kissed,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd locked my heart in a case of gold.
And pinned it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I myself were dead and gone,
[And the green grass growing over me!]

The same ballad touch overweighs even the lyric quality of the verses about Yarrow:—

"Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wondrous bonny,
And Willy heght[1] to marry me
Gin e'er he married ony.

"Oh came you by yon water-side?
Pu'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw you my sweet Willy?"

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him brade and narrow;
Syne, in the clifting of a craig,
She found him drowned in Yarrow.[2]

Returning to Germany and to pure lyric, we have a pretty bit which is attached to many different songs.

High up on yonder mountain
A mill-wheel clatters round,
And, night or day, naught else but love
Within the mill is ground.

The mill has gone to ruin,
And love has had its day;
God bless thee now, my bonnie lass,
I wander far away.[3]

[1] Promised.
[2] Child's *Ballads*, vii. 179.
[3] Böhme, p. 271.

But there is a more cheerful vein in this sort of song; and the mountain offers pleasanter views:—

Oh yonder on the mountain,
There stands a lofty house,
Where morning after morning,
Yes, morning,
Three maids go in and out.[1]

The first she is my sister,
The second well is known,
The third, I will not name her,
No, name her,
And she shall be my own!

Finally, that pearl of German folk-song, 'Innsprück.' The wanderer must leave the town and his sweetheart; but he swears to be true, and prays that his love be kept safe till his return:—

Innsprück, I must forsake thee,
My weary way betake me
Unto a foreign shore,
And all my joy hath vanished,
And ne'er while I am banished
Shall I behold it more.

I bear a load of sorrow,
And comfort can I borrow,
Dear love, from thee alone.
Ah, let thy pity hover
About thy weary lover
When he is far from home.

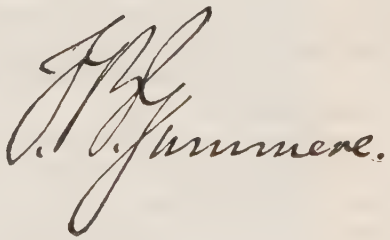
My one true love! Forever
Thine will I bide, and never
Shall our dear vow be vain.
Now must our Lord God ward thee,
In peace and honor guard thee,
Until I come again.

In leaving the subject of folk-song, it is necessary for the reader not only to consider anew the loose and unscientific way in which this term has been employed, but also to bear in mind that few of the above specimens can lay claim to the title in any rigid classification. Long ago, a German critic reminded zealous collectors of his

[1] The rhyme in German leaves even more to be desired.

day that when one has dipped a pailful of water from the brook, one has captured no brook; and that when one has written down a folk-song, it has ceased to be that eternally changing, momentary, spontaneous, dance-begotten thing which once flourished everywhere as communal poetry. Always in flux, if it stopped it ceased to be itself. Modern lyric is deliberately composed by some one, mainly to be sung by some one else; the old communal lyric was sung by the throng and was made in the singing. When festal excitement at some great communal rejoicing in the life of clan or tribe "fought its battles o'er again," the result was narrative communal song. A disguised and baffled survival of this most ancient narrative is the popular ballad. Still more disguised, still more baffled, is the purely lyrical survival of that old communal and festal song; and the best one can do is to present those few specimens found under conditions which preserve certain qualities of a vanished world of poetry.

It may be asked why the contemporary songs found among Indian tribes of our continent, or among remote islanders in low stages of culture, should not reproduce for us the old type of communal verse. The answer is simple. Tribes which have remained in low stages of culture do not necessarily retain all the characteristics of primitive life among races which had the germs of rapidly developing culture. That communal poetry which gave life to the later epic of Hellenic or of Germanic song must have differed materially, no matter in what stage of development, from the uninteresting and monotonous chants of the savage. Moreover, the specimens of savage verse which we know retain the characteristics of communal verse, while they lack its nobler and vital quality. The dance, the spontaneous production, repetition,—these are all marked characteristics of savage verse. But savage verse cannot serve as model for our ideas of primitive folk-song.



SAMUEL FOOTE

(1720–1777)

THE name of Samuel Foote suggests a whimsical, plump little man, with a round face, twinkling eyes, and one of the readiest wits of the eighteenth century. This contemporary of the elder Colman, Cumberland, Mrs. Cowley, and the great Garrick, knew many famous men and women, and they admired as well as feared his talents.

Samuel Foote was born at Truro in 1720. He was a young boy when he first exhibited his powers of mimicry at his father's dinner-table. At that time he did not expect to earn his living by them for he came of well-to-do people, and his mother, who was of aristocratic birth, inherited a comfortable fortune.

Throughout his school days at Worcester and his college days at Worcester College, Oxford, where he did not remain long enough to take a degree, and the idle days when he was supposed to be studying law at the Temple and was in reality frequenting coffee-houses and drawing-rooms as a young man of fashion, he was establishing a reputation for repartee, *bons mots*, and satiric imitation. So, when the wasteful youth had squandered all his money, he naturally turned to the stage as offering him the best opportunity. Like many another amateur addicted to a mistaken ambition, Foote first tried tragedy, and made his début as Othello. But in this and in other tragedies he was a failure; so he soon took to writing comic plays with parts especially adapted to himself. 'The Diversions of the Morning' was the first of a long series, of which 'The Mayor of Garratt,' 'The Lame Lover,' 'The Nabob,' and 'The Minor,' are among the best known. As these were written from the actor's rather than from the dramatist's point of view, they often seem faulty in construction and crude in literary quality. They are farces rather than true comedies. But they abound in witty dialogue, and in a satire which illuminates contemporary vices and follies.

Foote seems to have been curiously lacking in conscience. He lived his life with a gayety which no poverty, misfortune, or physical suffering could long dampen. When he had money he spent it lavishly, and when the supply ran short he racked his clever brains to make a new hit. To accomplish this he was utterly unscrupulous, and never spared his friends or those to whom he was indebted,

SAMUEL FOOTE Esq.r

if he saw good material in their foibles. His victims smarted, but his ready tongue and personal geniality usually extricated him from consequent unpleasantness. Garrick, who aided him repeatedly, and who dreaded ridicule above all things, was his favorite butt, yet remained his friend. The irate members of the East India Company, who called upon him armed with stout cudgels to administer a castigation for an offensive libel in 'The Nabob,' were so speedily mollified that they laid their cudgels aside with their hats, and accepted his invitation to dinner.

To us, much of his charm has evaporated, for it lay in these very personalities which held well-known people up to ridicule with a precision which made it impossible for the originals to escape recognition. Even irascible Dr. Johnson, who wished to disapprove of him, admitted that there was no one like "that fellow Foote." So this "Aristophanes of the English stage" was mourned when he died at the age of fifty-seven, and a company of his friends and fellow-actors buried him one evening by the dim light of torches in a cloister of Westminster Abbey.

There is often a boisterous unreserve in the plays of Foote, as in other eighteenth-century drama, which revolts modern taste. As they consist of character study rather than incident, mere extracts are apt to appear incomplete and meaningless. Therefore it seems fairer to represent the famous wit not alone by formal citation, but also by some of his *bons mots* extracted from the collection of William Cooke in his 'Memoirs of Samuel Foote' (2 vols. 1806).

HOW TO BE A LAWYER

From 'The Lame Lover'

Enter Jack

SERJEANT — So, Jack, anybody at chambers to-day?

Jack — Fieri Facias from Fetter Lane, about the bill to be filed by Kit Crape against Will Vizard this term.

Serjeant — Praying for an equal partition of plunder?

Jack — Yes, sir.

Serjeant — Strange world we live in, that even highwaymen can't be true to each other! [*Half aside to himself.*] But we shall make Vizard refund; we'll show him what long hands the law has.

Jack — Facias says that in all the books he can't hit a precedent.

Serjeant—Then I'll make one myself; *Aut inveniam, aut faciam*, has been always my motto. The charge must be made for partnership profit, by bartering lead and gunpowder against money, watches, and rings, on Epping Forest, Hounslow Heath, and other parts of the kingdom.

Jack—He says if the court should get scent of the scheme, the parties would all stand committed.

Serjeant—Cowardly rascal! but however, the caution mayn't prove amiss. [*Aside.*] I'll not put my own name to the bill.

Jack—The declaration, too, is delivered in the cause of Roger Rapp'em against Sir Solomon Simple.

Serjeant—What, the affair of the note?

Jack—Yes.

Serjeant—Why, he is clear that his client never gave such a note.

Jack—Defendant never saw plaintiff since the hour he was born; but notwithstanding, they have three witnesses to prove a consideration and signing the note.

Serjeant—They have!

Jack—He is puzzled what plea to put in.

Serjeant—*Three* witnesses ready, you say?

Jack—Yes.

Serjeant—Tell him Simple must acknowledge the note [*Jack starts*]; and bid him against the trial comes on, to procure *four* persons at least to prove the payment at the Crown and Anchor, the 10th of December.

Jack—But then how comes the note to remain in plaintiff's possession?

Serjeant—Well put, Jack: but we have a *salvo* for that; plaintiff happened not to have the note in his pocket, but promised to deliver it up when called thereunto by defendant.

Jack—That will do rarely.

Serjeant—Let the defense be a secret; for I see we have able people to deal with. But come, child, not to lose time, have you carefully conned those instructions I gave you?

Jack—Yes, sir.

Serjeant—Well, that we shall see. How many points are the great object of practice?

Jack—Two.

Serjeant—Which are they?

Jack—The first is to put a man into possession of what is his right.

Serjeant — The second?

Jack — Either to deprive a man of what is *really* his right, or to keep him as long as possible *out* of possession.

Serjeant — Good boy! To gain the last end, what are the best means to be used?

Jack — Various and many are the legal modes of delay.

Serjeant — Name them.

Jack — Injunctions, demurrers, sham pleas, writs of error, rejoinders, sur-rejoinders, rebutters, sur-rebutters, re-plications, exceptions, essoigns, and imparlance.

Serjeant [*to himself*] — Fine instruments in the hands of a man who knows how to use them. But now, Jack, we come to the point: if an able advocate has his choice in a cause, which if he is in reputation he may readily have, which side should he choose, the right or the wrong?

Jack — A great lawyer's business is always to make choice of the wrong.

Serjeant — And prithee, why so?

Jack — Because a good cause can speak for itself, whilst a bad one demands an able counselor to give it a color.

Serjeant — Very well. But in what respects will this answer to the lawyer himself?

Jack — In a twofold way. Firstly, his fees will be large in proportion to the dirty work he is to do.

Serjeant — Secondly?

Jack — His reputation will rise, by obtaining the victory in a desperate cause.

Serjeant — Right, boy. Are you ready in the case of the cow?

Jack — Pretty well, I believe.

Serjeant — Give it, then.

Jack — First of April, anno seventeen hundred and blank, John a-Nokes was indicted by blank, before blank, in the county of blank, for stealing a cow, *contra pacem*, etc., and against the statute in that case provided and made, to prevent stealing of cattle.

Serjeant — Go on.

Jack — Said Nokes was convicted upon the said statute.

Serjeant — What followed upon?

Jack — Motion in arrest of judgment, made by Counselor Puzzle. First, because the field from whence the cow was conveyed is laid in the indictment *as round*, but turned out upon proof to be *square*.

Serjeant — That's well. A valid objection.

Jack — Secondly, because in said indictment the color of the cow is called red; there being no such things *in rerum natura* as red cows, no more than black lions, spread eagles, flying griffins, or blue boars.

Serjeant — Well put.

Jack — Thirdly, said Nokes has not offended against form of the statute; because stealing of *cattle* is there provided against: whereas we are only convicted of stealing a *cow*. Now, though cattle may be cows, yet it does by no means follow that cows must be cattle.

Serjeant — Bravo, bravo! buss me, you rogue; you are your father's own son! go on and prosper. I am sorry, dear Jack, I must leave thee. If Providence but sends thee life and health, I prophesy thou wilt wrest as much land from the owners, and save as many thieves from the gallows, as any practitioner since the days of King Alfred.

Jack — I'll do my endeavor. [*Exit Serjeant.*]

A MISFORTUNE IN ORTHOGRAPHY

From 'The Lame Lover'

Sir Luke — A pox o' your law; you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welsh coach-maker came with his bill to my lord, whose name was unluckily Lloyd. My lord had the man up: "You are called, I think, Mr. Lloyd?" — "At your Lordship's service, my lord." — "What, Lloyd with an L?" — "It was with an L indeed, my lord." — "Because in your part of the world I have heard that Lloyd and Floyd were synonymous, the very same names." — "Very often indeed, my Lord." — "But you always spell yours with an L?" — "Always." — "That, Mr. Lloyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L. Ha, ha, ha!"

FROM THE 'MEMOIRS'

A Cure for Bad Poetry

A physician of Bath told him that he had a mind to publish his own poems; but he had so many irons in the fire he did not well know what to do.

"Then take my advice, doctor," said Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are."

The Retort Courteous

Following a man in the street, who did not bear the best of characters, Foote slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, thinking he was an intimate friend. On discovering his mistake he cried out, "Oh, sir, I beg your pardon! I really took you for a gentleman who—"

"Well, sir," said the other, "and am I not a gentleman?"

"Nay, sir," said Foote, "if you take it in that way, I must only beg your pardon a second time."

On Garrick's Stature

Previously to Foote's bringing out his 'Primitive Puppet Show' at the Haymarket Theatre, a lady of fashion asked him, "Pray, sir, are your puppets to be as large as life?"

"Oh dear, madam, no. Not much above the size of Garrick!"

Cape Wine

Being at the dinner-table one day when the Cape was going round in remarkably small glasses, his host was very profuse on the excellence of the wine, its age, etc. "But you don't seem to relish it, Foote, by keeping your glass so long before you."

"Oh, yes, my lord, perfectly well. I am only admiring how little it is, considering its great age."

The Graces

Of an actress who was remarkably awkward with her arms, Foote said that "she kept the Graces at arm's-length."

The Debtor

Of a young gentleman who was rather backward in paying his debts, he said he was "a very promising young gentleman."

Affectation

An assuming, pedantic lady, boasting of the many books which she had read, often quoted 'Locke Upon Understanding,' a work she said she admired above all things, yet there was one word in it which, though often repeated, she could not distinctly make out; and that was the word ide-a (pronouncing it very long): "but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation."

"You are perfectly right, madam," said Foote, "it comes from the word ideaousky."

"And pray, sir, what does that mean?"

"The feminine of idiot, madam."

Arithmetical Criticism

A mercantile man of his acquaintance, who would read a poem of his to him one day after dinner, pompously began:—

"Hear me, O Phœbus! and ye Muses nine!
Pray be attentive."

"I am," said Foote. "Nine and one are ten: go on."

The Dear Wife

A gentleman just married, telling Foote that he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his "dear wife": "Well," said the other, "you have but done her justice, as by your own reckoning she must be a very valuable woman."

Garrick and the Guinea

Foote and Garrick, supping together at the Bedford, the former in pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning dropped a guinea, which rolled in such a direction that they could not readily find it.

"Where the deuce," says Foote, "can it be gone to?"

"Gone to the Devil, I suppose," said Garrick.

"Well said, David; you are always what I took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man."

Dr. Paul Hifferman

Paul was fond of laying, or rather offering, wagers. One day in the heat of argument he cried out, "I'll lay my head you are wrong upon that point."

"Well," said Foote, "I accept the wager. Any trifle, among friends, has a value."

Foote and Macklin

One night, when Macklin was formally preparing to begin a lecture, hearing Foote rattling away at the lower end of the room, and thinking to silence him at once, he called out in his sarcastic manner, "Pray, young gentleman, do you know what I am going to say?"

"No, sir," said Foote quickly: "do you?"

Baron Newman

This celebrated gambler (well known about town thirty years ago by the title of the left-handed Baron), being detected in the rooms at Bath in the act of secreting a card, the company in the warmth of their resentment threw him out of the window of a one-pair-of-stairs room, where they were playing. The Baron, meeting Foote some time afterward, loudly complained of this usage, and asked him what he should do to repair his injured honor.

"Do?" said the wit; "why, 'tis a plain case: never play so high again as long as you live."

Mrs. Abington

When Mrs. Abington returned from her very first successful trip to Ireland, Foote wished to engage her for his summer theatre; but in the mean time Garrick secured her for Drury Lane. Foote, on hearing this, asked her why she gave Garrick the preference.

"I don't know how it was," said she: "he talked me over by telling me that he would make me immortal, so that I did not know how to refuse him."

"Oh! did he so? Then I'll soon outbid him that way; for come to me and I will give you two pounds a week more, and charge you nothing for immortality."

Garlic-Eaters

Laughing at the imbecilities of a common friend one day, somebody observed, "It was very surprising; and Tom D—— knew him very well, and thought him far from being a fool."

"Ah, poor Tom!" said Foote, "he is like one of those people who eat garlic themselves, and therefore can't smell it in a companion."

Mode of Burying Attorneys in London

A gentleman in the country, who had just buried a rich relation who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who happened to be on a visit with him, of the very great expense of a country funeral in respect to carriages, hat-bands, scarves, etc.

"Why, do you bury your attorneys here?" asked Foote gravely.

"Yes, to be sure we do; how else?"

"Oh, we never do that in London."

"No?" said the other much surprised, "how do you manage?"

"Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off."

"Indeed!" said the other in amazement; "what becomes of him?"

"Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is, that there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

Dining Badly

Foote, returning from dinner with a lord of the admiralty, was met by a friend, who asked him what sort of a day he had had. "Very indifferent indeed; bad company and a worse dinner."

"I wonder at that," said the other, "as I thought the admiral a good jolly fellow."

"Why, as to that, he may be a good sea lord, but take it from me, he is a very bad landlord."

Dibble Davis

Dibble Davis, one of Foote's butts-in-ordinary, dining with him one day at North-end, observed that "well as he loved porter, he could never drink it without a head."

"That must be a mistake, Dibble," returned his host, "as you have done so to my knowledge alone these twenty years."

An Extraordinary Case

Being at the levee of Lord Townsend, when that nobleman was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he thought he saw a person in his Excellency's suite whom he had known to have lived many years a life of expediency in London. To convince himself of the fact, he asked his Excellency who it was.

"That is Mr. T——, one of my gentlemen at large," was the answer. "Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes! perfectly well," said Foote, "and what your Excellency tells me is doubly extraordinary: first, that he is a gentleman; and next, that he is at large."

Mutability of the World

Being at dinner in a mixed company soon after the bankruptcy of one friend and the death of another, the conversation naturally turned on the mutability of the world. "Can you account for this?" said S——, a master builder, who happened to sit next to Foote. "Why, not very clearly," said the other; "except we could suppose the world was built by contract."

An Appropriate Motto

During one of Foote's trips to Dublin, he was much solicited by a silly young man of fashion to assist him in a miscellany of poems and essays which he was about to publish; but when he asked to see the manuscript, the other told him "that at present he had only conceived the different subjects, but had put none of them to paper."

"Oh! if that be the state of the case," replied Foote, "I will give you a motto from Milton for the work in its present state:

'Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.'"

Real Friendship

A young gentleman, making an apology to his father for coming late to dinner, said "that he had been visiting a poor friend of his in St. George's Fields." "Ah! a pretty kind of friend indeed," says the father, "to keep us waiting for dinner in this manner."

"Aye, and for the best kind, too," said Foote: "as you know, my dear sir, a friend in need is a friend indeed."

Anecdote of an Author

An author was boasting that as a reviewer he had the power of distributing literary reputations as he liked. "Take care," said Foote, "you are not too prodigal of that, or you may leave none for yourself."

Dr. Blair

When Foote first heard of Dr. Blair's writing 'Notes on Ossian' (a work the reality of which has always been much doubted), he observed, "The publishers ought to allow a great discount to the purchaser, as the notes required such a stretch of credit."

Advice to a Dramatic Writer

A dull dramatic writer, who had often felt the severity of the public, was complaining one day to Foote of the injustice done him by the critics; but added, "I have, however, one way of being even with them, by constantly laughing at all they say."

"You do perfectly right, my friend," said Foote; "for by this method you will not only disappoint your enemies, but lead the merriest life of any man in England."

The Grafton Ministry

A gentleman coming into the Cocoa-Tree one morning during the Duke of Grafton's administration, was observing "that he was afraid the poor ministry were at their wits' end."

"Well, if it should be so," said Foote, "what reason have they to complain of so short a journey?"

JOHN FORD

(1586–?)

HE dramatic genius of the English Renaissance had well-nigh spent itself when the sombre creations of John Ford appeared upon a stage over which the clouds of the Civil War were fast gathering. He was born in 1586; entered the Middle Temple in 1602; after 1641 he is swallowed up in the turmoil of the time. The few scattered records of his life add nothing to, nor do they take anything from, the John Ford of ‹The Broken Heart› and ‹Perkin Warbeck.›

Coming after Shakespeare, Webster, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Jonson, Ford's work naturally owes much to these masters. In stage presentation, in themes, and in types of character, he follows the established traditions of the Elizabethan drama. Like many of his predecessors, his main theme was romantic love, but Ford was predisposed to abnormal or exaggerated forms of human experience. He breaks through the moral order, in his love for the eccentricities of passion. He weaves the spell of his genius around strange sins.

His dramas are singularly uneven. ‹The Lady's Trial,› ‹The Fancies Chaste and Noble,› ‹The Sun's Darling› (written in conjunction with Dekker), are scarce worthy of passing notice. They leave but a pale impression upon the mind. In ‹Perkin Warbeck,› the one historical play of Ford, he exhibits his mastery over straightforward, sinewy verse. ‹The Witch of Edmonton,› of which he wrote only a part, gives a signal example of his modern style and spirit. In ‹The Lover's Melancholy› a quiet beauty rests upon the famous scene in which Parthenophil strives with the nightingale for the prize of music. The three plays which reveal Ford as an original and extraordinary genius are ‹The Broken Heart,› ‹Love's Sacrifice,› and ‹'Tis Pity She's a Whore.›

The problems of despair which Ford propounds but never solves, form the plot of ‹The Broken Heart›; Calantha, Ithocles, Penthea, Orgilus, are wan types of the passive suffering which numbs the soul to death. Charles Lamb has eulogized the final scene of this drama. To other critics, the self-possession of Calantha savors of the theatrical. The scene between Penthea and her brother Ithocles, who had forced her to marry Bassanes though she loved Orgilus, is replete with the tenderness, the sense of subdued anguish, of which Ford was a master. His love of «passion at war with circumstance» again finds

expression in ‹Love's Sacrifice,› a drama of moral confusions. In ‹'Tis Pity,› with its story of incest, Ford's moral confusion and imaginative power are both at their greatest.

In his plays on the abnormalities of romantic love, the moral contraction heightens the intensity of passion, which in his conception of it has always its ancient significance of suffering. His comic scenes are contemptible. He is at his greatest when dealing with the subtleties of the human heart. Through him we enter into the darker zones of the soul; we apprehend its remoter sufferings. Confusion of spiritual vision, blended with the tyranny of passion, produce his greatest scenes. His are the tragedies of «unfulfilled desire.»

The verse of Ford at its best has a complex and beautiful melody. There is a subtle music in his lines which haunts the memory.

«Parthenophil is lost, and I would see him;
For he is like to something I remember,
A great while since, a long, long time ago.»

FROM 'PERKIN WARBECK'

[Perkin Warbeck and his followers are presented to King Henry VII. by Lord Dawbeny as prisoners.]

DAWBENY — Life to the King, and safety fix his throne.
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow
Of Majesty, but in effect a substance
Of pity; a young man, in nothing grown
To ripeness, but th' ambition of your mercy;
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder!

King Henry — Dawbeny,
We observe no wonder; I behold ('tis true)
An ornament of nature, fine and polished,
A handsome youth, indeed, but not admire him.
How come he to thy hands?

Dawbeny — From sanctuary.
At Bewley, near Southampton; registered,
With these few followers, for persons privileged.

King Henry —
I must not thank you, sir! you were to blame
To infringe the liberty of houses sacred;
Dare we be irreligious?

Dawbeny — Gracious lord!
They voluntarily resigned themselves,
Without compulsion.

King Henry— So? 'twas very well
'Twas very well. Turn now thine eyes,
Young man! upon thyself and thy past actions:
What revels in combustion through our kingdom
A frenzy of aspiring youth has danced;
Till wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt
To break thy neck.

Warbeck— But not my heart; my heart
Will mount till every drop of blood be frozen
By death's perpetual winter. If the sun
Of Majesty be darkened, let the sun
Of life be hid from me, in an eclipse
Lasting and universal. Sir, remember
There was a shooting in of light when Richmond
(Not aiming at the crown) retired, and gladly,
For comfort to the Duke of Bretagne's court.
Richard, who swayed the sceptre, was reputed
A tyrant then; yet then, a dawning glimmer'd
To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day
When first they ventur'd on a frightful shore
At Milford Haven.

Dawbeny— Whither speeds his boldness?
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

King Henry— Oh, let him range:
The player's on the stage still; 'tis his part:
He does but act. — What followed?

Warbeck— Bosworth Field:
Where at an instant, to the world's amazement,
A morn to Richmond and a night to Richard
Appear'd at once. The tale is soon applied:
Fate which crowned these attempts, when least assured,
Might have befriended others, like resolved.

King Henry—
A pretty gallant! thus your aunt of Burgundy,
Your duchess aunt, informed her nephew: so
The lesson, prompted, and well conned, was molded
Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,
Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

Warbeck— Truth in her pure simplicity wants art
To put a feigned blush on; scorn wears only
Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes
Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath; in such a court
Wisdom and gravity are proper robes
By which the sovereign is best distinguished
From zanies to his greatness.

King Henry— Sirrah, shift
Your antic pageantry, and now appear
In your own nature; or you'll taste the danger
Of fooling out of season.

Warbeck— I expect
No less than what severity calls justice,
And politicians safety; let such beg
As feed on alms: but if there can be mercy
In a protested enemy, then may it
Descend to these poor creatures whose engagements
To the bettering of their fortunes have incurred
A loss of all to them, if any charity
Flow from some noble orator; in death
I owe the fee of thankfulness.

King Henry— So brave?
What a bold knave is this!
We trifle time with follies.
Urswick, command the Dukeling and these fellows
To Digby, the Lieutenant of the Tower.

. . . . . .

Warbeck— Noble thoughts
Meet freedom in captivity: the Tower,
Our childhood's dreadful nursery!

King Henry—
Was ever so much impudence in forgery?
The custom, sure, of being styled a king
Hath fastened in his thought that he is such.

PENTHEA'S DYING SONG

From 'The Broken Heart'

O<sc>h</sc>, no more, no more,—too late;
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burnt out; no heat, no light
Now remains; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead; let lovers' eyes
Locked in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now Love dies;
Now Love dies—implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

FROM 'THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY'

Amethus and Menaphon

Menaphon — Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Temple, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and living private
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in.

Amethus —
I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature.

Menaphon —
I shall soon resolve ye.
A sound of music touched my ears, or rather
Indeed entranced my soul. As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge
To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard: I wondered too.

Amethus —
And so do I: good, on!

Menaphon — A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to: for a voice and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were than hope to hear again.

Amethus —
How did the rivals part?

Menaphon— You term them rightly;
For they were rivals, and their mistress harmony.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly
So many voluntaries and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amethus—
Now for the bird.

Menaphon— The bird, ordained to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds; which when her warbling throat
Failed in, for grief down dropped she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
That trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
Mine own unmanly weakness that made me
A fellow mourner with him.

Amethus— I believe thee.

Menaphon—
He looked upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and cried:—
"Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it;
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:" and in that sorrow,
As he was pushing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.

FRIEDRICH, BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ

(1777–1843)

THE romantic school had many false and erratic tendencies, but it produced some of the most fanciful and poetic creations of literature. Fouqué was called the Don Quixote of the Romanticists, and his early romances of chivalry were devoured by the public as quickly as they appeared. But his fame proved to be a passing fancy; and his later works scarcely found a publisher. This was owing partly to a change in public taste, and partly to his mannerisms. His descriptions often deteriorate into tediousness, and the narrative is broken by far-fetched digressions. He was so imbued with the spirit of chivalry that he became one-sided, and his scenes were always laid in "the chapel or the tilt-yard." Critics of his time speak of his mediæval romances as "full of sweet strength and lovely virtue." Others say "the heroes are almost absurd, and do not arouse enthusiasm." Heine asserts that Fouqué's laurel is genuine; Coleridge places him above Walter Scott; Thomas Carlyle compares him to Southey, and describes him as a man of genius, with little more than an ordinary share of talent. Fouqué was introduced to romanticism by Wilhelm von Schlegel, and drew his first inspiration from Cervantes. Whatever his shortcomings, it cannot be denied that he succeeded in catching the spirit of chivalry. His knights may be unreal and quixotic, but he delineates his characters with the irresistible touch of a poet, and his work displays noble thoughts and depth of feeling.

FOUQUÉ

Friedrich, Baron de la Motte Fouqué, was descended from a French family that had emigrated to Prussia, and his grandfather was a general under Frederick the Great. Fouqué was born at Brandenburg, February 12th, 1777, and was a thorough German at heart. He received a military education, and at the age of nineteen proved himself a brave soldier in the campaign of the Rhine. He served under the Duke of Weimar, and his friend and comrade in arms was the wonderfully gifted but unfortunate Heinrich von Kleist. He was obliged to resign on account of ill health, and withdrawing to his

estates he devoted himself to literary pursuits. Once again, however, in the exciting times of the war against Napoleon, his sword defended his country. He enlisted as a volunteer, and was afterwards honorably retired with the rank of major and decorated with the Order of St. John. One of his patriotic poems, 'Frisch auf zum Fröhlichen Jagen' (Come, rouse ye for the merry hunt), with reference to the rising against Napoleon, is still a popular song. In Halle, Fouqué delivered lectures on history and poetry which attracted much attention and admiration. In 1842 he was called to Berlin by Frederick William IV., but his literary efforts were at an end. He died in Berlin, January 23d, 1843.

At the beginning of this century, Fouqué was one of the most celebrated authors. At the present day, with a few brilliant exceptions, all of his plays, romances, and poems have been relegated to oblivion. There is one work, however, a gem in German literature, that has won for its author an enduring place in the memory of readers; and that is the charming and graceful narrative of 'Undine.' It affords an example of the writer's best style of production; it breathes the fresh fragrance of the woods, and is animated by the beautiful thought that peoples the sea and air with nymphs and spirits. With exquisite tenderness Fouqué portrays the beautiful character of Undine. At first her nature reflects all the capriciousness of the elements, then, gradually growing more human through her love, her soul expands and she becomes an ideal of womanly love, devotion, and unselfishness.

The real and unreal are so perfectly blended in this story, that the suffering of Undine excites deep sympathy. Undine, the foster-daughter of a good old fisherman and his wife, is a water nymph, and as such is born without a soul. The knight Huldbrand von Ringstetten is sent by Bertalda in quest of adventure, and riding through an enchanted forest he reaches the fisherman's hut, where he is detained by a storm. He falls in love with the laughing, wayward Undine, and marries her. At once the bewitching maiden gives up her wild pranks, grows gentle, and is devoted to the knight with all her heart; for through her marriage to a human being she receives a soul. Her uncle Kühleborn, a forest brook, tries to entice her back to her native element the sea.

The bridal couple go to their castle, where Bertalda joins them, doing much to disturb their happiness. Huldbrand, though he still loves his beautiful wife, cannot at times suppress an instinctive shudder, and he is attracted to Bertalda, whose nature is more akin to his own.

One day, while they are sailing on the Danube, Kühleborn manages to steal away a necklace with which Bertalda is playing in the

water. Undine richly compensates Bertalda for her loss by a much rarer gift, but Huldbrand angrily upbraids her for continuing to hold intercourse with her uncanny relatives. In tears she parts from him, and vanishes in the waves. The knight marries Bertalda, but on the wedding-day, Undine, deeply veiled, rises from the sea to claim her husband, and with a kiss she takes away his life.

Heine says of 'Undine':—

"A wondrous lovely poem. The genius of Poetry kissed slumbering Spring, and smiling he opened his eyes, and all the roses and the nightingales sang; and what the fragrant roses said and what the nightingales sang, our worthy Fouqué put into words and called it 'Undine.'"

THE MARRIAGE OF UNDINE

From 'Undine'

Before the nuptial ceremony, and during its performance, Undine had shown a modest gentleness and maidenly reserve; but it now seemed as if all the wayward freaks that effervesced within her burst forth with an extravagance only the more bold and unrestrained. She teased her bridegroom, her foster-parents, and even the priest, whom she had just now revered so highly, with all sorts of childish tricks; but when the ancient dame was about to reprove her too frolicsome spirit, the knight in a few words imposed silence upon her by speaking of Undine as his wife.

The knight was himself indeed just as little pleased with Undine's childish behavior as the rest; but all his looks and half-reproachful words were to no purpose. It is true, whenever the bride observed the dissatisfaction of her husband — and this occasionally happened — she became more quiet, and placed herself beside him, stroked his face with caressing fondness, whispered something smilingly in his ear, and in this manner smoothed the wrinkles that were gathering on his brow. But the moment after, some wild whim would make her resume her antic movements; and all went worse than before.

The priest then spoke in a kind although serious tone:—

"My fair young maiden, surely no one can look on you without pleasure; but remember betimes so to attune your soul, that it may produce a harmony ever in accordance with the soul of your wedded bridegroom."

"Soul!" cried Undine, with a laugh. "What you say has a remarkably pretty sound; and for most people, too, it may be a very instructive and profitable caution. But when a person has no soul at all, how, I pray you, can such attuning be then possible? And this in truth is just my condition."

The priest was much hurt, but continued silent in holy displeasure, and turned away his face from the maiden in sorrow. She went up to him, however, with the most winning sweetness, and said: —

"Nay, I entreat you, first listen to me, before you are angry with me; for your anger is painful to me, and you ought not to give pain to a creature that has not hurt you. Only have patience with me, and I will explain to you every word of what I meant."

It was evident that she had come to say something important; when she suddenly faltered as if seized with inward shuddering, and burst into a passion of tears. They were none of them able to understand the intenseness of her feelings; and with mingled emotions of fear and anxiety, they gazed on her in silence. Then wiping away her tears and looking earnestly at the priest, she at last said: —

"There must be something lovely, but at the same time something most awful, about a soul. In the name of God, holy man, were it not better that we never shared a gift so mysterious?"

Again she paused, and restrained her tears, as if waiting for an answer. All in the cottage had risen from their seats, and stepped back from her with horror. She, however, seemed to have eyes for no one but the holy man; an awful curiosity was painted on her features, which appeared terrible to the others.

"Heavily must the soul weigh down its possessor," she pursued, when no one returned her any answer — "very heavily! for already its approaching image overshadows me with anguish and mourning. And alas, I have till now been so merry and lighthearted!" and she burst into another flood of tears and covered her face with her veil.

The priest, going up to her with a solemn look, now addressed himself to her, and conjured her, by the name of God most holy, if any spirit of evil possessed her, to remove the light covering from her face. But she sank before him on her knees, and repeated after him every sacred expression he uttered, giving praise to God, and protesting that she "wished well to the whole world."

The priest then spoke to the knight: "Sir bridegroom, I leave you alone with her whom I have united to you in marriage. So far as I can discover there is nothing of evil in her, but assuredly much that is wonderful. What I recommend to you is prudence, love, and fidelity."

Thus speaking, he left the apartment; and the fisherman with his wife followed him, crossing themselves.

Undine had sunk upon her knees. She uncovered her face, and exclaimed, while she looked fearfully round upon Huldbrand, "Alas, you will now refuse to look upon me as your own; and I still have done nothing evil, poor unhappy child that I am!" She spoke these words with a look so infinitely sweet and touching, that her bridegroom forgot both the confession that had shocked and the mystery that had perplexed him; and hastening to her, he raised her in his arms. She smiled through her tears; and that smile was like the morning light playing upon a small stream. "You cannot desert me!" she whispered confidingly, and stroked the knight's cheeks with her little soft hands. He turned away from the frightful thoughts that still lurked in the recesses of his soul, and were persuading him that he had been married to a fairy, or some spiteful and mischievous being of the spirit world. Only the single question, and that almost unawares, escaped from his lips:—

"Dearest Undine, tell me this one thing: what was it you meant by 'spirits of earth' and 'Kühleborn,' when the priest stood knocking at the door?"

"Tales! mere tales of children!" answered Undine laughing, now quite restored to her wonted gayety. "I first frightened you with them, and you frightened me. This is the end of my story, and of our nuptial evening."

"Nay, not so," replied the enamored knight, extinguishing the tapers, and a thousand times kissing his beautiful and beloved bride; while, lighted by the moon that shone brightly through the windows, he bore her into their bridal apartment.

The fresh light of morning woke the young married pair: but Huldbrand lay lost in silent reflection. Whenever, during the night, he had fallen asleep, strange and horrible dreams of spectres had disturbed him; and these shapes, grinning at him by stealth, strove to disguise themselves as beautiful females; and from beautiful females they all at once assumed the appearance of dragons. And when he started up, aroused by the intrusion

of these hideous forms, the moonlight shone pale and cold before the windows without. He looked affrighted at Undine, in whose arms he had fallen asleep: and she was reposing in unaltered beauty and sweetness beside him. Then pressing her rosy lips with a light kiss, he again fell into a slumber, only to be awakened by new terrors.

When fully awake he had thought over this connection. He reproached himself for any doubt that could lead him into error in regard to his lovely wife. He also confessed to her his injustice; but she only gave him her fair hand, sighed deeply, and remained silent. Yet a glance of fervent tenderness, an expression of the soul beaming in her eyes, such as he had never witnessed there before, left him in undoubted assurance that Undine bore him no ill-will.

He then rose joyfully, and leaving her, went to the common apartment, where the inmates of the house had already met. The three were sitting round the hearth with an air of anxiety about them, as if they feared trusting themselves to raise their voice above a low, apprehensive undertone. The priest appeared to be praying in his inmost spirit, with a view to avert some fatal calamity. But when they observed the young husband come forth so cheerful, they dispelled the cloud that remained upon their brows: the old fisherman even began to laugh with the knight, till his aged wife herself could not help smiling with great good-humor.

Undine had in the mean time got ready, and now entered the room: all rose to meet her, but remained fixed in perfect admiration — she was so changed, and yet the same. The priest, with paternal affection beaming from his countenance, first went up to her; and as he raised his hand to pronounce a blessing, the beautiful bride sank on her knees before him with religious awe; she begged his pardon in terms both respectful and submissive for any foolish things she might have uttered the evening before, and entreated him with emotion to pray for the welfare of her soul. She then rose, kissed her foster-parents, and after thanking them for all the kindness they had shown her, said:

"Oh, I now feel in my inmost heart how much, how infinitely much, you have done for me, you dear, dear friends of my childhood!"

At first she was wholly unable to tear herself away from their affectionate caresses; but the moment she saw the good old

mother busy in getting breakfast, she went to the hearth, applied herself to cooking the food and putting it on the table, and would not suffer her to take the least share in the work.

She continued in this frame of spirit the whole day: calm, kind, attentive—half matronly and half girlish. The three who had been longest acquainted with her expected every instant to see her capricious spirit break out in some whimsical change or sportive vagary. But their fears were quite unnecessary. Undine continued as mild and gentle as an angel. The priest found it all but impossible to remove his eyes from her; and he often said to the bridegroom:—

"The bounty of Heaven, sir, through me its unworthy instrument, intrusted to you yesterday an invaluable treasure: cherish it as you ought, and it will promote your temporal and eternal welfare."

Toward evening Undine was hanging upon the knight's arm with lowly tenderness, while she drew him gently out before the door, where the setting sun shone richly over the fresh grass and upon the high slender boles of the trees. Her emotion was visible; the dew of sadness and love swam in her eyes, while a tender and fearful secret seemed to hover upon her lips, but was only made known by hardly breathed sighs. She led her husband farther and farther onward without speaking. When he asked her questions, she replied only with looks, in which, it is true, there appeared to be no immediate answer to his inquiries, but a whole heaven of love and timid devotion. Thus they reached the margin of the swollen forest stream, and the knight was astonished to see it gliding away with so gentle a murmuring of its waves, that no vestige of its former swell and wildness was now discernible.

"By morning it will be wholly drained off," said the beautiful wife, almost weeping, "and you will then be able to travel, without anything to hinder you, whithersoever you will."

"Not without you, dear Undine," replied the knight, laughing: "think only, were I disposed to leave you, both the Church and the spiritual powers, the emperor and the laws of the realm, would require the fugitive to be seized and restored to you."

All this depends on you—all depends on you," whispered his little companion half weeping and half smiling. "But I still feel sure that you will not leave me; I love you too deeply to fear that misery. Now bear me over to that little island which

lies before us. There shall the decision be made. I could easily, indeed, glide through that mere rippling of the water without your aid, but it is so sweet to lie in your arms; and should you determine to put me away, I shall have rested in them once more, . . . for the last time."

Huldbrand was so full of strange anxiety and emotion, that he knew not what answer to make her. He took her in his arms and carried her over, now first realizing the fact that this was the same little island from which he had borne her back to the old fisherman, the first night of his arrival. On the farther side he placed her upon the soft grass, and was throwing himself lovingly near his beautiful burden; but she said to him:—"Not here, but opposite me. I shall read my doom in your eyes, even before your lips pronounce it; now listen attentively to what I shall relate to you." And she began:—

"You must know, my own love, that there are beings in the elements which bear the strongest resemblance to the human race, and which at the same time but seldom become visible to you. The wonderful salamanders sparkle and sport amid the flames; deep in the earth the meagre and malicious gnomes pursue their revels; the forest spirits belong to the air, and wander in the woods; while in the seas, rivers, and streams live the widespread race of water spirits. These last, beneath resounding domes of crystal, through which the sky can shine with its sun and stars, inhabit a region of light and beauty; lofty coral-trees glow with blue and crimson fruits in their gardens; they walk over the pure sand of the sea, among exquisitely variegated shells, and amid whatever of beauty the old world possessed, such as the present is no more worthy to enjoy,—creations which the floods covered with their secret veils of silver; and now these noble monuments sparkle below, stately and solemn, and bedewed by the water, which loves them, and calls forth from their crevices delicate moss-flowers and enwreathing tufts of sedge.

"Now, the nation that dwell there are very fair and lovely to behold, for the most part more beautiful than human beings. Many a fisherman has been so fortunate as to catch a view of a delicate maiden of the waters, while she was floating and singing upon the deep. He would then spread far the fame of her beauty; and to such wonderful females men are wont to give the name of Undines.—But what need of saying more? You, my dear husband, now actually behold an Undine before you."

The knight would have persuaded himself that his lovely wife was under the influence of one of her odd whims, and that she was only amusing herself and him with her extravagant inventions. He wished it might be so. But with whatever emphasis he said this to himself, he still could not credit the hope for a moment: a strange shivering shot through his soul; unable to utter a word, he gazed upon the sweet speaker with a fixed eye. She shook her head in distress, sighed from her full heart, and then proceeded in the following manner:—

"We should be far superior to you, who are another race of the human family,—for we also call ourselves human beings, as we resemble them in form and features,—had we not one evil peculiar to ourselves. Both we and the beings I have mentioned as inhabiting the other elements vanish into air at death and go out of existence, spirit and body, so that no vestige of us remains; and when you hereafter awake to a purer state of being, we shall remain where sand and sparks and wind and waves remain. Thus, we have no souls; the element moves us, and again is obedient to our will while we live, though it scatters us like dust when we die; and as we have nothing to trouble us, we are as merry as nightingales, little gold-fishes, and other pretty children of nature.

"But all beings aspire to rise in the scale of existence higher than they are. It was therefore the wish of my father, who is a powerful water prince in the Mediterranean Sea, that his only daughter should become possessed of a soul, although she should have to endure many of the sufferings of those who share that gift.

"Now, the race to which I belong have no other means of obtaining a soul than by forming with an individual of your own the most intimate union of love. I am now possessed of a soul, and my soul thanks you, my best beloved, and never shall cease to thank you, if you do not render my whole future life miserable. For what will become of me, if you avoid and reject me? Still, I would not keep you as my own by artifice. And should you decide to cast me off, then do it now, and return alone to the shore. I will plunge into this brook, where my uncle will receive me; my uncle, who here in the forest, far removed from his other friends, passes his strange and solitary existence. But he is powerful, as well as revered and beloved by many great rivers; and as he brought me hither to the fisherman a light-hearted and laughing child, he will take me home to my

parents a woman, gifted with a soul, with power to love and to suffer.»

She was about to add something more, when Huldbrand with the most heartfelt tenderness and love clasped her in his arms, and again bore her back to the shore. There amid tears and kisses he first swore never to forsake his affectionate wife, and esteemed himself even more happy than Pygmalion, for whom Venus gave life to this beautiful statue, and thus changed it into a beloved wife. Supported by his arm, and in the confidence of affection, Undine returned to the cottage; and now she first realized with her whole heart how little cause she had for regretting what she had left — the crystal palaces of her mysterious father.

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF UNDINE

From ‹Undine›

Should I relate to you how passed the marriage feast at Castle Ringstetten, it would be as if you saw a heap of bright and pleasant things, but all overspread with a black mourning crape, through whose darkening veil their brilliancy would appear but a mockery of the nothingness of all earthly joys.

It was not that any spectral delusion disturbed the scene of festivity; for the castle, as we well know, had been secured against the mischief of the water spirits. But the knight, the fisherman, and all the guests were unable to banish the feeling that the chief personage of the feast was still wanting, and that this chief personage could be no other than the gentle and beloved Undine.

Whenever a door was heard to open, all eyes were involuntarily turned in that direction; and if it was nothing but the steward with new dishes, or the cup-bearer with a supply of wine of higher flavor than the last, they again looked down in sadness and disappointment, while the flashes of wit and merriment which had been passing at times from one to another were extinguished by tears of mournful remembrance.

The bride was the least thoughtful of the company, and therefore the most happy; but even to her it sometimes seemed strange that she should be sitting at the head of the table, wearing a green wreath and gold-embroidered robe, while Undine was lying a corpse, stiff and cold, at the bottom of the Danube, or carried

out by the current into the ocean. For ever since her father had suggested something of this sort, his words were continually sounding in her ear; and this day in particular, they would neither fade from her memory nor yield to other thoughts.

Evening had scarcely arrived when the company returned to their homes; not dismissed by the impatience of the bridegroom, as wedding parties are sometimes broken up, but constrained solely by heavy sadness and forebodings of evil. Bertalda retired with her maidens, and the knight with his attendants, to undress; but there was no gay laughing company of bridesmaids and bridesmen at this mournful festival.

Bertalda wished to awake more cheerful thoughts: she ordered her maidens to spread before her a brilliant set of jewels, a present from Huldbrand, together with rich apparel and veils, that she might select from among them the brightest and most beautiful for her dress in the morning. The attendants rejoiced at this opportunity of pouring forth good wishes and promises of happiness to their young mistress, and failed not to extol the beauty of the bride with the most glowing eloquence. This went on for a long time, until Bertalda at last, looking in a mirror, said with a sigh:—

"Ah, but do you not see plainly how freckled I am growing? Look here on the side of my neck."

They looked at the place and found the freckles indeed, as their fair mistress had said; but they called them mere beauty-spots, the faintest touches of the sun, such as would only heighten the whiteness of her delicate complexion. Bertalda shook her head, and still viewed them as a blemish.

"And I could remove them," she said at last, sighing. "But the castle fountain is covered, from which I formerly used to have that precious water, so purifying to the skin. Oh, had I this evening only a single flask of it!"

"Is that all?" cried an alert waiting-maid, laughing as she glided out of the apartment.

"She will not be so foolish," said Bertalda, well pleased and surprised, "as to cause the stone cover of the fountain to be taken off this very evening?" That instant they heard the tread of men already passing along the court-yard, and could see from the window where the officious maiden was leading them directly up to the fountain, and that they carried levers and other instruments on their shoulders.

"It is certainly my will," said Bertalda with a smile, "if it does not take them too long." And pleased with the thought that a word from her was now sufficient to accomplish what had formerly been refused with a painful reproof, she looked down upon their operations in the bright moonlit castle court.

The men raised the enormous stone with an effort; some one of the number indeed would occasionally sigh, when he recollected that they were destroying the work of their former beloved mistress. Their labor, however, was much lighter than they had expected. It seemed as if some power from within the fountain itself aided them in raising the stone.

"It appears," said the workmen to one another in astonishment, "as if the confined water had become a springing fountain." And the stone rose more and more, and almost without the assistance of the workpeople, rolled slowly down upon the pavement with a hollow sound. But an appearance from the opening of the fountain filled them with awe, as it rose like a white column of water; at first they imagined it really to be a fountain, until they perceived the rising form to be a pale female, veiled in white. She wept bitterly, raised her hands above her head, wringing them sadly as with slow and solemn step she moved toward the castle. The servants shrank back, and fled from the spring, while the bride, pale and motionless with horror, stood with her maidens at the window. When the figure had now come close beneath their room, it looked up to them sobbing, and Bertalda thought she recognized through the veil the pale features of Undine. But the mourning form passed on, sad, reluctant, and lingering, as if going to the place of execution. Bertalda screamed to her maids to call the knight; not one of them dared to stir from her place; and even the bride herself became again mute, as if trembling at the sound of her own voice.

While they continued standing at the window, motionless as statues, the mysterious wanderer had entered the castle, ascended the well-known stairs, and traversed the well-known halls, in silent tears. Alas, how differently had she once passed through these rooms!

The knight had in the mean time dismissed his attendants. Half undressed and in deep dejection, he was standing before a large mirror; a wax taper burned dimly beside him. At this moment some one tapped at his door very, very softly. Undine

had formerly tapped in this way, when she was playing some of her endearing wiles.

"It is all an illusion!" said he to himself. "I must to my nuptial bed."

"You must indeed, but to a cold one!" he heard a voice, choked with sobs, repeat from without; and then he saw in the mirror that the door of his room was slowly, slowly opened, and the white figure entered, and gently closed it behind her.

"They have opened the spring," said she in a low tone; "and now I am here, and you must die."

He felt in his failing breath that this must indeed be; but covering his eyes with his hands, he cried:—"Do not in my death-hour, do not make me mad with terror. If that veil conceals hideous features, do not lift it! Take my life, but let me not see you."

"Alas!" replied the pale figure, "will you not then look upon me once more? I am as fair now as when you wooed me on the island!"

"Oh, if it indeed were so," sighed Huldbrand, "and that I might die by a kiss from you!"

"Most willingly, my own love," said she. She threw back her veil; heavenly fair shone forth her pure countenance. Trembling with love and the awe of approaching death, the knight leant towards her. She kissed him with a holy kiss; but she relaxed not her hold, pressing him more closely in her arms, and weeping as if she would weep away her soul. Tears rushed into the knight's eyes, while a thrill both of bliss and agony shot through his heart, until he at last expired, sinking softly back from her fair arms upon the pillow of his couch a corpse.

"I have wept him to death!" said she to some domestics who met her in the ante-chamber; and passing through the terrified group, she went slowly out, and disappeared in the fountain.

SONG FROM 'MINSTREL LOVE'

OH WELCOME, Sir Bolt, to me!
And a welcome, Sir Arrow, to thee!
But wherefore such pride
In your swift airy ride?
You're but splints of the ashen tree.
When once on earth lying,
There's an end of your flying!
Lullaby! lullaby! lullaby!
But we freshly will wing you
And back again swing you,
And teach you to wend
To your Moorish friend.

Sir Bolt, you have oft been here;
And Sir Arrow, you've often flown near;
But still from pure haste
All your courage would waste
On the earth and the streamlet clear.
What! over all leaping,
In shame are you sleeping?
Lullaby! lullaby! lullaby!
Or if you smote one,
'Twas but darklingly done,
As the grain that winds fling
To the bird on the wing.

ANATOLE FRANCE

(1844–)

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

ANATOLE FRANCE stands in the front rank of contemporary French writers. He probably excels in more different fields than any other writer of to-day: in the essay and the novel, the short story and the *nouvelle*, in history, biography, autobiography of various kinds, reflective writing, satire, and criticism; he has also done notable work in poetry and in the lighter and briefer forms of the drama.

He is complex and full of contradictions, yet direct, simple, and sincere. He combines cynicism and human sympathy, irony and pity, intellect and sensuality, mordant satire and generosity of judgment. He is a dilettante, yet a scholar; a skeptic, yet always ready to do battle for causes that he passionately believes in.

As a writer, he is of the direct lineage of Rabelais and Montaigne, of Molière and Pascal, of Voltaire and Musset; yet he is more modern than any adherent of the passing «schools,» and nearer to to-morrow than any futurist. His style is finished, artistic, almost self-conscious; but it is one of the most clear and natural styles ever written, even in France. His ideas and personality, never for a moment absent or even subordinated in his work, are always interesting, and almost always admirable.

He was born at Paris, April 16th, 1844. His father, Noël-France Thibault, had him christened Jacques-Anatole. The pen name, Anatole France, is therefore not, as has often been supposed, a somewhat pretentious attempt to identify himself with the character and spirit of the French nation (though his disciples may take it as accidentally symbolizing this identity), but a simple combination of part of his own given name with part of his father's. He got his early education in his father's book-shop on the Quai Voltaire, near the Institute of France; on the sidewalks along the Seine, lined with their boxes of second-hand books; and on the bridges, where he could loaf and watch those laziest things in life, the river and the fishermen. Like Stevenson, he has expressed the spirit of leisure through more than fifty industrious volumes, without being, like Stevenson, urged on by sentence of early death. His schooling was completed in the streets and cafés of the Latin Quarter; and in the Collège Stanislas, where a thorough general training of the mind, chiefly through the

medium of Latin, was still imposed upon all students, even the less industrious, to their lasting gratitude (see his essay ‹Pour le Latin,› in ‹La Vie littéraire,› Vol. i.). Later, he was employed in the Library of the Senate for a good many years, until his success as a writer made him independent. In 1895 he was made an Officer of the Legion of Honor, and in 1896 elected to the French Academy.

His first literary work of any importance was a study of Alfred de Vigny, published in 1868. Vigny's noble pessimism, his artistic conscientiousness, his strength and reserve, naturally appealed to the young man who was just learning his art as a poet under the influence of Leconte de Lisle and the Parnassians, and who was to spend fully ten years of his life in devotion to poetry of the school of art for art's sake. He published ‹Les Poèmes dorés› in 1873, and ‹Les Noces corinthiennes› (a poem in dramatic form, later played at the Odéon) in 1876. The preface of the second work gives a characteristic expression of some of his ideas:

«In this book,» he says, «I touch on great and delicate matters — matters of religion. I have dreamed over again the dream of faith; I have indulged in the illusion of a living belief. . . . I know there is no certitude except in science. . . . But it would be an unscientific idea to think that science can ever replace religion. So long as man shall suck the milk of his mother's breast, he will be consecrated in the temple and initiated into some divine mystery. He will dream dreams. And what matter though the dream be a lie, if only it is beautiful?»

The ‹Poèmes dorés› is dedicated to Leconte de Lisle. It gives us charming pictures, especially from classical antiquity, in finished verse; but has little substance or imaginative force. A characteristic line is the last one of ‹La Sagesse des Griffons,›

«Eternal vows of lips that live a day.»

His first important attempt in fiction was not published until he was thirty-five years old and was a small volume containing two *nouvelles:* ‹Jocasta,› and ‹The Famished Cat.› His first marked success, ‹The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard› (crowned by the French Academy), came in 1881. This was soon followed by ‹The Desires of Jean Servien,› 1882; and he was now fairly launched on his career as a writer of fiction. Important later works among those which most closely approach the novel as a type, were ‹Thaïs,› 1890, and ‹The Red Lily,› 1894. He also began during these years the series of half-autobiographical works of fiction, with one of the best of them, full of pictures from his own youth, ‹My Friend's Book,› 1885; and the series of sketches and stories, of which ‹Balthasar,› 1889, and ‹Mother of Pearl,› 1892, are important examples.

Meanwhile he had devoted himself even more assiduously to criticism, in which, probably without intending to do so, he founded a new school. The most important of his articles were collected into four volumes called ‹Life and Letters› (La Vie littéraire), published in 1888, 1890, 1891, and 1892. His theory, so far as he has one, is best expressed in the Prefaces of the first two volumes. He is against the old-fashioned types of criticism: the dogmatic, that would judge and classify; the technical — he avows by this time, in spite of his early verse, that he is not interested in technique; the historical, that studies a work of art as the expression of an epoch and a race; the biographical, that studies chiefly the individual behind the work; and every other type that could be called in any sense objective. Anatole France maintains, or rather suggests, that the critic should give only his own impressions and reactions in the presence of a work of art; and that, strive as he will, he can do nothing else but this, more or less frankly and vividly:

«There is no such thing as objective criticism, any more than there is objective art; those who flatter themselves that they can put anything but themselves into their work are dupes of the most false illusion. In truth, we can never get out of ourselves — that is our human fate. . . . We are all shut up in ourselves, as in an everlasting prison. The best thing for us to do, methinks, is to accept this frightful fact with the best grace possible, and admit that we are talking of ourselves whenever we have not the strength to keep silence.

«To be honest, the critic should say: ‹Gentlemen, I am going to talk to you about myself, à propos of Shakespeare, Racine, Pascal, or Goethe. They offer an excellent occasion for doing so.›»

And again:

«Criticism, as I understand it, is a kind of novel written for the delight of wide-awake and inquisitive minds; and every novel, if you understand it rightly, is an autobiography. The real critic is he who recounts the adventures of his soul among masterpieces.»

This summary of Anatole France's attitude and method in criticism expresses exactly his attitude toward life, and his method of treating his characters, in his later and most characteristic fiction. Apropos of his people and the events of their lives, he recounts his own opinions and the adventures of his soul. The stories are loosely constructed, and they often lack movement; but they have the unity of his own personality and ideas. No matter if they lead by wandering ways to no conclusion. He quotes with enthusiasm:

«Happy the man who, like Ulysses, has gone on wondrous journeys.»

This is what Anatole France himself has done in his later works of fiction. They are an Odyssey of the modern intellect.

Most important among them are the two series of books in which the Abbé Coignard and M. Bergeret, both representing Anatole France himself, play the leading rôles. The scene of the first series is laid in the early eighteenth century; it begins with ‹At the Sign of the Queen Pédauque› (La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque), and is continued in ‹The Opinions of M. Jérome Coignard› (Les Opinions de M. Jérome Coignard)), in the preface of which M. France gives a description of the Abbé Coignard, in phrases that are often applicable to himself:

«He despised men with loving kindness . . . It was his benevolence that made him satirize his fellowmen in their feelings, their philosophy, their science, and their institutions; for he wanted to show them that their childish nature has not imagined or built up anything that is worth attacking or defending very passionately. . . . The least developed of his faculties was the sense of veneration. . . . If we only judged each other with a charitable skepticism, quarrels would be less intense in this finest land on earth, and the teachings of Abbé Coignard would have contributed something to the universal good.»

Like the Abbé Coignard, Anatole France believes in virtue, but is tolerant of vice. In this he is the opposite of Rousseau, who was intolerant of vice (except his own) without having any real belief in virtue. The Abbé looks on at life, keen and humorous, cynical and pitying, almost always skeptical about men's motives, but always interested in them.

The second series deals with our own day, and has the general title ‹Contemporary History.› It consists of four volumes: ‹The Elm Tree on the Mall,› 1897; ‹The Wicker Dummy,› 1897; ‹The Amethyst Ring,› 1899; ‹M. Bergeret in Paris,› 1901. In this series are contained many of Anatole France's best satirical and ironical pictures of life, and many of his best sayings, usually put in the mouth of Monsieur Bergeret, the provincial professor, who is transferred to Paris at the middle point of the series. We have the intrigues of a university town, the ecclesiastical intrigues of various candidates for a certain bishopric, the political intrigues of clericals, anti-clericals, freethinking republicans, Catholic Jews, and financiers. In the last two volumes the Dreyfus case plays a large rôle. In connection with it, M. France abandons his characteristic attitude of suspended judgment, and comes out strongly on the side of the Dreyfusards. Political satire occupies a large part of the later works, and is at its best in ‹Penguin Island› (1908). The Penguins having been baptized by an overzealous missionary, God solves the difficult problem as to whether they have souls or not, by changing them into men. The history of this newly created human society contains many incidents suggestively characteristic of mediæval and modern Europe. Perhaps no better example of Anatole France's manner in political satire could be found than the following description of Draco the Great, hero of the Middle Ages:

«He carried fire indifferently over the territory of the enemy and his own domain; and he was wont to say, to explain his conduct: ‹War without burning is like tripe without mustard — it is insipid.› His justice was rigorous. When the peasants whom he had taken prisoner could not pay their ransom, he had them hanged on a tree; and if any unhappy woman came to beg his mercy on her penniless husband, he dragged her by the hair of her head at the tail of his horse. He lived like a soldier, free from effeminacy. It is a pleasure to acknowledge that his morals were pure.»

«Satire at the present day,» says Mr. Colby, «requires objects less remote than Jehovah, Heaven, and the angels.» Perhaps this is why M. France's religious satire, also continued throughout his work, and at its best in ‹The White Stone› (Sur la Pierre blanche) (1905), and ‹The Revolt of the Angels› (1914), is not quite so effective as the political. Perhaps it is, as Mr. Colby suggests, a bit too obvious. Yet it is expressed with as much engaging irony as any of his ideas. Professor Stuart Sherman has summarized this part of his work in a dozen words: «A late, unpersecuted Voltaire, he would gently laugh Jehovah out of Paradise.» He takes Montaigne's motto: «Que scais-je?» and Montaigne's method of being irrefutable because, while he affirms nothing, he likewise denies nothing. He simply asks questions. And, like Voltaire, he makes amusing and suggestive comparisons, and tells clever stories. He is unlike Voltaire, in that he takes an interested delight in all the phenomena of religion and superstition. One of his best characters is Bergeret's little dog, Riquet, whose reflections often take a theological turn, and make a deity out of his master, the insignificant old Professor:

«My master keeps me warm when I lie behind him in his arm-chair. That is because he is a god. . . . I love my master, Bergeret, because he is terrible and powerful. . . .»

«I speak when I choose. From my master's mouth, too, issue sounds which have a kind of meaning. But their meaning is less plain than that which I express with my voice. Everything uttered by my voice means something. But from my master's mouth comes much senseless noise. . . . It is difficult, but necessary, to define the thought of the master. . . .

«An action for which one is thrashed is a bad action. An action for which one is caressed or given something to eat is a good action.

«O my master, Bergeret, God of slaughter, I adore thee. Praised be thou when thou art terrible, praised when thou art gracious! Great art thou and beautiful when, seated at thy spread table, thou devourest abundant meats. Great art thou and beautiful when, bringing forth fire from a tiny stick of wood, thou changest night into day.»

Some of Riquet's reflections might possibly apply to the methods of modern science in the presence of nature, as well as to those of primitive religion:

«There are carriages which horses draw in the streets. They are terrible. There are also carriages which move of themselves, snorting loudly. These, too, are full of malice.

«Men, animals, and stones grow larger as they approach me, and become enormous when they are quite close. It is not so with me. I remain the same size wherever I am.»

This last may be contrasted with Bergeret's own reflections upon the unfaithfulness of his wife:

«‹No doubt,› he said to himself, ‹this event is commonplace and of small importance, but since I am of small importance myself in the world of common humanity, I am proportioned to it; and I have a right to think it of importance to me, and not to be ashamed of the pain it causes me.›»

Some of Anatole France's satire is ephemeral — the more so, the more it is successful. Many of his works will, like Voltaire's (he would hardly be displeased with this comparison) be little read in future just because they are so successful in their immediate effectiveness. But much, especially of the social satire, is permanently true. Its peculiar irony is inimitable. Here are two more examples of it, quoted by Brandes:

«She was the widow of four husbands, a dreadful woman, suspected of everything except of having loved — consequently, honored and respected.»

«The law, in its majestic impartiality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread.»

Since the Dreyfus case, Anatole France has been an active political worker, an effective speaker, and even a partisan socialist. He published two volumes of ‹Opinions sociales› in 1902 (the second volume containing his most important writings on the famous «case»), and in 1906, three volumes of addresses entitled ‹Pour le Prolétariat.› Another important volume in this field is ‹Vers les Temps meilleurs› (1908). An especially successful bit of social propaganda is one of his stories, ‹Crainquebille› (1903), later rewritten as a play. It tells how a worthy huckster, waiting in the street for his money from a customer, is ordered by a policeman to «move on.» Trying to explain, he is arrested for resisting authority and using an insulting phrase to the police. Under the blight of having been in prison, he goes rapidly down hill, until the only chance of saving himself from starvation and freezing is to get arrested again. But now, when from the gutter he deliberately throws at the nearest policeman the same insulting phrase he was accused of using before, the representative of law and order merely shrugs his shoulders and indifferently tells him to behave himself.

As a play, ‹Crainquebille› was successful through its bald simplicity and tragic force. Two other brief plays by Anatole France have

proved available for the stage. ‹As Luck Will Have It› (Au petit Bonheur), 1898, is a light and delicate trifle in the style of Musset's ‹Proverbs,› and perhaps the best thing of the kind since Musset, which is saying much. ‹The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife› (La Comédie de celui qui épousa une femme muette) was first written merely to entertain the Society of Rabelaisian Studies for part of an evening at one of their meetings. But it succeeded so well that it was at once taken up by a regular theatre, the Porte-Saint-Martin, in the spring of 1912, and again at the Théâtre de la Renaissance in the autumn. As produced in English by Mr. Granville Barker, it ran through the seasons of 1915 and 1916 in America, and that of 1917 in London. Founded on Rabelais's brief description of a mediæval play which is lost — or perhaps never existed — it reproduces perfectly the tone, spirit, and method of mediæval farce, though the substance of its satire is thoroughly up-to-date, dealing as it does with such subjects as the high cost of living, the servant problem, the tendency to extravagance, the fashions of to-day and to-morrow, the wisdom and the pretensions to wisdom of the medical profession, the loquacity of the ladies, and so on. It is remarkable how much he has got into the brief space of two short acts.

At least two others must be mentioned among the sixty or seventy titles of his works. His ‹Life of Jeanne d'Arc› (1908, two volumes) satisfied neither the religious nor the rationalistic conceptions of The Maid, and is perhaps all the better for that. It pictures her as neither inspired nor charlatan, but nobly deluded; as neither a great leader nor (as Monsieur Bergeret once called her) just a sort of military mascot; but very human, simple, and true — in short, such a simple paradoxical nature as Anatole France himself could best understand and picture. And in this case his work is that of a thorough historical student, carefully documented.

At the beginning of the War, in 1914, Monsieur France, though past seventy years old, volunteered for active service at the front, and did his utmost to compel the Government to accept him, but without success. The Government of course was right — he has done better service in his own capacity as a writer. ‹The Path of Glory› (Sur la Voie glorieuse), published in 1915, has not even a touch of his habitual irony, except in one clever passage where he adapts some fragments from Herodotus to the events of to-day. It is written throughout with conviction and with eloquence.

Some critics, notably Brandes, have found in the career of Anatole France a complete transformation, beginning with the Dreyfus case, from a skeptical poseur and egotist, to the passionate advocate of a cause. I doubt if this is the true explanation of those contradictions which seem so prominent in his work. The contradictions are there; but they are there throughout his career. He is from the beginning a

sincere worshiper of art and beauty, and even of the religious idealism hidden under theological and ecclesiastical systems. He has always been a devotee of the French national genius and its most characteristic manifestations in literature and art and life, though not always an admirer of the nation's politicians, or its army leaders, or its accepted church. Always there has been present the charity in his skepticism, the pity in his irony, the humanity in his satire. His own works have been just what he calls ‹Don Quixote› and ‹Candide,› in a striking passage in ‹The Garden of Epicurus› — «Manuals of indulgence and pity, Bibles of good will.» His religion of humanity develops steadily throughout his life, as he grows to know men better; which is perhaps something to the credit of one who sees with steadily increasing clearness the errors and weakness and pettiness of mankind. And of his two latest works, published within a year of each other, one is the most skeptical and ironical of them all, ‹The Revolt of the Angels,› and the other, ‹The Path of Glory,› carries the least of irony and the most of conviction.

Perhaps after all the mystery of the contradictions is not so great, and the solution is his simple and complete self-expression. He has a skeptical intellect and a believing heart; joyous senses and an active will. He refuses to mutilate himself by lopping off any part of his being; he even refuses to subordinate any part, like lesser men, for the sake of consistency. Nothing could be more simple, or more sincere. And he has an ironic smile, or sometimes a hearty laugh, at the critics who try so hard to explain his complexities, reconcile his contradictions, and pluck out the heart of his deep-hidden mystery. He said in the Preface to his first volume of criticism: «You will find in my work perfect sincerity, plentiful charity, and a natural liking for the beautiful and the good»; and in the Preface to the second volume (written in 1889):

«They tell me that after having proclaimed the principle of philosophic doubt, at the very next minute I abandon the sublime detachment of the philosopher, to cast myself into the vortex of joy and pain, of love and hate. . . . But you must allow to poor weak man the privilege of not always bringing his principles and his feelings into perfect accord. You must let everyone have at least two or three philosophies. For unless you have created it yourself, there is no reason for thinking that any one is the only true one. . . . What people have cared for in me is no doubt my sincerity. Anyone can win interest and liking, on the condition of being absolutely genuine. It is by giving myself completely that I have won unknown friends.»

Anatole France has always, when convinced, had the courage of his convictions. He has also, on occasion, had the courage of his lack of convictions, and this, because it is rarer and more difficult, has made a much more vivid impression during most of his career.

He has been called, rightly enough, a master in disillusion. But he is also a master in illusion, and in conviction.

Bibliographical Note. — The best translations of Anatole France in English are all published by the John Lane Co., in a series of about thirty volumes which now includes practically all of his important works. Notable among these is a translation of ‹The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard,› an early work by Lafcadio Hearn done while he was in America.

There are essays on Anatole France by A. Thorold, in ‹Six Masters of Disillusion,› Dutton, 1909; Winifred Stephens, ‹French Novelists of To-day,› Lane, 1908; James Huneker, ‹Egoists,› Scribners, 1909; Brander Matthews, ‹Gateways to Literature,› 1912; and Bradford Torrey, ‹Friends on the Shelf,› Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1906. There are two volumes on his work available in English: George Brandes, Anatole France, McClure, ‹Contemporary Men of Letters Series,› 1908; W. L. George, Anatole France, Henry Holt & Co., ‹Writers of To-day,› 1915. Both of these are hardly more than extended essays, but excellent. The most important full studies are: G. Michaut, ‹Anatole France, étude psychologique,› Paris, 1913; and a volume by Professor L. Piaget Shanks of the University of Pennsylvania, soon to be published.

See also: C. H. C. Wright ‹History of French Literature›; Stapfer, ‹Humour et Humoristes,› Paris, 1916; Andrew Lang, in the Fortnightly Review, June, 1908 (on the ‹Life of Joan of Arc›); Professor H. S. Canby, in the Dial, December 16th, 1910; Professor S. P. Sherman, in the Nation, July 29th, 1909; and F. T. Cooper, in the Forum, September, 1908.

IN THE GARDENS

From ‹The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard.› Copyright, 1890, by Harper & Brothers

April 16.

St. Droctoveus and the early abbots of Saint-Germain-des-Prés have been occupying me for the past forty years; but I do not know whether I shall be able to write their history before I go to join them. It is already quite a long time since I became an old man. One day last year, on the Pont des Arts, one of my fellow-members at the Institute was lamenting before me over the *ennui* of becoming old.

"Still," Sainte-Beuve replied to him, "it is the only way that has yet been found of living a long time."

I have tried this way, and I know just what it is worth. The trouble of it is not that one lasts too long, but that one sees all about him pass away — mother, wife, friends, children. Nature makes and unmakes all these divine treasures with gloomy indifference, and at last we find that we have not loved,— we have only been embracing shadows. But how sweet some shadows are! If ever creature glided like a shadow through the life of a man, it was certainly that young girl whom I fell in love with when — incredible though it now seems — I was myself a youth.

A Christian sarcophagus from the catacombs of Rome bears a formula of imprecation, the whole terrible meaning of which I only learned with time. It says: — "*Whatsoever impious man violates this sepulchre, may he die the last of his own people!*" In my capacity of archæologist I have opened tombs and disturbed ashes, in order to collect the shreds of apparel, metal ornaments, or gems that were mingled with those ashes. But I did it only through that scientific curiosity which does not exclude the feelings of reverence and of piety. May that malediction graven by some one of the first followers of the Apostles upon a martyr's tomb never fall upon me! I ought not to fear to survive my own people so long as there are men in the world; for there are always some whom one can love.

But the power of love itself weakens and gradually becomes lost with age, like all the other energies of man. Example proves it; and it is this which terrifies me. Am I sure that I have not myself already suffered this great loss? I should surely have felt it, but for the happy meeting which has rejuvenated me. Poets speak of the Fountain of Youth: it does exist; it gushes up from the earth at every step we take. And one passes by without drinking of it!

The young girl I loved, married of her own choice to a rival, passed, all gray-haired, into the eternal rest. I have found her daughter — so that my life, which before seemed to me without utility, now once more finds a purpose and a reason for being.

To-day I "take the sun," as they say in Provence; I take it on the terrace of the Luxembourg, at the foot of the statue of Marguerite de Navarre. It is a spring sun, intoxicating as young wine. I sit and dream. My thoughts escape from my head like the foam from a bottle of beer. They are light, and their fizzing amuses me. I dream; such a pastime is certainly permissible to an old fellow who has published thirty volumes of texts, and

contributed to the Journal des Savants for twenty-six years. I have the satisfaction of feeling that I performed my task as well as it was possible for me, and that I utilized to their fullest extent those mediocre faculties with which nature endowed me. My efforts were not all in vain, and I have contributed, in my own modest way, to that renaissance of historical labors which will remain the honor of this restless century. I shall certainly be counted among those ten or twelve who revealed to France her own literary antiquities. My publication of the poetical works of Gautier de Coincy inaugurated a judicious system and made a date. It is in the austere calm of old age that I decree to myself this deserved credit, and God, who sees my heart, knows whether pride or vanity have aught to do with this self-award of justice.

But I am tired; my eyes are dim; my hand trembles, and I see an image of myself in those old men of Homer, whose weakness excluded them from the battle, and who, seated upon the ramparts, lifted up their voices like crickets among the leaves.

So my thoughts were wandering, when three young men seated themselves near me. I do not know whether each one of them had come in three boats, like the monkey of La Fontaine, but the three certainly displayed themselves over the space of twelve chairs. I took pleasure in watching them, not because they had anything very extraordinary about them, but because I discerned in them that brave joyous manner which is natural to youth. They were from the schools. I was less assured of it by the books they were carrying than by the character of their physiognomy. For all who busy themselves with the things of the mind can be at once recognized by an indescribable something which is common to all of them. I am very fond of young people; and these pleased me, in spite of a certain provoking wild manner which recalled to me my own college days with marvelous vividness. But they did not wear velvet doublets and long hair, as we used to do; they did not walk about, as we used to do, with a death's-head; they did not cry out, as we used to do, "Hell and malediction!" They were quite properly dressed, and neither their costume nor their language had anything suggestive of the Middle Ages. I must also add that they paid considerable attention to the women passing on the terrace, and expressed their admiration of some of them in very animated language. But their reflections, even on this subject, were not of a character to

oblige me to flee from my seat. Besides, so long as youth is studious, I think it has a right to its gayeties.

One of them having made some gallant pleasantry which I forget, the smallest and darkest of the three exclaimed, with a slight Gascon accent:—

«What a thing to say! Only physiologists like us have any right to occupy ourselves about living matter. As for you, Gélis, who only live in the past,—like all your fellow archivists and paleographers,—you will do better to confine yourself to those stone women over there, who are your contemporaries.»

And he pointed to the statues of the Ladies of Ancient France which towered up, all white, in a half-circle under the trees of the terrace. This joke, though in itself trifling, enabled me to know that the young man called Gélis was a student at the École des Chartes. From the conversation which followed I was able to learn that his neighbor, blond and wan almost to diaphaneity, taciturn and sarcastic, was Boulmier, a fellow-student. Gélis and the future doctor (I hope he will become one some day) discoursed together with much fantasy and spirit. In the midst of the loftiest speculations they would play upon words, and make jokes after the peculiar fashion of really witty persons—that is to say, in a style of enormous absurdity. I need hardly say, I suppose, that they only deigned to maintain the most monstrous kind of paradoxes. They employed all their powers of imagination to make themselves as ludicrous as possible, and all their powers of reasoning to assert the contrary of common-sense. All the better for them! I do not like to see young folks too rational.

The student of medicine, after glancing at the title of the book that Boulmier held in his hand, exclaimed:—

«What!—you read Michelet—you?»

«Yes,» replied Boulmier very gravely. «I like novels.»

Gélis, who dominated both by his fine stature, imperious gestures, and ready wit, took the book, turned over a few pages rapidly, and said:—

«Michelet always had a great propensity to emotional tenderness. He wept sweet tears over Maillard, that nice little man who introduced *la paperasserie* into the September massacres. But as emotional tenderness leads to fury, he becomes all at once furious against the victims. There is no help for it. It is the sentimentality of the age. The assassin is pitied, but the victim

is considered quite unpardonable. In his later manner Michelet is more Michelet than ever before. There is no common-sense in it; it is simply wonderful! Neither art nor science, neither criticism nor narrative; only furies and fainting spells and epileptic fits over matters which he never deigns to explain. Childish outcries — *envies de femme grosse!* — and a style, my friends! — not a single finished phrase! It is astounding!"

And he handed the book back to his comrade. "This is amusing madness," I thought to myself, "and not quite so devoid of common-sense as it appears. This young man, though only playing, has sharply touched the defect in the cuirass."

But the Provençal student declared that history was a thoroughly despicable exercise of rhetoric. According to him, the only true history was the natural history of man. Michelet was in the right path when he came in contact with the fistula of Louis XIV., but he fell back into the old rut almost immediately afterwards.

After this judicious expression of opinion, the young physiologist went to join a party of passing friends. The two archivists, less well acquainted in the neighborhood of a garden so far from the Rue Paradis-aux-Marais, remained together, and began to chat about their studies. Gélis, who had completed his third class-year, was preparing a thesis, on the subject of which he expatiated with youthful enthusiasm. Indeed, I thought the subject a very good one, particularly because I had recently thought myself called upon to treat a notable part of it. It was the 'Monasticum Gallicanum.' The young erudite (I give him the name as a presage) wants to describe all the engravings made about 1690 for the work which Dom Michel Germain would have had printed, but for the one irremediable hindrance which is rarely foreseen and never avoided. Dom Michel Germain left his manuscript complete, however, and in good order when he died. Shall I be able to do as much with mine? — but that is not the present question. So far as I am able to understand, M. Gélis intends to devote a brief archæological notice to each of the abbeys pictured by the humble engravers of Dom Michel Germain.

His friend asked him whether he was acquainted with all the manuscripts and printed documents relating to the subject. It was then that I pricked up my ears. They spoke at first of original sources; and I must confess they did so in a satisfactory

manner, despite their innumerable and detestable puns. Then they began to speak about contemporary studies on the subject.

"Have you read," asked Boulmier, "the notice of Courajod?"

"Good!" I thought to myself.

"Yes," replied Gélis; "it is accurate."

"Have you read," said Boulmier, "the article by Tamisey de Larroque in the Revue des Questions Historiques?"

"Good!" I thought to myself, for the second time.

"Yes," replied Gélis, "it is full of things." . . .

"Have you read," said Boulmier, "the 'Tableau des Abbayes Bénédictines en 1600,' by Sylvestre Bonnard?"

"Good!" I said to myself, for the third time.

"*Ma foi!* no!" replied Gélis. "Bonnard is an idiot!"

Turning my head, I perceived that the shadow had reached the place where I was sitting. It was growing chilly, and I thought to myself what a fool I was to have remained sitting there, at the risk of getting the rheumatism, just to listen to the impertinence of those two young fellows!

"Well! well!" I said to myself as I got up. "Let this prattling fledgeling write his thesis, and sustain it! He will find my colleague Quicherat, or some other professor at the school, to show him what an ignoramus he is. I consider him neither more nor less than a rascal; and really, now that I come to think of it, what he said about Michelet awhile ago was quite insufferable, outrageous! To talk in that way about an old master replete with genius! It was simply abominable!"

CHILD-LIFE

From 'The Book of My Friend'

EVERYTHING in immortal nature is a miracle to the little child. I was happy. A thousand things at once familiar and mysterious filled my imagination, a thousand things which were nothing in themselves, but which made my life. It was very small, that life of mine; but it was a life — which is to say, the centre of all things, the kernel of the world. Do not smile at what I say, — or smile only in sympathy, and reflect: whoever lives, be it only a dog, is at the centre of all things.

Deciding to be a hermit and a saint, and to resign the good things of this world, I threw my toys out of the window.

"The child is a fool!" cried my father, closing the window. I felt anger and shame at hearing myself thus judged. But immediately I considered that my father, not being so holy as I, could never share with me the glory of the blessed, and this thought was for me a great consolation.

Every Saturday we were taken to confession. If any one will tell me why, he will greatly oblige me. The practice inspired me with both respect and weariness. I hardly think it probable that M. le Curé took a lively interest in hearing my sins; but it was certainly disagreeable to me to cite them to him. The first difficulty was to find them. You can perhaps believe me, when I declare that at ten years of age I did not possess the psychic qualities and the methods of analysis which would have made it possible rationally to explore my inmost conscience. Nevertheless it was necessary to have sins: for — no sins, no confession. I had been given, it is true, a little book which contained them all: I had only to choose. But the choice itself was difficult. There was so much obscurely said of "larceny, simony, prevarication"! I read in the little book, "I accuse myself of having despaired; I accuse myself of having listened to evil conversations." Even this furnished little wherewith to burden my conscience. Therefore ordinarily I confined myself to "distractions." Distractions during mass, distractions during meals, distractions in "religious assemblies," — I avowed all; yet the deplorable emptiness of my conscience filled me with deep shame. I was humiliated at having no sins. . . .

I will tell you what, each year, the stormy skies of autumn, the first dinners by lamplight, the yellowing leaves on the shivering trees, bring to my mind; I will tell you what I see as I cross the Luxembourg garden in the early October days — those sad and beautiful days when the leaves fall, one by one, on the white shoulders of the statues there.

What I see then is a little fellow who with his hands in his pockets is going to school, hopping along like a sparrow. I see him in thought only, for he is but a shadow, a shadow of the "me" as I was twenty-five years ago. Really, he interests me, — this little fellow. When he was living I gave him but little thought, but now that he is no more, I love him well. He was worth altogether more than the rest of the "me's" that I have been since. He was a happy-hearted boy as he crossed the Luxembourg garden in the fresh air of the morning. All that he saw then I see

to-day. It is the same sky, and the same earth; the same soul of things is here as before,—that soul that still makes me gay, or sad, or troubled: only *he* is no more! He was heedless enough, but he was not wicked; and in justice to him I must declare that he has not left me a single harsh memory. He was an innocent child that I have lost. It is natural that I should regret him; it is natural that I should see him in thought, and delight in recalling him to memory. . . .

Nothing is of more value for giving a child a knowledge of the great social machine than the life of the streets. He should see in the morning the milkwomen, the water carriers, the charcoal men; he should look in the shop windows of the grocer, the pork vender, and the wine-seller; he should watch the regiments pass, with the music of the band. In short, he should suck in the air of the streets, that he may learn that the law of labor is Divine, and that each man has his work to do in the world. . . .

Oh! ye sordid old Jews of the Rue Cherche-Midi, and you my masters, simple sellers of old books on the quays, what gratitude do I owe you! More and better than university professors, have you contributed to my intellectual life! You displayed before my ravished eyes the mysterious forms of the life of the past, and every sort of monument of precious human thought. In ferreting among your shelves, in contemplating your dusty display laden with the pathetic relics of our fathers and their noble thoughts, I have been penetrated with the most wholesome of philosophies. In studying the worm-eaten volumes, the rusty iron-work, the worn carvings of your stock, I experienced, child as I was, a profound realization of the fluent, changing nature of things and the nothingness of all, and I have been always since inclined to sadness, to gentleness, and pity.

The open-air school taught me, as you see, great lessons; but the home school was more profitable still. The family repast, so charming when the glasses are clear, the cloth white, and the faces tranquil,—the dinner of each day with its familiar talk,—gives to the child the taste for the humble and holy things of life, the love of loving. He eats day by day that blessed bread which the spiritual Father broke and gave to the pilgrims in the inn at Emmaus, and says, like them, "My heart is warmed within me." Ah! how good a school is the school of home! . . .

The little fellow of whom I spoke but just now to you, with a sympathy for which you pardon me, perhaps, reflecting that it is

not egotistic but is addressed only to a shadow,—the little fellow who crossed the Luxembourg garden, hopping like a sparrow,—became later an enthusiastic humanist.

I studied Homer. I saw Thetis rise like a white mist over the sea, I saw Nausicaa and her companions, and the palm-tree of Delos, and the sky, and the earth, and the sea, and the tearful smile of Andromache. I comprehended, I felt. For six months I lived in the Odyssey. This was the cause of numerous punishments: but what to me were *pensums?* I was with Ulysses on his violet sea. Alcestis and Antigone gave me more noble dreams than ever child had before. With my head swallowed up in the dictionary on my ink-stained desk, I saw divine forms,—ivory arms falling on white tunics,—and heard voices sweeter than the sweetest music, lamenting harmoniously.

This again cost me fresh punishments. They were just; I was "busying" myself "with things foreign to the class." Alas! the habit remains with me still. In whatever class in life I am put for the rest of my days, I fear yet, old as I am, to encounter again the reproach of my old professor: "Monsieur Pierre Nozière, you busy yourself with things foreign to the class."

. . . . . .

But the evening falls over the plane-trees of the Luxembourg, and the little phantom which I have evoked disappears in the shadow. Adieu! little "me" whom I have lost, whom I should forever regret, had I not found thee again, beautified, in my son!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature.'

FROM 'THE GARDEN OF EPICURUS'

IRONY and pity are two good counselors: the one, who smiles, makes life amiable; the other, who weeps, makes it sacred.

The Irony that I invoke is not cruel. She mocks neither love nor beauty. She is gentle and benevolent. Her smile calms anger, and it is she who teaches us to laugh at fools and sinners whom, but for her, we might be weak enough to hate.

WOMEN AND CHRISTIANITY

From (The Garden of Epicurus,) translated by Alfred Allinson. Copyright by John Lane Co., and reprinted by their permission.

CHRISTIANITY has done much for love by making a sin of it. The Church excludes woman from the priesthood; it fears her, and thereby shows how dangerous she is. It repeats with the Ecclesiast: «The arms of a woman are like the nets of the hunters, — *laqueus venatorum.*» It warns us not to put our hope in her: «Lean not upon a reed shaken in the wind, and put not your trust therein, for all flesh is grass, and the glory thereof passeth away like the flower of the fields.» It dreads the wiles of this pest of the human race: «All cunning is small beside the cunning of a woman's heart. *Brevis omnis malitia super malitiam mulieris.*» But by the very terror it betrays of her, it makes her strong and formidable.

To grasp the full significance of these maxims you must have lived with the mystics. You must have passed your childhood in a religious atmosphere. You must have gone into «retreat»; followed the observances of the Church. You must have read, at twelve years old, those little books of edification that reveal the supernatural world to simple souls. You must have known the story of St. Francis de Borgia gazing into the open coffin of Queen Isabella, or the apparition of the Abbess of Vermont to her daughters in Christ. The Abbess had died in the odor of sanctity, and the nuns, who had shared in her works of angelic piety, believing her in Heaven, were wont to invoke her in their prayers. But one day she appeared to them, with wan face and flames licking the border of her robe. «Pray for me,» she bade them; «in the days when I was alive, joining my hands in prayer, I thought what pretty hands they were. To-day I am expiating that sinful thought in the torments of Purgatory. Know, my daughters, the adorable goodness of God, and pray for me.» These little books of childish theology contain a thousand tales of the kind — tales that give purity too exalted a price not to add an infinite zest to carnal pleasures.

In consideration of their beauty, the Church made Aspasia, Laïs, and Cleopatra into demons, ladies of Hell. What glory for them! Why, a saint would have appreciated the compliment! The most modest and austere of womankind, who has no faintest wish to destroy any man's peace of mind, would fain have the power to destroy all men's. Her pride is flattered by the precautions the Church takes against her. When poor St. Antony shouts at her: «Begone, foul

beast!» his very alarm tickles her vanity deliciously. She is ravished to find herself more dangerous than she had ever suspected.

But never think too highly of yourselves, my sisters; you were not, at your first appearance in the world, perfect and fully armed. Your grandmothers of the days of the mammoth and the giant bear did not wield the same domination over the prehistoric hunters and cave men which you possess over us. You were useful then, and necessary, but you were not invincible. To tell the truth, in those far-off ages, and for long afterwards, you lacked charm. In those days you were like men, and men were like brutes. To make of you the fearful and wonderful thing you are to-day, to become the indifferent and sovereign cause of countless sacrifices and crimes, you still needed two things: Civilization, which gave you veils, and Religion, which gave you scruples. Since then your powers are perfected; you are now a mystery, and you are a sin. Men dream of you and lose their souls for you. You inspire longing and alarm; love's delirium has come into the world. Yes, it is an infallible instinct inclines you to piety. You are well advised to love Christianity. It has multiplied your puissance tenfold. Do you know St. Jerome? At Rome and in Asia you inspired him with such panic terror that he fled to escape you into a frightful desert. There he fed on roots, and the skin clung to his fleshless bones and was burnt black by the sun, yet he found you there also. His solitude was peopled with your phantoms, yet more alluring even than yourselves.

For it is a truth, only too well proven by the ascetics, that the dreams you excite are more seductive, if that is possible, than the realities you have in your power to offer. Jerome rejected with equal horror your presence and the remembrance of your presence. But in vain he gave himself up to fasts and prayers; you filled his life, from which he had expelled you, with hallucinations. Such was the power of woman over a Saint. I doubt if it is as great over an habitué of the Moulin-Rouge. Take heed your empire be not diminished along with men's belief in God; beware you do not lose a portion of your influence through ceasing to be a sin.

Candidly I do not think rationalism is good for you. In your place, I should not be overfond of the physiologists who are so indiscreet, who are so over ready to explain things to you, who say you are sick when we think you are inspired, and who attribute to the predominance of reflex actions your sublime potentialities for love and suffering. That is not the way they speak of you in the ‹Golden Legend›; «white dove,» «lily of purity,» «rose of love,» are the names

they give you there. Surely this is more agreeable than to be dubbed hysterical, cataleptic, subject to hallucinations, — as you are every day since science has ruled the roast.

Moreover, if I were one of you, I should cordially detest all those emancipators of the sex who are for making you into men's equals. They are urging you to take a false step. Fine promotion, to be sure, for you, to be as good as an attorney or a druggist! Take care, I say; already you have stripped off some particles of your mystery and fascination. All is not lost. Men still fight, and ruin and kill themselves for you; but the young fellows in tramcars leave you to stand on the platform while they sit snug inside. Your cult is declining along with other things once held sacrosanct.

LOVE AND HUNGER

From «The Garden of Epicurus,» translated by Alfred Allinson. Copyright by John Lane Co., and reprinted by their permission.

THERE is a little German book entitled, «Notes to Illustrate the Book of Life,» — the author's name Gerhard d'Amyntor, — containing much that is true, and consequently much that is sad. In it we see depicted the ordinary conditions of women's life. «It is in these daily cares that the mother of a family loses her buoyancy and strength, and is worn to the very marrow of her bones. The everlasting question, «What must we have for dinner to-day?» the constantly recurring necessity of sweeping floors, beating and brushing clothes, dusting furniture, all that is the never-ceasing drip-drip of the water-drop that slowly but surely breaks down mind as well as body in the long run. It is in front of the kitchen range that, by a cruel, commonplace magic, the pretty pink-and-white fairy, with her crystal laugh, is transformed into a smoke-dried and dismal-looking black mummy. On the sooty altar where the *pot-au-feu* simmers are sacrificed youth, freedom, beauty, joy!» Such, as near as may be, are Gerhard Amyntor's words.

This is indeed the lot of the vast majority of women. Life is hard for them, as it is for men. If we ask why existence in these days is so painful and laborious, the answer is, — it cannot well be otherwise on a planet where the indispensable necessities of living are so scarce, and involve such toils and difficulties to produce and procure. Causes so deep-seated, and which depend on the very conflagration of the earth, on its constitution, its flora and fauna, are, alas!

permanent and necessary. Work, with whatever fairness it may be repartitioned, will always weigh heavy on the major part of men and women; few of either sex can have leisure to develop their beauty and intellect under æsthetic conditions. Only Nature is to blame.

Meantime, what becomes of love? It fares as it may. Hunger is its great enemy. And it is an incontrovertible fact that women are hungry. It seems likely that in the twentieth, as in the nineteenth century, they will do the cooking, — unless, indeed, Socialism brings back the period when the hunters devoured their quarry while the flesh was still warm, and Venus coupled forest lovers in the wilds. Then woman was free. I am going to make a confession: If I had created man and woman, I should have framed them on a type widely different from that which has actually prevailed, — that of the higher mammifers. I should have made men and women, not to resemble the great apes as they do, but on the model of the insects which, after a lifetime as caterpillars, change into butterflies and for the brief final term of their existence have no other thought but to love and be lovely. I should have set youth at the end of the human span. Some insects, in their last metamorphosis, have wings and no stomach. They are reborn in this purified form only to love an hour and die.

If I were a god, or rather a *demiurge*, — for the Alexandrine philosophers teach that these minor works of creation are rather the business of the *demiurge*, or simply of some journeyman demon, — well, if I were *demiurge* or demon, it is these insects I should have chosen as models whereon to fashion mankind. I should have preferred man to accomplish, like them, in the preliminary *larva* stage the disgusting functions necessary to nutrition. In this phase, the sexes would not have been distinguished, and hunger would not have degraded love. Then I should have so arranged that, in a final metamorphosis, man and woman, unfurling glittering wings, lived awhile on dew and desire and died in a rapturous kiss. Thus I should have added love as a crown and recompense of their mortal existence. Yes, it would have been better so. However, I did not make the world, and the *demiurge* who undertook the task did not take advice from me, if he ever consulted the philosophers and men of parts at all.

MY CHILD'S BIBLE

A review of the second volume of Renan's ‹History of Israel.› From the second volume ‹On Life and Letters,› translated by A. W. Evans. Copyright by John Lane Co., and reprinted by their permission.

MUST I endeavor to give you the impression I experienced in reading this second volume of the ‹History of Israel›? Must I show you the state of my soul as I reflected over its pages? It is a class of criticism for which, as you know, I have only too great a leaning. Almost always, when I have said what I felt, I cannot think of anything else to say, and all my art consists in scribbling on the margins of books. A page which I turn over is like a torch that is brought to me, and around which immediately twenty butterflies escaped from my brain set themselves a-dancing. These butterflies are indiscreet, but what am I to do with them? When I drive them away, others take their places. And there is quite a choir of little winged beings, fair and golden as the day, or blue and sombre as the night, light and frail but unwearied, who flit about vying with each other, and who seem to murmur in the beating of their wings: «We are little Psyches; friend, do not drive us away with too harsh a gesture. An immortal spirit animates our ephemeral forms. See: we seek Eros, Eros, who is never found, Eros, the great secret of life and death.» And, in fact, it is always one of these tiny Psyches who makes my article for me. Heaven knows how she does it, but without her I should do it even worse still.

At this moment then, as I read in M. Renan's admirable volume about the reigns of David and Solomon, the schism of the tribes, the victory of the prophets, the agony and death of the Kingdom of Israel, as with linguistic and archæological science, with the memories of his travels in his mind, and above all with a divinatory sense of very ancient things, the historian recreates and shows me the nomad shepherd seeing Elohim in every mirage of the desert and wrestling for a whole night with one of those mysterious beings; as he restores for me the temple of Solomon, with its gateway in the Egyptian style, and its two columns of bronze with their capitals shaped like lotus leaves, its golden cherubim as monstrous as the Sphinx of Memphis or the man-faced bulls of Khorsabad, and all around, erected in the hills or hidden in the groves, the impure idolatry of the Phœnician temples, he traces for me across the ages the evolution of the religious feeling, changing among this singular people from the adoration of a fierce and jealous god to the worship of that divine providence whose

ideal it has finally imposed upon the world. During all this engaging and spirited history which interests me by its learning and enchants me by its exquisite art, what do you think my little winged hovering creatures, my little anxious Psyches, are doing? They are showing me my old Bible with its engravings, the Bible my mother gave me, the Bible which as a child I devoured even before I was able to read.

It was a good old Bible. It dated from the beginning of the seventeenth century; the illustrations were by a Dutch artist who had represented the Garden of Eden under the aspect of a landscape in the neighborhood of Amsterdam. The animals one saw there — all domestic animals — gave the impression of a very well kept farm and poultry yard. There were oxen, sheep, rabbits, and also a fine Brabant horse, well clipt, well-groomed, ready to be harnessed to a burgomaster's carriage. I don't speak of Eve, who was a dazzling example of Flemish beauty. She was a treasure wasted on me.

Noah's ark interested me more. I still see its round and ample hull surmounted by a plank cabin. O marvel of tradition! I had among my playthings a Noah's ark exactly similar, painted red, with all the animals in couples, and Noah and his family all extremely well made. That was to me a great proof of the truth of the Scriptures. *Teste David cum Sibylla.* Dating from the time of the Tower of Babel, the personages of my Bible were richly dressed according to their condition, the warriors in the style of the Romans of Trajan's column, the princes with turbans, the women like Rubens's women, the shepherds like brigands, and the angels in the fashion of those of the Jesuits. The tents of the soldiers resembled the rich pavilions that are seen in tapestries; the palaces were imitated from those of the Renaissance, the artist not having imagined it possible to conceive anything older of that kind. There were nymphs in the style of Jean Goujon in the fountain where Bathsheba was bathing. That is why those pictures gave me the idea of a profound antiquity. I doubted whether my grandfather himself — although he had received a wound at Waterloo, in remembrance of which he always wore a bouquet of violets in his buttonhole — could have known the Tower of Babel and the baths of Bathsheba. Oh, my old illustrated Bible! What joys I used to feel in turning over your pages in the evenings when my eyes already half swam in the delightful waves of childish slumber! How I used to see in you God with His white beard! And after all, perhaps that is the only fashion of seeing Him really. How I used to believe in Him!

I thought Him, between ourselves, a little strange, violent, and wrathful; but I did not ask Him for any explanation of His actions; I was accustomed to see all grown-up people act in an incomprehensible manner. And, besides, I had at that time a philosophy; I believed in the universal infallibility of men and things. I was persuaded that all was reasonable in the world and that so great an undertaking was carried on seriously. I have laid aside that piece of wisdom with my old Bible. But I regret it deeply. Just think. To be quite little yourself and to be able to reach the end of the world at the end of a good walk. To believe that you have the secret of the universe in an old book, under the lamp, in the evening when the room is warm. To be troubled by nothing and yet to dream! For at that time I used to dream as soon as I was in bed, and all the personages of my old Bible used to come and defile before me. Yes, kings bearing crown and sceptre, prophets with long beards, draped under eternal clouds, passed with mingled majesty and good-nature before me as I slept. After the procession, they used to go and settle down of their own accord in a box of Nuremberg toys. That is the first idea I formed of David and Isaiah.

We have all of us done something similar; we have all, in times gone by, turned over the pages of an old illustrated Bible. We have all formed some simple, naïve, and childish idea of the origin of the world.

There is something that stirs one, I think, in comparing this childish idea with the reality as science shows it to us. In proportion as our understanding takes possession of itself and of the Universe, the past recoils indefinitely, and we recognize that we are prohibited from reaching back to the beginnings of man and of life. Yes, ere we attain to far-off times new perspectives and unexpected depths are continually opening up before us; we feel that there is an abysm beyond. We see the dark chasm, and fear seizes on the boldest of us. That nomad shepherd, who is pointed out to us, surrounded in the night of the desert by shades of the Elohim, — he was the son of a humanity even then old and, so to speak, as distant as we are from our common cradle. Modern man too has torn up his old illustrated Bible. He too has left in their old Nuremberg box the ten or twelve patriarchs who, by joining their hands, formed a chain which went backwards to creation. It is not only in our days, indeed, that exegesis has discovered the true sense of the Hebrew Bible. The old tenets on which the faith of so many ages rested have, for a hundred years, for two hundred years, been subjected to the free examination of science. I am unable to indicate precisely M. Renan's place in

Biblical criticism. But I am sure that he possesses the art by which to animate the distant past, to give us an understanding of the antique East whose soil and peoples he knows so well, a talent for painting landscapes and figures of which he has the acuteness of sight to discern what is probable and possible in the absence of certainties; in a word, the special gift of pleasing, charming, and bewitching. In his new work, if the style has not the abounding suavity which makes the ‹Origins of Christianity› such delightful reading, we find, in compensation, a simplicity and naturalness of which this great writer has as yet given no better example. Those who have had the happiness of listening to his voice, will believe, as they read this book, that they are listening to it still. It is himself, his accent, his gesture. As I close the book, I feel tempted to say like the pilgrims at Emmaus: «We have just seen Him. He was at this table.» In this book, one thing among the rest is peculiarly individual to him and recalls his conversations — the pleasure he shows in historical comparisons. In one passage, for instance, so as to give a better comprehension of the spirit of an old nomad chief he will speak of Abd-el-Kader; in another, he will compare David to the Negus of Abyssinia. Sometimes the comparisons are more unexpected; he tells us, for instance, that Notre Dame de Lorette will give a fairly good idea of Solomon's Temple.

There are also charming and familiar touches, as when speaking of Jahve, he calls him «a most narrow-minded creature.» This is the whole passage:

«There is no moral feeling in Jahve, as David knows him and worships him. This capricious god is favoritism itself; his fidelity is thoroughly material. He holds to his rights in a way that reaches the absurd. He is angry with people, without their knowing why. Then they offer him the smoke of a sacrifice to inhale and his anger is appeased. When a man swears abominable things by his name, he requires them to be executed to the letter. He is a most narrow-minded creature; he takes pleasure in unmerited punishments. Although the rite of human sacrifices was antipathetic to Israel, Jahve took pleasure in these spectacles. The execution of the sons of Saul at Gibeah was a true human sacrifice of seven persons, performed before Jahve, to appease him. The ‹wars of Jahve› all end with frightful massacres in honor of this cruel god.»

Where now is my old collection of sacred pictures in which this very Jahve walked with such majesty through a Dutch meadow in the midst of white sheep, tiny guinea pigs, and Brabant horses?

OUR LADY'S JUGGLER

From (L'Étui de Nacre) (Mother of Pearl) translated by Frederic Chapman. Copyright by John Lane Co., and reprinted by their permission.

I

In the days of King Louis there was a poor juggler in France, a native of Compiègne, Barnaby by name, who went about from town to town performing feats of skill and strength.

On fair days he would unfold an old worn-out carpet in the public square, and when by means of a jovial address, which he had learned of a very ancient juggler, and which he never varied in the least, he had drawn together the children and loafers, he assumed extraordinary attitudes, and balanced a tin plate on the tip of his nose. At first the crowd would fain indifference.

But when, supporting himself on his hands, face downwards, he threw into the air six copper balls, which glittered in the sunshine, and caught them again with his feet; or when throwing himself backwards until his heels and the nape of the neck met, giving his body the form of a perfect wheel, he would juggle in this posture with a dozen knives, a murmur of admiration would escape the spectators, and pieces of money rain down upon the carpet.

Nevertheless, like the majority of those who live by their wits, Barnaby of Compiègne had a great struggle to make a living.

Earning his bread in the sweat of his brow, he bore rather more than his share of the penalties consequent upon the misdoings of our father Adam.

Again, he was unable to work as constantly as he would have been willing to do. The warmth of the sun and the broad daylight were as necessary to enable him to display his brilliant parts as to the trees if flower and fruit should be expected of them. In winter time he was nothing more than a tree stripped of its leaves, and as it were dead. The frozen ground was hard to the juggler, and, like the grasshopper of which Marie de France tells us, the inclement season caused him to suffer both cold and hunger. But as he was simple-natured he bore his ills patiently.

He had never meditated on the origin of wealth nor upon the inequality of human conditions. He believed firmly that if this life should prove hard, the life to come could not fail to redress the balance, and this hope upheld him. He did not resemble those thievish and miscreant Merry Andrews who sell their souls to the devil. He never blasphemed God's name; he lived uprightly, and although he had no

wife of his own, he did not covet his neighbor's, since woman is ever the enemy of the strong man, as it appears by the history of Samson recorded in the Scriptures.

In truth, his was not a nature much disposed to carnal delights, and it was a greater deprivation to him to forsake the tankard than the Hebe who bore it. For whilst not wanting in sobriety, he was fond of a drink when the weather waxed hot. He was a worthy man who feared God, and was very devoted to the Blessed Virgin.

Never did he fail on entering a church to fall upon his knees before the image of the Mother of God, and offer up this prayer to her:

«Blessed Lady, keep watch over my life until it shall please God that I die, and when I am dead, insure to me the possession of the joys of paradise.»

II

Now on a certain evening after a dreary wet day, as Barnaby pursued his road, sad and bent, carrying under his arm his balls and knives wrapped up in his old carpet, on the watch for some barn where, though he might not sup, he might sleep, he perceived on the road, going in the same direction as himself, a monk, whom he saluted courteously. And as they walked at the same rate they fell into conversation with one another.

«Fellow traveler,» said the monk, «how comes it about that you are clothed all in green? Is it perhaps in order to take the part of a jester in some mystery play?»

«Not at all, good father,» replied Barnaby. «Such as you see me, I am called Barnaby, and for my calling I am a juggler. There would be no pleasanter calling in the world if it would always provide one with daily bread.»

«Friend Barnaby,» returned the monk, «be careful what you say. There is no calling more pleasant than the monastic life. Those who lead it are occupied with the praises of God, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints; and, indeed, the religious life is one ceaseless hymn to the Lord.»

Barnaby replied:

«Good father, I own that I spoke like an ignorant man. Your calling cannot be in any respect compared to mine, and although there may be some merit in dancing with a penny balanced on a stick on the top of one's nose, it is not a merit which comes within the hail of your own. Gladly would I, like you, good father, sing my office day by day, and especially the office of the most Holy Virgin,

to whom I have vowed a singular devotion. In order to embrace the monastic life I would willingly abandon the art by which from Soissons to Beauvais I am well known in upwards of six hundred towns and villages.»

The monk was touched by the juggler's simplicity, and as he was not lacking in discernment, he at once recognized in Barnaby one of those men of whom it is said in the Scriptures: Peace on earth to men of good will. And for this reason he replied:

«Friend Barnaby, come with me, and I will have you admitted into the monastery of which I am Prior. He who guided St. Mary of Egypt in the desert set me upon your path to lead you into the way of salvation.»

It was in this manner, then, that Barnaby became a monk. In the monastery into which he was received the religious vied with one another in the worship of the Blessed Virgin, and in her honor each employed all the knowledge and all the skill which God had given him.

The prior on his part wrote books dealing according to the rules of scholarship with the virtues of the Mother of God.

Brother Maurice, with a deft hand, copied out these treatises upon sheets of vellum.

Brother Alexander adorned the leaves with delicate miniature paintings. Here were displayed the Queen of Heaven seated upon Solomon's throne, and while four lions were on guard at her feet, around the nimbus which encircled her head hovered seven doves, which are the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit, the gifts, namely, of Fear, Piety, Knowledge, Strength, Counsel, Understanding, and Wisdom. For her companions she had six virgins with hair of gold, namely, Humility, Prudence, Seclusion, Submission, Virginity, and Obedience.

At her feet were two little naked figures, perfectly white, in an attitude of supplication. These were souls imploring her all-powerful intercession for their soul's health, and we may be sure not imploring in vain.

Upon another page facing this, Brother Alexander represented Eve, so that the Fall and the Redemption could be perceived at one and the same time — Eve the Wife abased, and Mary the Virgin exalted.

Furthermore, to the marvel of the beholder, this book contained presentments of the Well of Living Waters, the Fountain, the Lily, the Moon, the Sun, and the Garden Enclosed of which the Song of Songs tells us, the Gate of Heaven and the City of God, and all these things were symbols of the Blessed Virgin.

Brother Marbode was likewise one of the most loving children of Mary.

He spent all his days carving images in stone, so that his beard, his eyebrows, and his hair were white with dust, and his eyes continually swollen and weeping; but his strength and cheerfulness were not diminished, although he was now well gone in years, and it was clear that the Queen of Paradise still cherished her servant in his old age. Marbode represented her seated upon a throne, her brow encircled with an orb-shaped nimbus set with pearls. And he took care that the folds of her dress should cover the feet of her, concerning whom the prophet declared: My beloved is as a garden enclosed.

Sometimes, too, he depicted her in the semblance of a child full of grace, and appearing to say, «Thou art my God, even from my mother's womb.»

In the priory, moreover, were poets who composed hymns in Latin, both in prose and verse, in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and amongst the company was even a brother from Picardy who sang the miracles of Our Lady in rhymed verse and in the vulgar tongue.

III

Being a witness of this emulation in praise and the glorious harvest of their labors, Barnaby mourned his own ignorance and simplicity.

«Alas!» he sighed, as he took his solitary walk in the little shelterless garden of the monastery, «wretched wight that I am, to be unable, like my brothers, worthily to praise the Holy Mother of God, to whom I have vowed my whole heart's affection. Alas! Alas! I am but a rough man and unskilled in the arts, and I can render you in service, blessed Lady, neither edifying sermons, nor treatises set out in order according to rule, nor ingenious paintings, nor statues truthfully sculptured, nor verses whose march is measured to the beat of feet. No gift have I, alas!»

After this fashion he groaned and gave himself up to sorrow. But one evening, when the monks were spending their hour of liberty in conversation, he heard one of them tell the tale of a religious man who could repeat nothing other than the Ave Maria. This poor man was despised for his ignorance; but after his death there issued forth from his mouth five roses in honor of the five letters of the name Mary (Marie), and thus his sanctity was made manifest.

Whilst he listened to this narrative Barnaby marveled yet once again at the loving kindness of the Virgin; but the lesson of that blessed death did not avail to console him, for his heart overflowed

with zeal, and he longed to advance the glory of his Lady, who is in heaven.

How to compass this he sought but could find no way, and day by day he became the more cast down, when one morning he awakened filled full with joy, hastened to the chapel, and remained there alone for more than an hour. After dinner he returned to the chapel once more.

And, starting from that moment, he repaired daily to the chapel at such hours as it was deserted, and spent within it a good part of the time which the other monks devoted to the liberal and mechanical arts. His sadness vanished, nor did he any longer groan.

A demeanor so strange awakened the curiosity of the monks.

These began to ask one another for what purpose Brother Barnaby could be indulging so persistently in retreat.

The prior, whose duty it is to let nothing escape him in the behavior of his children in religion, resolved to keep a watch over Barnaby during his withdrawals to the chapel. One day, then, when he was shut up there after his custom, the prior, accompanied by two of the older monks, went to discover through the chinks in the door what was going on within the chapel.

They saw Barnaby before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, head downwards, with his feet in the air, and he was juggling with six balls of copper and a dozen knives. In honor of the Holy Mother of God he was performing those feats, which aforetime had won him most renown. Not recognizing that the simple fellow was thus placing at the service of the Blessed Virgin his knowledge and skill, the two old monks exclaimed against the sacrilege.

The prior was aware how stainless was Barnaby's soul, but he concluded that he had been seized with madness. They were all three preparing to lead him swiftly from the chapel, when they saw the Blessed Virgin descend the steps of the altar and advance to wipe away with a fold of her azure robe the sweat which was dropping from her juggler's forehead.

Then the prior, falling upon his face upon the pavement, uttered these words:

«Blessed are the simple-hearted, for they shall see God.»

«Amen!» responded the old brethren, and kissed the ground.

RIQUET

From «Crainquebille, Putois, Riquet, and Other Profitable Tales,» translated by Winifred Stephens. Published by John Lane Co., and reprinted by their permission.

QUARTER-DAY had come. With his sister and daughter, Monsieur Bergeret was leaving the dilapidated old house in the Rue de Seine to take up his abode in a modern flat in the Rue de Vaugirard. Such was the decision of Zoé and the Fates.

During the long hours of the morning, Riquet wandered sadly through the devastated rooms. His most cherished habits were upset. Strange men, badly dressed, rude and foul-mouthed, disturbed his repose. They penetrated even to the kitchen where they stepped into his dish of biscuit and his bowl of fresh water. The chairs were carried off as fast as he curled himself up on them; the carpets were pulled roughly from under his weary limbs. There was no abiding-place for him, not even in his own home.

To his credit, be it said, that at first he attempted resistance. When the cistern was carried off he barked furiously at the enemy. But no one responded to his appeal; no one encouraged him, there was no doubt about it his efforts were regarded with disapproval. Mademoiselle Zoé said to him sharply: «Be quiet!» And Mademoiselle Pauline added, «Riquet, you are silly!»

Henceforth he would abstain from useless warnings. He would cease to strive alone for the public weal. In silence he deplored the devastation of the household. From room to room he sought in vain for a little quiet. When the furniture removers penetrated into a room where he had taken refuge, he prudently hid beneath an as yet unmolested table or chest of drawers. But this precaution proved worse than useless; for soon the piece of furniture tottered over him, rose, then fell with a crash threatening to crush him. Terrified, with his hair all turned up the wrong way, he fled to another refuge no safer than the first.

But these inconveniences and even dangers were as nothing to the agony he was suffering at heart. His sentiments were the most deeply affected.

The household furniture he regarded not as things inert, but as living benevolent creatures, beneficent spirits, whose departure foreshadowed cruel misfortunes. Dishes, sugar-basins, pots and pans, all the kitchen divinities; arm-chairs, carpets, cushions, all the fetishes of the hearth, its lares and its domestic gods had vanished. He

could not believe that so great a disaster would ever be repaired. And sorrow filled his little heart to overflowing. Fortunately Riquet's heart resembled human hearts in being easily distracted and quick to forget its misfortunes.

During the long absence of the thirsty workmen, when old Angelique's broom raised ancient dust from the floor, Riquet breathed an odor of mice and watched the flight of a spider; thus was his versatile mind diverted. But he soon relapsed into sadness.

On the day of departure, when he beheld things growing hourly worse and worse, he grew desperate. It seemed to him above all things disastrous when he saw the linen being piled in dark cases. Pauline with eager haste was putting her frocks into a trunk. He turned away from her, as if she were doing something wrong. He shrank up against the wall and thought to himself: «Now the worst has come; this is the end of everything.» Then, whether it were that he believed things ceased to exist when he did not see them, or whether he was simply avoiding a painful sight, he took care not to look in Pauline's direction. It chanced that as she was passing to and fro she noticed Riquet's attitude. It was sad: but to her it seemed funny, and she began to laugh. Then, still laughing, she called out: «Come here! Riquet, come to me!» But he did not stir from his corner and would not even turn his head. He was not then in the mood to caress his young mistress, and, through some secret instinct, through a kind of presentiment, he was afraid of approaching the gaping trunk. Pauline called him several times. Then, as he did not respond, she went and took him up in her arms. «How unhappy we are!» she said to him; «what is wrong then?» Her tone was ironical. Riquet did not understand irony. He lay in Pauline's arms, sad and inert, affecting to see nothing and to hear nothing. «Riquet, look at me!» She said it three times and three times in vain. Then, pretending to be in a rage: «Silly creature,» she cried, «in with you»; and she threw him into the trunk and shut the lid on him. At that moment, her aunt having called her, she went out of the room, leaving Riquet in the trunk.

He was seized with wild alarm; for he was very far from supposing that he had been playfully thrown into the trunk for a mere joke. Esteeming his situation about as bad as it could be, he was desirous not to make it worse by any imprudence. So he remained motionless for a few moments, holding his breath. Then he deemed it expedient to explore his dark prison. With his paws he felt the skirts and the linen onto which he had been so cruelly precipitated, endeavoring to

find some way out of this terrible place. He had been thus engaged for two or three minutes, when he was called by Monsieur Bergeret, who had been getting ready to go out.

«Riquet! Riquet! Come for a walk on the quays, that is the land of glory. True they have disfigured it by erecting a railway station of hideous proportions and striking ugliness. Architecture is a lost art. They have pulled down a nice looking house at the corner of the Rue du Bac. They will doubtless put some unsightly building in its place. I trust that at least our architects may abstain from introducing onto the Quai d'Orsay that barbarous style of which they have given such a horrid example at the corner of the Rue Washington and the Champs Élysées! . . . Riquet! Riquet! Come for a walk on the quays. That is a glorious land. But architecture has deteriorated sadly since the days of Gabriel and of Louis. . . . Where is the dog? . . . Riquet! Riquet!»

The sound of Monsieur Bergeret's voice was a great consolation to Riquet. He replied by making a noise with his paws, scratching frantically against the wicker sides of the trunk.

«Where is the dog?» her father asked Pauline as she was returning with a pile of linen in her arms. «He is in the trunk, Papa.»

«What, in the trunk! Why is he there?» asked Monsieur Bergeret.

«Because he was silly,» replied Pauline.

Monsieur Bergeret liberated his friend. Riquet followed him into the hall, wagging his tail. Then a sudden thought occurred to him. He went back into the room, ran up to Pauline, and rubbed against her skirt. And not until he had wildly caressed her as evidence of his loyalty did he rejoin his master on the staircase. He would have felt himself deficient in wisdom and religious feeling had he failed to display these signs of affection to one who had been so powerful as to plunge him into a deep trunk.

In the street, Monsieur Bergeret and his dog beheld the sad sight of their household furniture scattered over the pavement. The removers had gone off to the public-house round the corner, leaving the plate-glass mirror of Mademoiselle Zoé's wardrobe to reflect the passing procession of girls, workmen, shopkeepers, and Beaux Arts students, of drays, carts, and cabs, and the chemist's shop with its bottles and its serpents of Æsculapius. Leaning against a post was Monsieur Bergeret senior, smiling in his frame, mild, pale, and delicate looking, with his hair ruffled. With affectionate respect the son contemplated his parent whom he moved away from the post. He

likewise lifted out of harm's way Zoé's little table, which looked ashamed at finding itself in the street.

Meanwhile Riquet was patting his master's legs with his paws, looking up at him with sorrowing beautiful eyes, which seemed to say:

«Thou, who wert once so rich and so powerful, canst thou have become poor? Canst thou have lost thy power, O my Master? Thou permittest men clothed in vile rags to invade thy sitting-room, thy bed-room, thy dining-room, to throw themselves upon thy furniture and pull it out of doors, to drag down the staircase thy deep arm-chair, thy chair and mine, for in it we repose side by side in the evening and sometimes in the morning too. I heard it groan in the arms of those tatterdemalions; that chair which is a fetish and a benignant spirit. Thou didst offer no resistance to the invaders. But if thou dost no longer possess any of those genii who once filled thy dwelling, if thou hast lost all, even those little divinities, which thou didst put on in the morning when getting out of bed, those slippers which I used to bite in my play, if thou art indigent and poor, O my Master, then what will become of me?»

THE FIRST CLOTHES

From «Penguin Island,» translated by A. W. Evans. Copyright by John Lane Co., and reprinted by their permission.

One day St. Maël was sitting by the seashore on a warm stone that he found. He thought it had been warmed by the sun and he gave thanks to God for it, not knowing that the Devil had been resting on it. The apostle was waiting for the monks of Yvern who had been commissioned to bring a freight of skins and fabrics to clothe the inhabitants of the island of Alca.

Soon he saw a monk called Magis coming ashore and carrying a chest upon his back. This monk enjoyed a great reputation for holiness.

When he had drawn near to the old man he laid the chest on the ground and wiping his forehead with the back of his sleeve, he said:

«Well, father, you wish then to clothe these penguins?»

«Nothing is more needful, my son,» said the old man. «Since they have been incorporated into the family of Abraham these penguins share the curse of Eve, and they know that they are naked, a thing of which they were ignorant before. And it is high time to clothe them, for they are losing the down that remained on them after their metamorphosis.»

«It is true,» said Magis as he cast his eyes over the coast where the penguins were to be seen looking for shrimps, gathering mussels, singing or sleeping, «they are naked. But do you not think, father, that it would be better to leave them naked? Why clothe them? When they wear clothes and are under the moral law they will assume an immense pride, a vile hypocrisy, and an excessive cruelty.»

«Is it possible, my son,» sighed the old man, «that you understand so badly the effects of the moral law to which even the heathen submit?»

«The moral law,» answered Magis, «forces men who are beasts to live otherwise than beasts, a thing that doubtless puts a constraint upon them, but that also flatters and reassures them; and as they are proud, cowardly, and covetous of pleasure, they willingly submit to restraints that tickle their vanity and on which they found both their present security and the hope of their future happiness. That is the principle of all morality. . . . But let us not mislead ourselves. My companions are unloading their cargo of stuffs and skins on the island. Think, father, while there is still time! To clothe the penguins is a very serious business. At present when a penguin desires a penguin he knows precisely what he desires and his lust is limited by an exact knowledge of its object. At this moment two or three couples of penguins are making love on the beach. See with what simplicity! No one pays any attention and the actors themselves do not seem to be greatly preoccupied. But when the female penguins are clothed, the male penguin will not form so exact a notion of what it is that attracts him to them. His indeterminate desires will fly out into all sorts of dreams and illusions; in short, father, he will know love and its mad torments. And all the time the female penguins will cast down their eyes and bite their lips, and take on airs as if they kept a treasure under their clothes! . . . what a pity!

«The evil will be endurable as long as these people remain rude and poor; but only wait for a thousand years and you will see, father, with what powerful weapons you have endowed the daughters of Alca. If you will allow me, I can give you some idea of it beforehand. I have some old clothes in this chest. Let us take at hazard one of these female penguins to whom the male penguins give such little thought, and let us dress her as well as we can.

«Here is one coming toward us. She is neither more beautiful nor uglier than the others; she is young. No one looks at her. She strolls indolently along the shore, scratching her back and with her finger at her nose as she walks. You cannot help seeing, father, that

she has narrow shoulders, clumsy breasts, a stout figure, and short legs. Her reddish knees pucker at every step she takes, and there is, at each of her joints, what looks like a little monkey's head. Her broad and sinewy feet cling to the rock with their four crooked toes, while the great toes stick up like the heads of two cunning serpents. She begins to walk, all her muscles are engaged in the task, and, when we see them working, we think of her as a machine intended for walking rather than as a machine intended for making love, although visibly she is both, and contains within herself several other pieces of machinery besides. Well, venerable apostle, you will see what I am going to make of her.»

With these words the monk, Magis, reached the female penguin in three bounds, lifted her up, carried her in his arms with her hair trailing behind her, and threw her, overcome with fright, at the feet of the holy Maël.

And whilst she wept and begged him to do her no harm, he took a pair of sandals out of his chest and commanded her to put them on.

«Her feet,» observed the old man, «will appear smaller when squeezed in by the woolen cords. The soles, being two fingers high, will give an elegant length to her legs and the weight they bear will seem magnified.»

As the penguin tied on her sandals she threw a curious look towards the open coffer, and seeing that it was full of jewels and finery, she smiled through her tears.

The monk twisted her hair on the back of her head and covered it with a chaplet of flowers. He encircled her wrist with golden bracelets and making her stand upright, he passed a large linen band beneath her breasts, alleging that her bosom would thereby derive a new dignity and that her sides would be compressed to the greater glory of her hips.

He fixed this band with pins, taking them one by one out of his mouth.

«You can tighten it still more,» said the penguin.

When he had, with much care and study, enclosed the soft parts of her bust in this way, he covered her whole body with a rose-colored tunic which gently followed the lines of her figure.

«Does it hang well?» asked the penguin.

And bending forward with her head on one side and her chin on her shoulder, she kept looking attentively at the appearance of her toilet.

Magis asked her if she did not think the dress a little long, but

she answered with assurance that it was not — she would hold it up. Immediately, taking the back of her skirt in her left hand, she drew it obliquely across her hips, taking care to disclose a glimpse of her heels. Then she went away, walking with short steps and swinging her hips.

She did not turn her head, but as she passed near a stream she glanced out of the corner of her eye at her own reflection.

A male penguin, who met her by chance, stopped in surprise, and retracing his steps began to follow her. As she went along the shore, others coming back from fishing, went up to her, and after looking at her, walked behind her. Those who were lying on the sand got up and joined the rest.

Unceasingly, as she advanced, fresh penguins, descending from the paths of the mountain, coming out of clefts of the rocks, and emerging from the water, added to the size of her retinue.

And all of them, men of ripe age with vigorous shoulders and hairy breasts, agile youths, old men shaking the multitudinous wrinkles of their rosy, and white-haired skins, or dragging their legs thinner and drier than the juniper staff that served them as a third leg, hurried on, panting and emitting an acrid odor and hoarse gasps. Yet she went on peacefully and seemed to see nothing.

«Father,» cried Magis, «notice how each one advances with his nose pointed towards the centre of gravity of that young damsel now that the centre is covered by a garment. The sphere inspires the meditations of geometers by the number of its properties. When it proceeds from a physical and living nature it acquires new qualities, and in order that the interest of that figure might be fully revealed to the penguins it was necessary that, ceasing to see it distinctly with their eyes, they should be led to represent it to themselves in their minds. I myself feel at this moment irresistibly attracted towards that penguin. Whether it be because her skirt gives more importance to her hips, and that in its simple magnificence it invests them with a synthetic and general character and allows only the pure idea, the divine principle, of them to be seen, whether this be the cause I cannot say, but I feel that if I embraced her I would hold in my hands the heaven of human pleasure. It is certain that modesty communicates an invincible attraction to women. My uneasiness is so great that it would be vain for me to try to conceal it.»

He spoke, and, gathering up his habit, he rushed among the crowd of penguins, pushing, jostling, trampling, and crushing, until he reached the daughter of Alca, whom he seized and suddenly carried in his arms into a cave that had been hollowed out by the sea.

Then the penguins felt as if the sun had gone out. And the holy Maël knew that the Devil had taken the features of the monk, Magis, in order that he might give clothes to the daughter of Alca. He was troubled in spirit, and his soul was sad. As with slow steps he went towards his hermitage he saw the little penguins of six and seven years of age tightening their waists with belts made of seaweed and walking along the shore to see if anybody would follow them.

THE BREAD LINE

From «The Gods are Athirst.» Copyright by John Lane Co., and reprinted by their permission.

TEN o'clock in the forenoon. Not a breath of wind. It was the hottest July ever known. In the narrow Rue de Jérusalem a hundred or so citizens of the Section were waiting in queue at the baker's door, under the eye of four National Guards who stood at ease smoking their pipes.

The National Convention had decreed the *maximum*, — and instantly corn and flour had disappeared. Like the Israelites in the wilderness, the Parisians had to rise before daybreak if they wished to eat. The crowd was lined up, men, women, and children tightly packed together, under a sky of molten lead. The heat beat down on the rotting foulness of the kennels and exaggerated the stench of unwashed, sweating humanity. All were pushing, abusing their neighbors, exchanging looks fraught with every sort of emotion one human being can feel for another, — dislike, disgust, interest, attraction, indifference. Painful experience had taught them there was not bread enough for everybody; so the late comers were always trying to push forward, while those who lost ground complained bitterly and indignantly and vainly claimed their rights. Women shoved and elbowed savagely to keep their place or squeeze into a better. When the press grew too intolerable, cries rose of «Stop pushing there!» while each and all protested they could not help it — it was someone else pushing them.

To obviate these daily scenes of disorder, the officials appointed by the Section had conceived the notion of fastening a rope to the shop-door which each applicant held in his proper order; but hands at such close quarters *would* come in contact on the rope and a struggle would result. Whoever lost hold could never recover it, while the disappointed and mischievously inclined sometimes cut the cord. In the end the plan had to be abandoned.

On this occasion there was the usual suffocation and confusion. While some swore they were dying, others indulged in jokes or loose remarks; all abused the aristocrats and federalists, authors of all the misery. When a dog ran by, wags hailed the beast as Pitt. More than once a loud slap showed that some *citoyenne* in the line had resented with a vigorous hand the insolence of a lewd admirer, while, pressed close against her neighbor, a young servant girl, with eyes half shut and mouth half open, stood sighing in a sort of a trance. At any word, or gesture, or attitude of a sort to provoke the sportive humor of the coarse-minded populace, a knot of young libertines would strike up the *Ça-ira* in chorus, regardless of the protests of an old Jacobin, highly indignant to see a dirty meaning attached to a refrain expressive of the Republican faith in a future of justice and happiness.

His ladder under his arm, a billsticker appeared to post up on a blank wall facing the baker's a proclamation by the Commune apportioning the rations of butcher's-meat. Passers-by halted to read the notice, still sticky with paste. A cabbage vendor going by, basket on back, began calling out in her loud cracked voice:

«They'm all gone, the purty oxen! best rake up the guts!»

Suddenly such an appalling stench of putrefaction rose from a sewer near by that several people were turned sick; a woman was taken ill and handed over in a fainting condition to a couple of National Guards, who carried her off to a pump a few yards away. All held their noses and fell to growling and grumbling, exchanging conjectures each more ghastly and alarming than the last. What was it? a dead animal buried thereabouts, a dead fish, perhaps, put in for mischief's sake, or more likely a victim of the September massacres, some noble or priest, left to rot in a cellar.

«They buried them in cellars, eh?»

«They got rid of 'em anywhere and anyhow.»

«It will be one of the Châtelet prisoners. On the 2d I saw three hundred in a heap on the Port au Change.»

The Parisians dreaded the vengeance of these aristocrats who were like to poison them with their dead bodies.

Évariste Gamelin joined the line; he was resolved to spare his old mother the fatigues of the long wait. His neighbor, the *citoyen* Brotteaux, went with him, calm and smiling, his Lucretius in the baggy pocket of his plum-colored coat.

The good old fellow enjoyed the scene, calling it a bit of low life worthy the brush of a modern Teniers.

«These street-porters and goodwives,» he declared, «are more amusing than the Greeks and Romans our painters are so fond of nowadays. For my part, I have always admired the Flemish style.»

One fact he was too sensible and tactful to mention — that he had himself owned a gallery of Dutch masters rivaled only by Monsieur de Choiseul's in the number and excellence of the examples.

«Nothing is beautiful save the Antique,» returned the painter, «and what is inspired by it. Still, I grant you these low-life scenes by Teniers, Jan Steen, or Ostrade are better stuff than the frills and furbelows of Watteau, Boucher, or Van Loo; humanity is shown in an ugly light, but it is not degraded as it is by a Baudouin or a Fragonard.»

A hawker went by bawling:

«*Bulletin of the Revolutionary Tribunal!*» . . . «list of the condemned!»

«One Revolutionary Tribunal is not enough,» said Gamelin, «there should be one in every town . . . in every town, do I say? — nay, in every village, in every hamlet. Fathers of families, citizens, one and all should constitute themselves judges. At a time when the enemy's cannon is at her gates and the assassin's dagger at her throat, the Nation must hold mercy to be parricide. What! Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux in insurrection, Corsica in revolt, La Vendée on fire, Mayence and Valenciennes in the hands of the Coalition, treason in the country, town, and camp, treason sitting on the very benches of the National Convention, treason assisting, map in hand, at the council board of our Commanders in the field! . . . The fatherland is in danger — and the guillotine must save her!»

«I have no objection on principle to make to the guillotine,» replied Brotteaux. «Nature, my only mistress, and my only instructress, certainly offers me no suggestion to the effect that a man's life is of any value; on the contrary, she teaches in all kinds of ways that it is of none. The sole end and object of living beings seems to be to serve as food for other beings destined to the same end. Murder is of natural right; therefore, the penalty of death is lawful, on condition it is exercised from no motives either of virtue or of justice, but by necessity or to gain some profit thereby. However, I must have perverse instincts, for I sicken to see blood flow, and this defect of character all my philosophy has failed so far to correct.»

«Republicans,» answered Évariste, «are humane and full of feeling. It is only despots hold the death penalty to be a necessary attribute of authority. The sovereign people will do away with it one day.

Robespierre fought against it, and all good patriots were with him; the law abolishing it cannot be too soon promulgated. But it will not have to be applied till the last foe of the Republic has perished beneath the sword of law and order.»

Gamelin and Brotteaux had by this time a number of late comers behind them and amongst these several women of the Section, including a stalwart, handsome *tricoteuse*, in head-kerchief and sabots, wearing a sword in a shoulder belt, a pretty girl with a mop of golden hair and a very tumbled neckerchief, and a young mother, pale and thin, giving the breast to a sickly infant.

The child, which could get no milk, was screaming, but its voice was weak and stifled by its sobs. Pitifully small, with a pallid, unhealthy skin and inflamed eyes, the mother gazed at it with mingled anxiety and grief.

«He is very young,» observed Gamelin, turning to look at the unhappy infant groaning just at his back, half stifled amid the crowd of new arrivals.

«He is six months, poor love! . . . His father is with the army; he is one of the men who drove back the Austrians at Condé. His name is Dumonteil (Michel), a draper's assistant by trade. He enlisted at a booth they had established in front of the Hôtel de Ville. Poor lad, he was all for defending his country and seeing the world. . . . He writes telling me to be patient. But pray, how am I to feed Paul (he's called Paul, you know) when I can't feed myself?»

«Oh, dear!» exclaimed the pretty girl with the flaxen hair, «we've got another hour before us yet, and to-night we shall have to repeat the same ceremony over again at the grocer's. You risk your life to get three eggs and a quarter of a pound of butter.»

«Butter!» sighed the *citoyenne* Dumonteil, «why, it's three months since I've seen a scrap!»

And a chorus of female voices rose, bewailing the scarcity and dearness of provisions, cursing the *émigrés* and devoting to the guillotine the Commissaries of Sections who were ready to give good-for-nothing minxes, in return for unmentionable services, fat hens and four-pound loaves. Alarming stories passed round of cattle drowned in the Seine, sacks of flour emptied in the sewers, loaves of bread thrown into the latrines. . . . It was all those Royalists, and Rolandists, and Brissotins, who were starving the people, bent on exterminating every living thing in Paris!

All of a sudden the pretty, fair-haired girl with the rumpled neckerchief broke into shrieks as if her petticoats were afire. She was

shaking these violently and turning out her pockets, vociferating that somebody had stolen her purse.

At news of the petty theft, a flood of indignation swept over this crowd of poor folks, the same who had sacked the mansions of the Faubourg Saint-Germain and invaded the Tuileries without appropriating the smallest thing, artisans and housewives, who would have burned down the Palace of Versailles with a light heart, but would have thought it a dire disgrace if they had stolen the value of a pin. The young rakes greeted the girl's loss with some ribald jokes, that were immediately drowned under a burst of public indignation. There was some talk of instant execution — hanging the thief to the nearest lamp-post, and an investigation was begun, where everyone spoke at once and nobody would listen to a word of reason. The tall *tricoteuse*, pointing her finger at an old man, strongly suspected of being an unfrocked monk, swore it was the «Capuchin» yonder who was the cut-purse. The crowd believed her without further evidence and raised a shout of «Death! death!»

The old man so unexpectedly exposed to the public vengeance was standing very quietly and soberly just in front of the *citoyen* Brotteaux. He had all the look, there was no denying it, of a *ci-devant* cleric. His aspect was venerable, though the face was changed and drawn by the terrors the poor man had suffered from the violence of the crowd and the recollection of the September days that were still vivid in his imagination. The fear depicted on his features stirred the suspicion of the populace, which is always ready to believe that only the guilty dread its judgments, as if the haste and recklessness with which it pronounces them were not enough to terrify even the most innocent.

Brotteaux had made it a standing rule never to go against the popular feeling of the moment, above all when it was manifestly illogical and cruel, «because in that case,» he would say, «the voice of the people was the voice of God.» But Brotteaux proved himself untrue to his principles; he asseverated that the old man, whether he was a Capuchin or not, could not have robbed the *citoyenne*, having never gone near her for one moment.

The crowd drew its own conclusion, — the individual who spoke up for the thief was of course his accomplice, and stern measures were proposed to deal with the two malefactors, and when Gamelin offered to guarantee Brotteaux's honesty, the wisest heads suggested sending *him* along with the two others to the Sectional headquarters.

But the pretty girl gave a cry of delight; she had found her purse

again. The statement was received with a storm of hisses, and she was threatened with a public whipping, — like a nun.

«Sir,» said the ex-monk, addressing Brotteaux, «I thank you for having spoken in my defense. My name is of no concern, but I had better tell you what it is; I am called Louis de Longuemare. I am in truth a Regular; but not a Capuchin, as those women would have it. There is the widest difference; I am a monk of the Order of Barnabites, which has given doctors and saints without number to the Church. It is only a half-truth to refer its origin to St. Charles Borromeo; we must account as the true founder the Apostle St. Paul, whose cipher it bears on its arms. I have been compelled to quit my cloister, now headquarters of the Section du Pont-Neuf, and adopt a secular habit.»

«Nay, Father,» said Brotteaux, scrutinizing Monsieur de Longuemare's frock, «your dress is token enough that you have not forsworn your profession; to look at it, one might think you had reformed your order rather than forsaken it. It is your good heart makes you expose yourself in these austere habiliments to the insults of a godless populace.»

«Yet I cannot very well,» replied the ex-monk, «wear a blue coat, like a roisterer at a dance!»

«What I mention, Father, about your dress is by way of paying homage to your character and putting you on your guard against the risks you run.»

«On the contrary, sir, it would be much better to inspirit me to confess my faith. For indeed, I am only too prone to fear danger. I have abandoned my habit, sir, which is a sort of apostasy; I would fain not have deserted, had it been possible, the House where God granted me for so many years the grace of a peaceable and retired life. I got leave to stay there, and I still continued to occupy my cell, while they turned the church and cloister into a sort of petty *hôtel de ville* they called the Section. I saw, sir, I saw them hack away the emblems of the Holy Verity; I saw the name of the Apostle Paul replaced by a convicted felon's cap. Sometimes I was actually present at the confabulations of the Section, where I heard amazing errors propounded. At last I quitted this place of profanation and went to live on the pension of a hundred pistoles allowed me by the Assembly in a stable that stood empty, the horses having been requisitioned for service of the armies. There I sing Mass for a few of the faithful, who come to the office to bear witness to the eternity of the Church of Jesus Christ.»

«For my part, Father,» replied the other, «if you care to know my name, I am called Brotteaux, and I was a publican in former days.»

«Sir,» returned the Père Longuemare, «I was aware by St. Matthew's example that one may look for good counsel from a publican.»

«Father, you are too obliging.»

«*Citoyen* Brotteaux,» remarked Gamelin, «pray admire the virtues of the people, more hungry for justice than for bread; consider how everyone here is ready to lose his place to chastise the thief. These men and women, victims of such poverty and privation, are of so stern a probity they cannot tolerate a dishonest act.»

«It must indeed be owned,» replied Brotteaux, «that in their hearty desire to hang the pilferer, these folks were like to do a mischief to this good cleric, to his champion and to his champion's champion. Their avarice itself and their selfish eagerness to safeguard their own welfare were motives enough; the thief in attacking one of them threatened all; self-preservation urged them to punish him. . . . At the same time, it is like enough the most part of these workmen and goodwives are honest and keep their hands off other folk's goods. From the cradle these sentiments have been instilled in them by their fathers and mothers, who have whipped them well and soundly and inculcated the virtues through their backside.»

Gamelin did not conceal the fact from his old neighbor that he deemed such language unworthy of a philosopher.

«Virtue,» said he, «is natural to mankind; God has planted the seed of it in the heart of mortals.»

Old Brotteaux was a sceptic and found in his atheism an abundant source of self-satisfaction.

«I see this much, *citoyen* Gamelin, that, while a Revolutionary for what is of this world, you are, where Heaven is concerned, of a conservative, or even a reactionary temper. Robespierre and Marat are the same to you. For me, I find it strange that Frenchmen, who will not put up with a mortal king any longer, insist on retaining an immortal tyrant, far more despotic and ferocious. For what is the Bastile, or even the *Chambre Ardente*[1] beside Hell-fire? Humanity models its gods on its tyrants, and you, who reject the original, preserve the copy!»

«Oh! *citoyen!*» protested Gamelin, «are you not ashamed to hold such language? how can you confound the dark divinities born of ignorance and fear with the Author of Nature? Belief in a benevolent

[1] *Chambre Ardente*, — under the ancien régime, a tribunal charged with the investigation of heinous crimes and having power to burn those found guilty.

God is necessary for morality. The Supreme Being is the source of all the virtues and a man cannot be a Republican if he does not believe in God. Robespierre knew this, who, as we all remember, had the bust of the philosopher Helvetius removed from the Hall of the Jacobins, because he taught Frenchmen the lessons of slavery by preaching atheism. . . . I hope, at least, *citoyen* Brotteaux, that, as soon as the Republic has established the worship of Reason, you will not refuse your adhesion to so wise a religion!»

«I love reason, but I am no fanatic in my love»; was Brotteaux's answer. «Reason is our guide and beacon-light; but when you have made a divinity of it, it will blind you and instigate you to crime,» — and he proceeded to develop his thesis, standing both feet in the kennel as he had once been used to perorate, seated in one of Baron d'Holbach's gilt armchairs, which, as he was fond of saying, formed the basis of natural philosophy.

«Jean Jacques Rousseau,» he proceeded, «who was not without talents, particularly in music, was a scampish fellow who professed to derive his morality from Nature while all the time he got it from the dogmas of Calvin. Nature teaches us to devour each other and gives us the example of all the crimes and all the vices which the social state corrects or conceals. We should love virtue; but it is well to know that this is simply and solely a convenient expedient invented by men in order to live comfortably together. What we call morality is merely a desperate enterprise, a forlorn hope, on the part of our fellow creatures to reverse the order of the universe, which is strife and murder, the blind interplay of hostile forces. She destroys herself, and the more I think of things, the more convinced I am that the universe is mad. Theologians and philosophers, who make God the author of Nature and the architect of the universe, show Him to us as illogical and ill-conditioned. They declare Him benevolent, because they are afraid of Him, but they are forced to admit that His acts are atrocious. They attribute a malignity to him seldom to be found even in mankind. And that is how they get human beings to adore Him. For our miserable race would never lavish worship on just and benevolent deities from which they would have nothing to fear; they would feel only a barren gratitude for their benefits. Without purgatory and hell, your God would be a mighty poor creature.»

«Sir,» said the Père Longuemare, «do not talk of Nature; you do not know what Nature is.»

«Egad, I know it as well as you do, Father.»

«You cannot know it, because you have not religion, and religion alone teaches us what Nature is, wherein it is good, and how it has been made evil. However, you must not expect me to answer you; God has vouchsafed me, to refute your errors, neither eloquence nor force of intellect. I should only be afraid, by my inadequate replies, of giving you occasion to blaspheme and further reasons for hardening your heart. I feel a strong desire to help you; yet the sole fruit of my importunate efforts would be to . . . .»

The discussion was cut short by a tremendous shout coming from the head of the column to warn the whole regiment of famished citizens that the baker was opening his doors. The line began to push forward, but very, very slowly. A National Guard on duty admitted the purchasers one by one. The baker, his wife, and boy presided over the sale, assisted by two Civil Commissaries. These, wearing a tri-colored riband round the left arm, saw that the customers belonged to the Section and were given their proper share in proportion to the number of mouths to be filled.

The *citoyen* Brotteaux made the quest of pleasure the one and only aim of life, holding that the reason and the senses, the sole judges when gods there were none, were unable to conceive any other. Accordingly, finding the painter's remarks somewhat over-full of fanaticism, and the Monk's of simplicity, to please his taste, this wise man, bent on squaring his behavior with his views and relieving the tedium of waiting, drew from the bulging pocket of his plum-colored coat his Lucretius, now as always his chiefest solace and faithful comforter. The binding of red morocco was chafed by hard wear, and the *citoyen* Brotteaux had judiciously erased the coat of arms that once embellished it, — three islets or, which his father the financier had bought for good money down. He opened the book at the passage where the poet philosopher, who is for curing men of the futile and mischievous passion of love, surprises a woman in the arms of her serving-women in a state bound to offend all a lover's susceptibilities. The *citoyen* Brotteaux read the lines, though not without casting a surreptitious glance at the golden pate of the pretty girl in front of him and enjoying a sniff of the heady perfume of the little slut's hot skin. The poet Lucretius was a wise man, but he had only one string to his bow; his disciple Brotteaux had several.

So he read on, taking two steps forward every quarter of an hour. His ear, soothed by the grave and cadenced numbers of the Latin Muse, was deaf to the women's scolding about the monstrous prices of bread and sugar and coffee, candles and soap. In this calm and

unruffled mood he reached the threshold of the bakehouse. Behind him, Évariste Gamelin could see over his head the gilt cornsheaf surmounting the iron grating that fulled the fanlight over the door.

When his turn came to enter the shop, he found the hampers and lockers already emptied; the baker handed him the only scrap of bread left, which did not weigh two pounds. Évariste paid his money; and the gate was slammed on his heels, for fear of a riot and the people carrying the place by storm.

But there was no need to fear; these poor folks, trained to obedience alike by their old-time oppressors and by their liberators of to-day, slunk off with drooping heads and dragging feet.

As he reached the corner of the street, Gamelin caught sight of the *citoyenne* Dumonteil, seated on a stone post, her nursling in her arms. She sat there quite still; her face was colorless and her tearless eyes seemed to see nothing. The infant was sucking her finger voraciously. Gamelin stood a while in front of her, abashed and uncertain what to do. She did not appear to see him.

He stammered something, then pulled out his pocket-knife, a clasp-knife with a horn handle, cut his loaf in two and laid half on the young mother's knee. She looked up at him in wonder; but he had already turned the corner of the street.

On reaching home, Évariste found his mother sitting at the window darning stockings. With a light laugh he put his half of the bread in her hand.

«You must forgive me, mother dear; I was tired out with standing about and exhausted by the heat, and out there as I trudged home, mouthful by mouthful I have gobbled up half of our allowance, There's barely your share left,» — and as he spoke, he made a pretense of shaking the crumbs off his jacket.

THE DUMB WIFE CURED

From (The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife,) translated by Curtis Hidden Page. Copyright by John Lane Co., and reprinted by their permission.

The scene is the room of Judge Leonard Botal, whose wife Catherine has just been cured of her dumbness by a surgical operation.

[Catherine *is heard off stage singing;* Leonard *starts, shakes his head, hurries to his writing-table, and sits down to work.* Catherine, *still singing, enters gaily, and goes to him at the table.*]

LEONARD [*reading*] — «Statement on behalf of Ermeline-Jacinthe-Marthe de la Garandière, gentlewoman.»

Catherine [*standing behind his chair, and first finishing her song:* «La dee ra, dee ra, day,» *then speaking with great volubility*] — What are you doing, my dear? You seem busy. You work too much. [*She goes to the window-seat and takes up her embroidery.*] Aren't you afraid it will make you ill? You must rest once in a while. Why don't you tell me what you are doing, dear?

Leonard — My love, I . . .

Catherine — Is it such a great secret? Can't I know about it?

Leonard — My love, I . . .

Catherine — If it's a secret, don't tell me.

Leonard — Won't you give me a chance to answer? I am examining a case and preparing to draw up a verdict on it.

Catherine — Is drawing up a verdict so very important?

Leonard — Most certainly it is. [Catherine *sits at the window singing and humming to herself, and looking out.*] In the first place, people's honor, their liberty, and sometimes even their life, may depend on it; and furthermore, the Judge must show therein both the depth of his thought and the finish of his style.

Catherine — Then examine your case and prepare your verdict, my dear. I'll be silent.

Leonard — That's right. . . . «Ermeline-Jacinthe-Marthe de la Garandière, gentlewoman . . .»

Catherine — My dear, which do you think would be more becoming to me, a damask gown, or a velvet suit with a Turkish skirt?

Leonard — I don't know, I . . .

Catherine — *I* think a flowered satin would suit my age best, especially a light-colored one, with a *small* flower pattern.

Leonard — Perhaps so. But . . .

Catherine — And don't you think, my dear, that it is quite improper to have a hoop-skirt very full? Of course, a skirt must have *some* fullness . . . or else you don't seem dressed at all; so, we mustn't let it be scanty. But, my dear, you wouldn't want me to have room enough to hide a pair of lovers under my hoops, now would you? That fashion won't last, I'm sure; some say the court ladies will give it up, and then every woman in town will make haste to follow their example. Don't you think so?

Leonard — Yes! Yes! But . . .

Catherine — Now, about high heels. . . . They must be made just right. A woman is judged by her foot-gear — you can always tell a real fine lady by her shoes. You agree with me, don't you, dear?

Leonard — Yes, yes, *yes*, but . . .

Catherine — Then write out your verdict. I shan't say another word.

Leonard — That's right.

[*Reading, and making notes.*]

«Now, the guardian of the said young lady, namely, Hugo Thomas of Piédeloup, gentleman, stole from the said young lady her ——»

Catherine — My dear, if one were to believe the wife of the Chief Justice of Montbadon, the world has grown very corrupt; it is going to the bad; young men nowadays don't marry; they prefer to hang about rich old ladies; and meanwhile the poor girls are left to wither on their maiden stalks. Do you think it's as bad as all that? Do answer me, dear.

Leonard — My darling, won't you please be silent one moment? Or go and talk somewhere else? I'm all at sea.

Catherine — There, there, dear; don't worry. I shan't say another word! Not a word!

Leonard — Good!

[*Writing.*]

«The said Piédeloup, gentleman, counting both hay crops and apple crops . . .»

Catherine — My dear, we shall have for supper to-night some minced mutton and what's left of that goose one of your suitors gave us. Tell me, is that enough? Shall you be satisfied with it? I hate being mean, and like to set a good table, but what's the use of serving courses which will only be sent back to the pantry untouched?

The cost of living is getting higher all the time. Chickens, and salads, and meats, and fruit have all gone up so, it will soon be cheaper to order dinner sent in by a caterer.

Leonard — I beg you . . .

[*Writing.*]

«An orphan by birth . . .»

Catherine — Yes, that's what we're coming to. No home life any more. You'll see. Why, a capon, or a partridge, or a hare, cost less all stuffed and roasted than if you buy them alive at the market. That is because the cook-shops buy in large quantities and get a big discount; so they can sell to us at a profit. I don't say we ought to get our regular meals from the cook-shop. We can do our everyday plain cooking at home, and it's better to; but when we invite people in, or give a formal dinner party, then it saves time and money to have the dinner sent in. Why, at less than an hour's notice, the cook-shops and cake-shops will get you up a dinner for a dozen, or twenty, or fifty people; the cook-shop will send in meat and poultry, the caterer will send galantines and sauces and relishes, the pastry-cook will send pies and tarts and sweets and desserts; and it's all so convenient. Now, don't you think so yourself, Leonard?

Leonard — Please, please!

[Leonard *tries to write through the following speech, murmuring:* «An orphan by birth, a capon by birth, an olla podrida,» *etc.*]

Catherine — It's no wonder everything goes up. People are getting more extravagant every day. If they are entertaining a friend, or even a relative, they don't think they can do with only three courses, soup, meat, and dessert. No, they have to have meats in five or six different styles, with so many sauces, or dressings, or pastries, that it's a regular olla podrida. Now, don't you think that is going too far, my dear? For my part I just cannot understand how people can take pleasure in stuffing themselves with so many kinds of food. Not that I despise a good table; why, I'm even a bit of an epicure myself. «Not too plenty, but dainty,» suits *my* taste. Now, what I like best of all is capons' kidneys with artichoke hearts. But you, Leonard, I suspect you have a weakness for tripe and sausages. Oh, fie! Oh, fie! How can anyone enjoy sausages?

Leonard [*his head in his hands*] — I shall go mad! I know I shall go mad.

Catherine [*running to the table behind him*] — My dear, I just shan't say another word — not a single word. For I can see that my chattering *might* possibly disturb your work.

Leonard — If you would only do as you say!

Catherine [*returning to her place*] — I shan't even open my lips.

Leonard — Splendid!

Catherine (*busily embroidering*] — You see, dear, I'm not saying another word.

Leonard — Yes.

Catherine — I'm letting you work in perfect peace and quiet.

Leonard — Yes.

Catherine — And write out your verdict quite undisturbed. Is it almost done?

Leonard — It never will be — if you don't keep still.

[*Writing.*]

«Item, One hundred twenty pounds a year, which the said unworthy guardian stole from the poor orphan girl . . .»

Catherine — Listen! Ssh-sh! Listen! Didn't you hear a cry of fire? [Leonard *runs to the window, looks out, and then shakes his head at* Catherine.] I thought I did. But perhaps I may have been mistaken. Is there anything so terrifying as a fire? Fire is even worse than water. Last year I saw the houses on Exchange Bridge burn up. What confusion! What havoc! The people threw their furniture into the river, and jumped out of the windows. They didn't know what they were about; you see, fear drove them out of their senses.

Leonard — Lord, have mercy upon me!

Catherine — Oh! What makes you groan so, dear? *Tell* me, tell me what is the matter?

Leonard — I can't endure it another minute.

Catherine — You must rest, Leonard. You mustn't work so hard. It isn't reasonable. You have no right to . . .

Leonard — Will you never be still?

Catherine — Now, don't be cross, dear. I'm not saying a word.

Leonard — Would to Heaven!

[Madame de la Bruine, *followed by her footman, crosses the stage during the following speech.*]

Catherine [*looking out of the window*] — Oh! Here comes Madame de la Bruine, the attorney's wife! She's got on a silk-lined hood and a heavy puce-colored cape over her brocade gown. And she has a lackey with a face like a smoked herring. Leonard, she's looking this way; I believe she's coming to call. Hurry and arrange the chairs and bring up an armchair for her; we must show people proper respect according to their rank and station. She is stopping at our door. No, she's going on. She's gone on. Perhaps I was mistaken. Perhaps it was somebody else. You can't be sure about recognizing people. But if it wasn't she, it was somebody like her, and even very much like her. Now I think of it, I'm sure it was she, there simply couldn't be another woman in Paris so like Madame de la Bruine. My dear . . . My dear . . . Would you have liked to have Madame de la Bruine call on us?

[*She sits down on his table.*]

I know you don't like rattle-tongued women; it's lucky for you that you didn't marry *her;* she jabbers like a magpie; she does nothing but gabble from morning to night. What a chatterbox! And sometimes she tells stories which are not to her credit.

[Leonard, *driven beyond endurance, climbs up on his step-ladder and sits down on one of the middle steps, and tries to write there.*]

In the first place, she always gives you a list of all the presents her husband has received. It's a dreadful bore to hear her tell them over.

[*She climbs up on the other side of the double step-ladder and sits down opposite* Leonard.]

What is it to us, if the Attorney de la Bruine receives presents of game, or flour, or fresh fish, or even a sugar-loaf? But Madame de la Bruine takes good care *not* to tell you that one day her husband received a great Amiens pastry, and when he opened it he found nothing but an enormous pair of horns.

Leonard — My head will burst!

[*He takes refuge on top of one of the cabinets, with his writing-case and papers.*]

Catherine [*at the top of the ladder*] — And did you see my fine lady, who's really no lady at all, wearing an embroidered cape, just like any princess? Don't you think it is ridiculous! But there! Nowadays everybody dresses above his station, men as well as women. Your court secretaries try to pass for gentlemen; they wear gold chains and jewelry, and feathers in their hats; all the same, anyone can tell what they are.

Leonard [*on top of his cupboard*] — I've got to the point where I can't answer for the consequences; I feel capable of committing any crime.

[*Calling.*]

Giles! Giles! Giles! The scoundrel! Giles! Alison! Giles! Giles!

[*Enter* Giles.]

Go quick and find the famous Doctor in Buci Square, Master Simon Colline, and tell him to come back here at once for a matter far more needful and urgent than before.

Giles — Yes, your Honor.

[*Exit.*]

Catherine — What's the matter, my dear? You seem excited. Perhaps the air is close. No? It's the east wind, then, don't you think? — or the fish you ate for dinner?

Leonard [*frantically gesticulating on top of his cupboard*] — *Non omnia possumus omnes.* It is the office of servants to clean crockery, of mercers to measure ribbon, of monks to beg, of birds to drop dirt around everywhere, and of women to cackle and chatter like mad. Oh! How I regret, you saucy baggage, that I had your tongue loosed. Don't you worry, though — the famous doctor shall soon make you more dumb than ever you were.

[*He catches up armfuls of the brief-bags which are piled on his cupboard of refuge, and throws them at* Catherine's *head; she jumps nimbly down from the ladder and runs off in terror, crying:*]

Catherine — Help! Murder! My husband's gone mad! Help! help!

Leonard — Alison! Alison!

[*Enter* Alison.]

Alison — What a life! Sir, have you turned murderer?

Leonard — Alison, follow her, stay by her, and don't let her come down. As you value your life, Alison, don't let her come down. For if I hear another word from her, I shall go raving mad, and God knows what I might do to her — and to you. Go! Off with you!

[Alison *goes upstairs.*]

ST. FRANCIS D'ASSISI

(1182–1226)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

FRANCIS D'ASSISI was at first called Francis Bernardone. His father Pietro was a merchant of Assisi, much given to the pomps and vanities of the world, a lover of France and of everything French. It was after a visit to France in 1182 that, rejoining his beloved wife Pica in the vale of Umbria, he found that God had given to him a little son. Pica called the boy John, in honor of the playmate of the little Christ; but Pietro commanded that he should be named Francis, because of the bright land from whence he drew the rich silks and thick velvets he liked to handle and to sell.

The vale of Umbria is the place for poets; it should be visited in the summer, when the roses bloom on the trellises which the early Italian painters put as backgrounds to their mothers and children. Florence is not far away; and near is the birthplace of one of the fathers of the sonnet, Fra Guittone, and of another poet, Propertius.

Francis's childhood, boyhood, and later youth were happy. His father denied him no luxury in his power to give; he was sent to the priests of the church of St. George. They taught him some Latin and much of the Provençal tongue, — for at that time there was no Italian language; there were only dialects, and the Provençal was used by the elegant, those who loved poetry. Francis Bernardone was one of these; he sang the popular Provençal songs of the day to the lute, for he had learned music. And so passionately did he long for "excess of it," that, the legend says, he stayed up all one night singing a duet with a nightingale. The bird conquered; and later, Francis made a poem glorifying the Creator who had given such a thrilling voice to it.

Up to the age of twenty-four Francis had been one of the lightest hearted and the lightest headed of the rich young men of Assisi. His father openly rejoiced in his extravagance, and admired the graceful manner with which he wore gay clothes cut in latest fashions of France. Madonna Pica, his mother, trembled for his future, while she adored him and in spite of herself believed in him. Her neighbors reproached her: "Your son throws money away; he is the son of a prince!" And Pica, troubled, answered, "He whom you call the child of a prince will one day be a child of God."

Pietro was delighted to see his son lead in all the sports of the *corti* of Assisi. The *corti* were associations of young men addicted to Provençal poetry and music and all sorts of gayety. Folgore da San Gemiano gives, in a series of sonnets, well translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, descriptions of their sports arranged according to the months. March was the season for

> «—lamprey, salmon, eel, and trout,
> Dental and dolphin, sturgeon, all the rout
> Of fish in all the streams that fill the seas.»

In April are dances:—

> «And through hollow brass
> A sound of German music on the air.»

When summer came, Folgore says the *corti* had other things:—

> «For July, in Siena by the willow-tree
> I give you barrels of white Tuscan wine,
> In ice far down your cellars stored supine;
> And morn and eve to eat, in company,
> Of those vast jellies dear to you and me;
> Of partridges and youngling pheasants sweet,
> Boiled capons, sovereign kids;—and let their treat
> Be veal and garlic, with whom these agree.»

Francis was permeated with the ideas of chivalry, and his language was its phraseology. So much was he in love with chivalry that he became the founder of a new order, whose patroness should be the Lady Poverty. Never had there been a time in Europe since the decay of the Roman empire, when poverty was more derided. Princes, merchants, even many prelates and priests, neglected and contemned the poor. The voices of the outcasts and the leper went up to God, and he sent their terrible echoes to awaken the heart of Francis.

In Sicily, Frederick II.—the Julian of the time—lived among fountains and orange blossoms and gorgeous pomegranate arches,—a type of the arrogant voluptuousness of the time, a voluptuousness which Dante symbolized later as the leopard. Against this luxury Francis put the lady of his love, Poverty. In the 'Poètes Franciscains,' Frederick Ozanam says:—

«He thus designated what had become for him the ideal of all perfection,—the type of all moral beauty. He loved to personify Poverty as the symbolic genius of his time; he imagined her as the daughter of Heaven; and he called her by turns the lady of his thoughts, his affianced, and his bride.»

The towns of Italy were continually at war, in 1206 and thereabout. Francis was taken prisoner in a battle of his native townsmen with the Perugians. Restless and depressed, unsatisfied by the revelry of

his comrades, he threw himself into the train of the Count de Brienne, who was making war on the German Emperor for the two Sicilies. About this time, he was moved to give his fine military clothes to a shivering soldier. At Spoleto, after this act of charity, he dreamed that the voice of God asked what he valued most in life. "Earthly fame," he said.—"But which of two is better for you,—the Master, or the servant? And why will you forsake the Master for the servant, the Lord for the slave?"—"O Lord, what shall I do?" asked Francis.—"Return unto the city," said the voice, "and there it will be told you what you shall do and how you may interpret this vision."

He obeyed; he left the army; his old companions were glad to see him, and again he joined the *corti*. But he was paler and more silent. "You are in love!" his companions said, laughingly.

"I am in truth thinking of a bride more noble, more richly dowered, and more beautiful than the world has ever seen."

Pietro was away from home, and his son made donations to the poor. He grew more tranquil, though the Voice had not explained its message. He knelt at the foot of the crucifix one day in the old chapel of St. Damian, and waited. Then the revelation came:—"Francis, go to rebuild my house, which is falling into ruin!"

Francis took this command, which seemed to have come from the lips of his crucified Redeemer, literally. It meant that he should repair the chapel of St. Damian. Later, he accepted it in a broader sense. More important things than the walls of St. Damian were falling into ruin.

Francis was a man of action, and one who took life literally. He went to his father's shop, chose some precious stuffs, and sold them with his horse at Foliquo, for much below their value. Pietro had brought Francis up in a princely fashion: why should he not behave as a prince? And surely the father who had not grudged the richest of his stuffs for the celebrations of the *corti*, would not object to their sacrifice at the command of the Voice for the repairing of St. Damian! Pietro, who had not heard the Voice, vowed vengeance on his son for his foolishness. The priest at St. Damian's had refused the money; but Francis threw it into the window, and Pietro, finding it, went away swearing that his son had kept some of it. Francis wandered about begging stones for the rebuilding of St. Damian's. Pietro, maddened by the foolishness of his son, appealed to a magistrate. Francis cast off all his garments, and gave them to his father. The Bishop of Assisi covered his nakedness with his own mantle until the gown of a poor laborer was brought to him. Dipping his right hand in a pile of mortar, Francis drew a rough cross upon his breast: "Pietro Bernardone," he said, "until now I have called you my father; henceforth I can truly say, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' for he is my wealth, and in him do I place all my hope."

Francis went away, to build his chapel and sing in the Provençal speech hymns in honor of God and of love for his greatness. In June 1208 he began to preach. He converted two men, one rich and of rank, the other a priest. They gave all to the poor, and took up their abode near a hospital for lepers. They had no home but the chapel of the Angels, near the Portiuncula. This was the beginning of the great order of the Friars Minors, the Franciscans.

Francis was the first poet to use the Italian speech — a poet who was inspired to change the fate of Europe. "He would never," the author of a recent monograph on St. Francis says, "destroy or tread on a written page. If it were Christian writing, it might contain the name of God; even if it were the work of a pagan, it contained the letters that make up the sacred name. When St. Francis, of the people and singing for the people, wrote in the vernacular, he asked Fra Pacifico, who had been a great poet in the world, to reduce his verses to the rules of metre."

St. Bonaventura, Jacomino di Verona, and Jacopone di Todi, the author of the 'Stabat Mater,' were Franciscans who followed in his footsteps. "The Crusades were," to quote again, "defensive as well as offensive. The Sultan, whom St. Francis visited and filled with respect, was not far from Christendom." Frederick of Sicily, with his Saracens, menaced Assisi itself. Hideous doctrines and practices were rife; and the thirty thousand friars who soon enrolled themselves in the band of Francis gained the love of the people, preached Christianity anew, symbolized it rudely for folk that could not read, and, as St. Francis had done, they appealed to the imagination. The legends of St. Francis — one can find them in the 'Little Flowers,' of which there are at least two good English translations — became the tenderest poems of the poor.

If St. Francis had been less of a poet, he would have been less of a saint. He died a poet, on October 4, 1226: he asked to be buried on the Infernal Hill of Assisi, where the crusaders were laid to rest; "and," he said, "sing my 'Canticle of the Sun,' so that I may add a song in praise of my sister Death. The lines," he added, "will be found at the end of the 'Cantico del Sole.'"

Paul Sabatier's 'Life of St. Francis,' and Mrs. Oliphant's, are best known to English-speaking readers. The most exhaustive 'Life' is by the Abbé Leon Le Monnier, in two volumes. It has lately been translated into English.

Maurice Francis Egan

ORDER

[*Our Lord Speaks*]

AND though I fill thy heart with hottest love,
Yet in true order must thy heart love me,
For without order can no virtue be;
By thine own virtue, then, I from above
Stand in thy soul; and so, most earnestly,
Must love from turmoil be kept wholly free:
The life of fruitful trees, the seasons of
The circling year move gently as a dove:
I measured all the things upon the earth;
Love ordered them, and order kept them fair,
And love to order must be truly wed.
O soul, why all this heat of little worth?
Why cast out order with no thought of care?
For by love's heat must love be governèd?

Translation of Maurice Francis Egan.

THE CANTICLE OF THE SUN

[The title is 'Incipiunt Laudes Creaturarum quas fecit Franciscus ad Laudem et Honorem Dei cum esset Infirmus ad Sanctum Damianum.' It is sometimes called the 'Canticle of the Creatures.' It is in Italian, and it opens with these words:—«Altissimi, omnipotente, bon Signore, tue so le laude la gloria e l'onore et omne benedictione.»]

O MOST HIGH, Almighty, good Lord God, to thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all blessing.

Praised be my Lord God, with all his creatures, and specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light; fair is he, and he shines with a very great splendor. O Lord, he signifies to us thee!

Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and clouds, calms and all weather, by which thou upholdest life in all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable to us, and humble and precious and clean.

Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright and pleasant, and very mighty and strong.

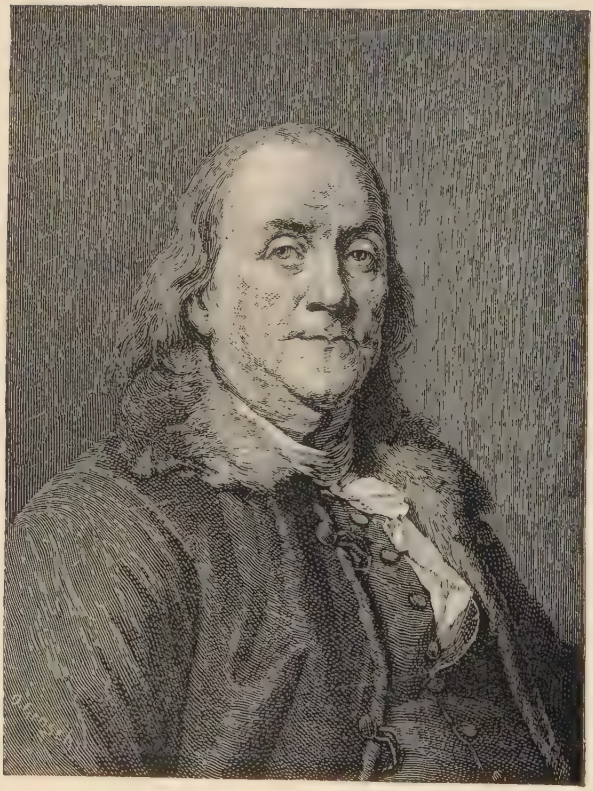
Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringest forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass.

Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peacefully shall endure, for thou, O Most High, wilt give them a crown.

Praised be my Lord for our sister the death of the body, from which no man escapeth. Woe to him who dieth in mortal sin. Blessed are those who die in thy most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm. Praise ye and bless the Lord, and give thanks to him and serve him with great humility.

[The last stanza, in praise of death, was added to the poem on the day St. Francis left the world, October 4th, 1225.]

Translation of Maurice Francis Egan.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

(1706–1790)

BY JOHN BIGELOW

THE youngest son of the seventeen children of a Boston tallow-chandler named Franklin was born a subject of Queen Anne of England, on the 6th of January, 1706; and on the same day received the baptismal name of Benjamin at the Old South Church in that city. He continued for more than seventy of the eighty-four years of his life a subject of four successive British monarchs. During that period, neither Anne nor either of the three Georges who succeeded her had a subject of whom they had more reason to be proud, nor one whom at his death their people generally supposed they had more reason to detest. No Englishman of his generation can now be said to have established a more enduring fame, in any way, than Franklin established in many ways. As a printer, as a journalist, as a diplomatist, as a statesman, as a philosopher, he was easily first among his peers.

On the other hand, it is no disparagement of the services of any of his contemporaries on either side of the Atlantic, to say that no one of his generation contributed more effectually to the dissolution of the bonds which united the principal British-American colonies to the mother country, and towards conferring upon them independence and a popular government.

As a practical printer Franklin was reported to have had no superiors; as a journalist he exerted an influence not only unrivaled in his day, but more potent, on this continent at least, than either of his sovereigns or their Parliaments. The organization of a police, and later of the militia, for Philadelphia; of companies for extinguishing fires; making the sweeping and paving of the streets a municipal function; the formation of the first public library for Philadelphia, and the establishment of an academy which has matured into the now famous University of Pennsylvania, were among the conspicuous reforms which he planted and watered in the columns of the Philadelphia Gazette. This journal he founded; upon the earnings of it he mainly subsisted during a long life, and any sheet of it to-day would bring a larger price in the open market probably than a single sheet of any other periodical ever published.

Franklin's Almanack, his crowning work in the sphere of journalism, published under the pseudonym of Richard Saunders,—better known since as Poor Richard,—is still one of the marvels of modern literature. Under one or another of many titles the contents of this publication, exclusive of its calendars, have been translated into every tongue having any pretensions to a literature; and have had more readers, probably, than any other publication in the English or indeed in any other language, with the single exception of the Bible. It was the first issue from an American press that found a popular welcome in foreign lands, and it still enjoys the special distinction of being the only almanac ever published that owed its extraordinary popularity entirely to its literary merit.

What adds to the surprise with which we contemplate the fame and fortunes of this unpretentious publication, is the fact that its reputation was established by its first number, and when its author was only twenty-six years of age. For a period of twenty-six years, and until Franklin ceased to edit it, this annual was looked forward to by a larger portion of the colonial population and with more impatience than now awaits a President's annual message to Congress.

Franklin graduated from journalism into diplomacy as naturally as winter glides into spring. This was simply because he was by common acclaim the fittest man for any kind of public service the colony possessed, and especially for any duty requiring talents for persuasion, in which he proved himself to be unquestionably past master among the diplomatists of his time.

The question of taxing the Penn proprietary estates in Pennsylvania, for the defense of the province from the French and Indians, had assumed such an acute stage in 1757 that the Assembly decided to petition the King upon the subject; and selected Franklin, then in the forty-first year of his age, to visit London and present their petition. The next forty-one years of his life were practically all spent in the diplomatic service. He was five years absent on this his first mission. Every interest in London was against him. He finally surmounted all obstacles by a compromise, which pledged the Assembly to pass an act exempting from taxation the unsurveyed lands of the Penn estate,—the surveyed waste lands, however, to be assessed at the usual rate. For his success the Penns and their partisans never forgave him, and his fellow-colonists never forgot him.

Franklin returned to Philadelphia in 1762, but not to remain. The question of taxing the colonies without representation was soon thrust upon them in the shape of a stamp duty, and Franklin was sent out again to urge its repeal. He reached London in November 1764, where he remained the next eleven years and until it became apparent that the surrender of the right to arbitrarily tax the

colonies would never be made by England during the life of the reigning sovereign, George III. Satisfied that his usefulness in England was at an end, he sailed for Philadelphia on the 21st of March, 1775; and on the morning of his arrival was elected by the Assembly of Pennsylvania a delegate to the Continental Congress which consolidated the armies of the colonies, placed General George Washington in command of them, issued the first Continental currency, and assumed the responsibility of resisting the imperial government; his last hope of maintaining the integrity of the empire having been dissipated by recent collisions between the people and the royalist troops at Concord and Lexington. Franklin served on ten committees in this Congress. He was one of the five who drew up the Declaration of Independence in July 1776, and in September following was chosen unanimously as one of the three commissioners to be sent out to solicit for the infant republic the aid of France and the sympathies of continental Europe. In this mission, the importance of which to his country can hardly be exaggerated, he was greatly favored by the reputation which had preceded him as a man of science. While yet a journalist he had made some experiments in electricity, which established its identity with lightning. The publication by an English correspondent of the letters in which he gave an account of these experiments, secured his election as an honorary member of the Royal Society of London and undisputed rank among the most eminent natural philosophers of his time. When he arrived in Paris, therefore, he was already a member of every important learned society in Europe, one of the managers of the Royal Society of London, and one of the eight foreign members of the Royal Academy in Paris, where three editions of his scientific writings had already been printed. To these advantages must be added another of even greater weight: his errand there was to assist in dismembering the British Empire, than which nothing of a political nature was at this time much nearer every Frenchman's heart.

The history of this mission, and how Franklin succeeded in procuring from the French King financial aid to the amount of twenty-six millions of francs, at times when the very existence of the republic depended upon them, and finally a treaty of peace more favorable to his country than either England or France wished to concede, has been often told; and there is no chapter in the chronicles of this republic with which the world is more familiar.

Franklin's reputation grew with his success. "It was," wrote his colleague John Adams, "more universal than that of Leibnitz or Newton, Frederick the Great or Voltaire, and his character more beloved and esteemed than all of them. . . . If a collection could be made of all the gazettes of Europe for the latter half of the

eighteenth century, a greater number of panegyrical paragraphs upon *le grand Franklin* would appear, it is believed, than upon any other man that ever lived."

A few weeks after signing the definitive treaty of peace in 1783, Franklin renewed an application which he had previously made just after signing the preliminary treaty, to be relieved of his mission; but it was not until the 7th of March, 1785, that Congress adopted a resolution permitting "the Honorable Benjamin Franklin to return to America as soon as convenient." Three days later, Thomas Jefferson was appointed to succeed him.

On the 13th of September, 1785, and after a sojourn of nearly nine years in the French capital, first in the capacity of commissioner and subsequently of minister plenipotentiary, Franklin once more landed in Philadelphia, on the same wharf on which, sixty-two years before, he had stepped, a friendless and practically penniless runaway apprentice of seventeen.

Though now in his seventy-ninth year, and a prey to infirmities not the necessary incidents of old age, he had scarcely unpacked his trunks after his return when he was chosen a member of the municipal council of Philadelphia, and its chairman. Shortly after, he was elected president of Pennsylvania, his own vote only lacking to make the vote unanimous. "I have not firmness," he wrote to a friend, "to resist the unanimous desire of my countryfolks; and I find myself harnessed again into their service another year. They engrossed the prime of my life; they have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones."

He was unanimously re-elected to this dignity for the two succeeding years, and while holding that office was chosen a member of the convention which met in May 1787 to frame the Constitution under which the people of the United States are still living.

With the adoption of that instrument, to which he probably contributed as much as any other individual, he retired from official life; though not from the service of the public, to which for the remaining years of his stay on earth his genius and his talents were faithfully consecrated.

Among the fruits of that unfamiliar leisure, always to be remembered among the noblest achievements of his illustrious career, was the part he had in organizing the first anti-slavery society in the world; and as its president, writing and signing the first remonstrance against slavery ever addressed to the Congress of the United States.

In surveying the life of Dr. Franklin as a whole, the thing that most impresses one is his constant study and singleness of purpose to promote the welfare of human society. It was his daily theme as a journalist, and his yearly theme as an almanac-maker. It is that

which first occurs to us when we recall his career as a member of the Colonial Assembly; as an agent of the provinces in England; as a diplomatist in France; and as a member of the conventions which crowned the consistent labors of his long life. Nor are there any now so bold as to affirm that there was any other person who could have been depended upon to accomplish for his country or the world, what Franklin did in any of the several stages of his versatile career.

Though holding office for more than half of his life, the office always sought Franklin, not Franklin the office. When sent to England as the agent of the colony, he withdrew from business with a modest competence judiciously invested mostly in real estate. He never seems to have given a thought to its increase. Frugal in his habits, simple in his tastes, wise in his indulgences, he died with a fortune neither too large nor too small for his fame as a citizen or a patriot. For teaching frugality and economy to the colonists, when frugality and economy were indispensable to the conservation of their independence and manhood, he has been sneered at as the teacher of a "candle-end-saving philosophy," and his 'Poor Richard' as a "collection of receipts for laying up treasures on earth rather than in heaven." Franklin never taught, either by precept or example, to lay up treasures on earth. He taught the virtues of industry, thrift, and economy, as the virtues supremely important in his time, to keep people out of debt and to provide the means of educating and dignifying society. He never countenanced the accumulation of wealth for its own sake, but for its uses,—its prompt convertibility into social comforts and refinements. It would be difficult to name another man of any age to whom an ambition to accumulate wealth as an end could be imputed with less propriety. Though probably the most inventive genius of his age, and thus indirectly the founder of many fortunes, he never asked a patent for any of his inventions or discoveries. Though one of the best writers of the English language that his country has yet produced, he never wrote a line for money after he withdrew from the calling by which he made a modest provision for his family.

For the remaining half of his life both at home and abroad, though constantly operating upon public opinion by his pen, he never availed himself of a copyright or received a penny from any publisher or patron for any of these labors. In none of the public positions which he held, even when minister plenipotentiary, did his pay equal his expenditures. He was three years president of Pennsylvania after his return from France, and for his services declined to appropriate to his own use anything beyond his necessary expenditures for stationery, postage, and transportation. It is not by such

methods that men justly incur the implied reproach of "laying up treasures on earth," or of teaching a candle-end-saving philosophy.

Franklin courted fame no more than fortune. The best of his writings, after his retirement from journalism, he never gave to the press at all; not even his incomparable autobiography, which is still republished more frequently than any of the writings of Dickens or of Thackeray. He always wrote for a larger purpose than mere personal gratification of any kind. Even his bagatelles and *jeux d'esprit* read in the salons of Paris, though apparently intended for the eyes of a small circle, were inspired by a desire to make friends and create respect for the struggling people and the great cause he represented. Few if any of them got into print until many years after his decease.

Franklin was from his youth up a leader, a lion in whatever circle he entered, whether in the printing-house, the provincial Assemblies, as agent in England, or as a courtier in France. There was no one too eminent in science or literature, on either side of the Atlantic, not to esteem his acquaintance a privilege. He was an honorary member of every important scientific association in the world, and in friendly correspondence with most of those who conferred upon those bodies any distinction; and all this by force of a personal, not to say planetary, attraction that no one brought within his sphere could long resist.

Pretty much all of importance that we know of Franklin we gather from his private correspondence. His contemporaries wrote or at least printed very little about him; scarcely one of the multitude whose names he embalmed in his 'Autobiography' ever printed a line about him. All that we know of the later half of his life not covered by his autobiography, we owe almost exclusively to his private and official correspondence. Though reckoning among his warm friends and correspondents such men as David Hume, Dr. Joseph Priestley, Dr. Price, Lord Kames, Lord Chatham, Dr. Fothergill, Peter Collinson, Edmund Burke, the Bishop of St. Asaph and his gifted daughters, Voltaire, the habitués of the Helvétius salon, the Marquis de Ségur, the Count de Vergennes, his near neighbors De Chaumont and Le Veillard, the *maire* of Passy,—all that we learn of his achievements, of his conversation, of his daily life, from these or many other associates of only less prominence in the Old World, might be written on a single foolscap sheet. Nor are we under much greater obligations to his American friends. It is to his own letters (and except his 'Autobiography,' he can hardly be said to have written anything in any other than the epistolary form; and that was written in the form of a letter to his son William, and most of it only began to be published a quarter of a century after his

death) that we must turn to learn how full of interest and importance to mankind was this last half-century of his life. Beyond keeping copies of his correspondence, which his official character made a duty as well as a necessity, he appears to have taken no precautions to insure the posthumous fame to which his correspondence during that period was destined to contribute so much. Hence, all the biographies — and they are numberless — owe almost their entire interest and value to his own pen. All, so far as they are biographies, are autobiographies; and for that reason it may be fairly said that all of them are interesting.

It is also quite remarkable that though Franklin's life was a continuous warfare, he had no personal enemies. His extraordinary and even intimate experience of every phase of human life, from the very lowest to the very highest, had made him so tolerant that he regarded differences of opinion and of habits much as he regarded the changes of the weather, — as good or bad for his purposes, but which, though he might sometimes deplore, he had no right to quarrel with or assume personal responsibility for. Hence he never said or did things personally offensive. The causes that he represented had enemies, for he was all his life a reformer. All men who are good for anything have such enemies. "I have, as you observe," wrote Franklin to John Jay the year that he retired from the French mission, "some enemies in England, but they are my enemies as an American; I have also two or three in America who are my enemies as a minister; but I thank God there are not in the whole world any who are my enemies as a man: for by his grace, through a long life, I have been enabled so to conduct myself that there does not exist a human being who can justly say, 'Ben Franklin has wronged me.' This, my friend, is in old age a comfortable reflection. You too have or may have your enemies; but let not that render you unhappy. If you make a right use of them, they will do you more good than harm. They point out to us our faults; they put us upon our guard and help us to live more correctly."

Franklin's place in literature as a writer has not been generally appreciated, probably because with him writing was only a means, never an end, and his ends always dwarfed his means, however effective. He wrote to persuade others, never to parade his literary skill. He never wrote a dull line, and was never *nimious*. The longest production of his pen was his autobiography, written during the closing years of his life. Nearly all that he wrote besides was in the form of letters, which would hardly average three octavo pages in length. And yet whatever the subject he touched upon, he never left the impression of incompleteness or of inconclusiveness. Of him may be said, perhaps with as much propriety as of any other man,

that he never said a word too soon, nor a word too late, nor a word too much. Tons of paper have been devoted to dissuasives from dueling, but the argument was never put more effectively than Franklin put it in these dozen lines of a letter to a Mr. Percival, who had sent him a volume of literary and moral dissertations.

«A gentleman in a coffee-house desired another to sit further from him. 'Why so?'—'Because you stink.'—'That is an affront, and you must fight me.'—'I will fight you if you insist upon it, but I do not see how that will mend the matter. For if you kill me, I shall stink too; and if I kill you, you will stink, if possible, worse than at present.' How can such miserable sinners as we are, entertain so much pride as to conceit that every offense against our imagined honor merits death? These petty princes, in their opinion, would call that sovereign a tyrant who should put one of them to death for a little uncivil language, though pointed at his sacred person; yet every one of them makes himself judge in his own cause, condemns the offender without a jury, and undertakes himself to be the executioner.»

Some one wrote him that the people in England were abusing the Americans and speaking all manner of evil against them. Franklin replied that this was natural enough:

«They impute to us the evil they wished us. They are angry with us, and speak all manner of evil of us; but we flourish notwithstanding. They put me in mind of a violent High Church factor, resident in Boston when I was a boy. He had bought upon speculation a Connecticut cargo of onions which he flattered himself he might sell again to great profit; but the price fell, and they lay upon his hands. He was heartily vexed with his bargain, especially when he observed they began to grow in his store he had filled with them. He showed them one day to a friend. 'Here they are,' said he, 'and they are growing too. I damn them every day, but I think they are like the Presbyterians; the more I curse them, the more they grow.'»

Mr. Jefferson tells us that Franklin was sitting by his side in the convention while the delegates were picking his famous declaration of Independence to pieces, and seeing how Jefferson was squirming under their mutilations, comforted him with the following stories, the rare excellence of which has given them a currency which has long since worn off their novelty:—

«'I have made it a rule,' said he, 'whenever in my power, to avoid becoming the draftsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you.

«'When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprenticed hatter, having served out his time, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome sign-board with the proper inscription. He composed it in these words: *John Thompson, Hatter, makes and sells Hats for ready Money*, with a figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed

it to thought the word *hatter* tautologous, because followed by the words *makes hats*, which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed that the word *makes* might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats; if good and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck it out. A third said he thought the words *for ready money* were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit: every one who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with, and the inscription now stood, *John Thompson sells hats.* «*Sells* hats,» says his next friend; «why, nobody will expect you to give them away. What then is the use of that word?» It was stricken out, and *hats* followed, the rather as there was one painted on the board. So his inscription was ultimately reduced to *John Thompson*, with the figure of a hat subjoined.'»

When the members were about to sign the document, Mr. Hancock is reported to have said, «We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together.» «Yes,» replied Franklin, «we must indeed all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately.»

The Doric simplicity of his style; his incomparable facility of condensing a great principle into an apologue or an anecdote, many of which, as he applied them, have become the folk-lore of all nations; his habitual moderation of statement, his aversion to exaggeration, his inflexible logic, and his perfect truthfulness,—made him one of the most persuasive men of his time, and his writings a model which no one can study without profit. A judicious selection from Franklin's writings should constitute a part of the curriculum of every college and high school that aspires to cultivate in its pupils a pure style and correct literary taste.

There was one incident in Franklin's life, which, though more frequently referred to in terms of reproach than any other, will probably count for more in his favor in the Great Assize than any other of his whole life. While yet in his teens he became a father before he was a husband. He never did what men of the loftiest moral pretensions not unfrequently do,—shirk as far as possible any personal responsibility for this indiscretion. On the contrary, he took the fruit of it to his home; gave him the best education the schools of the country then afforded. When he went abroad, this son accompanied him, was presented as his son wherever he went, was presented in all the great houses in which he himself was received; he entered him at the Inns of Court, and in due time had him admitted to the English bar; made him his private secretary, and at an early age caused him to be appointed by the Crown, Governor of New Jersey. The father not only did everything to repair the wrong he had done his son, but at a time when he was at the zenith of his fame and official importance, publicly proclaimed it as one of the

great errors of his life. The world has always abounded with bastards; but with the exception of crowned heads claiming to hold their sceptres by Divine right, and therefore beyond the reach of popular criticism or reproach, it would be difficult to name another parent of his generation of anything like corresponding eminence with Franklin, who had the courage and the magnanimity to expiate such a wrong to his offspring so fully and effectively.

Franklin was not a member of the visible Church, nor did he ever become the adherent of any sect. He was three years younger than Jonathan Edwards, and in his youth heard his share of the then prevailing theology of New England, of which Edwards was regarded, and perhaps justly, as the most eminent exponent. The extremes to which Edwards carried those doctrines at last so shocked the people of Massachusetts that he was rather ignominiously expelled from his pulpit at Northampton; and the people of Massachusetts, in very considerable proportions, gradually wandered over into the Unitarian communion. To Jonathan Edwards and the inflexible law of action and reaction, more than to Priestley or any one else of their generation, that sect owes to this day its numerical strength, its influence, and its dignity, in New England. With the creed of that sect Dr. Franklin had more in common than with any other, though he was much too wise a man to suppose that there was but one gate of admission to the Holy City. He believed in one God; that Jesus was the best man that ever lived, and his example the most profitable one ever given us to follow. He never succeeded in accepting the doctrine that Jehovah and Jesus were one person, or that miracles attributed to the latter in the Bible were ever worked. He thought the best service and sufficient worship of God was in doing all the good we can to his creatures. He therefore never occupied himself much with ecclesiastical ceremonies, sectarian differences, or theological subtleties. A reverend candidate for episcopal orders wrote to Franklin, complaining that the Archbishop of Canterbury had refused to ordain him unless he would take the oath of allegiance, which he was too patriotic a Yankee to do. Franklin, in reply, asked what necessity there was for his being connected with the Church of England; if it would not be as well were it the Church of Ireland. Perhaps were he to apply to the Bishop of Derry, who was a man of liberal sentiments, he might give him orders, as of that Church. Should both England and Ireland refuse, Franklin assumed that the Bishops of Sweden and Norway would refuse also, unless the candidates embraced Lutheranism. He then added:—

«Next to becoming Presbyterians, the Episcopalian clergy of America, in my humble opinion, cannot do better than to follow the example of the first clergy of Scotland, soon after the conversion of that country to Christianity.

When the King had built the cathedral of St. Andrew's, and requested the King of Northumberland to lend his bishops to ordain one for them, that their clergy might not as heretofore be obliged to go to Northumberland for orders, and their request was refused, they assembled in the cathedral, and the mitre, crosier, and robes of a bishop being laid upon the altar, they after earnest prayers for direction in their choice elected one of their own number; when the King said to him, «*Arise, go to the altar, and receive your office at the hand of God.*» His brethren led him to the altar, robed him, put the crosier in his hand and the mitre on his head, and he became the first Bishop of Scotland.

«If the British islands were sunk in the sea (and the surface of this globe has suffered great changes), you would probably take some such method as this; and if they persist in denying your ordination, it is the same thing. A hundred years hence, when people are more enlightened, it will be wondered at that men in America, qualified by their learning and piety to pray for and instruct their neighbors, should not be permitted to do it till they had made a voyage of six thousand miles out and home, to ask leave of a cross old gentleman at Canterbury.»

Franklin, however, was in no sense an agnostic. What he could not understand he did not profess to understand or believe; neither was he guilty of the presumption of holding that what he could not understand, he might not have understood if he had been a wiser and better man. Though impatient of cant and hypocrisy, especially in the pulpit, he never spoke lightly of the Bible, or of the Church and its offices. When his daughter Sally was about to marry, he wrote to her:—

«My dear child, the natural prudence and goodness of heart God has blest you with, make it less necessary for me to be particular in giving you advice. I shall therefore only say, that the more attentively dutiful and tender you are towards your good mamma, the more you will recommend yourself to me. But why should I mention *me*, when you have so much higher a promise in the Commandments, that such conduct will recommend you to the favor of God? You know I have many enemies, all indeed on the public account (for I cannot recollect that I have in a private capacity given just cause of offense to any one whatever): yet they are enemies, and very bitter ones; and you must expect their enmity will extend in some degree to you, so that your slightest indiscretions will be magnified into crimes, in order the more sensibly to wound and afflict me. It is therefore the more necessary for you to be extremely circumspect in all your behavior, that no advantage may be given to their malevolence.

«Go constantly to church, whoever preaches. The act of devotion in the Common Prayer Book is your principal business there, and if properly attended to will do more towards amending the heart than sermons generally can do. For they were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom than our common composers of sermons can pretend to be; and therefore I wish you would never miss the prayer days: yet I do not mean you should

despise sermons, even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth. I am the more particular on this head, as you seemed to express a little before I came away some inclination to leave our church, which I would not have you do.»

I cannot more fitly close this imperfect sketch of America's most illustrious citizen, than by quoting from a touching and most affectionate letter from Mrs. Hewson (Margaret Stevenson),—one of Franklin's worthiest, most faithful, and most valued friends,—addressed to one of Franklin's oldest friends in England.

«We have lost that valued, venerable, kind friend whose knowledge enlightened our minds and whose philanthropy warmed our hearts. But we have the consolation to think that if a life well spent in acts of universal benevolence to mankind, a grateful acknowledgment of Divine favor, a patient submission under severe chastisement, and an humble trust in Almighty mercy, can insure the happiness of a future state, our present loss is his gain. I was the faithful witness of the closing scene, which he sustained with that calm fortitude which characterized him through life. No repining, no peevish expression ever escaped him during a confinement of two years, in which, I believe, if every moment of ease could be added together, would not amount to two whole months. When the pain was not too violent to be amused, he employed himself with his books, his pen, or in conversation with his friends; and upon every occasion displayed the clearness of his intellect and the cheerfulness of his temper. Even when the intervals from pain were so short that his words were frequently interrupted, I have known him to hold a discourse in a sublime strain of piety. I say this to you because I know it will give you pleasure.

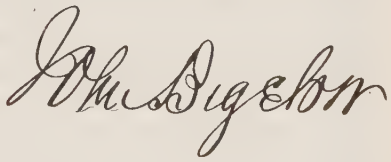
«I never shall forget one day that I passed with our friend last summer. I found him in bed in great agony; but when that agony abated a little I asked if I should read to him. He said yes; and the first book I met with was Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets.' I read the 'Life of Watts,' who was a favorite author with Dr. Franklin; and instead of lulling him to sleep, it roused him to a display of the powers of his memory and his reason. He repeated several of Watts's 'Lyric Poems,' and descanted upon their sublimity in a strain worthy of them and of their pious author. It is natural for us to wish that an attention to some ceremonies had accompanied that religion of the heart which I am convinced Dr. Franklin always possessed; but let us who feel the benefit of them continue to practice them, without thinking lightly of that piety which could support pain without a murmur, and meet death without terror.»

Franklin made a somewhat more definite statement of his views on the subject of religion, in reply to an inquiry from President Styles of Yale College, who expressed a desire to know his opinion of Jesus of Nazareth. Franklin's reply was written the last year of his life, and in the eighty-fourth of his age:—

«You desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time I have been questioned upon it. But I cannot take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavor in a few words to gratify it. Here is my creed. I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That he governs it by his Providence. That he ought to be worshiped. That the most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion, and I regard them as you do in whatever sect I meet with them.

«As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think his system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw or is like to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his Divinity; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more respected and more observed; especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss, by distinguishing the unbelievers in his government of the world with any peculiar marks of his displeasure.

«I shall only add, respecting myself, that, having experienced the goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously through a long life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness. My sentiments on this head you will see in the copy of an old letter inclosed, which I wrote in answer to one from an old religionist whom I had relieved in a paralytic case by electricity, and who, being afraid I should grow proud upon it, sent me his serious though rather impertinent caution.»



OF FRANKLIN'S FAMILY AND EARLY LIFE

From the 'Autobiography,' in Bigelow's Edition of Franklin's Works

JOSIAH, my father, married young, and carried his wife with three children into New England about 1682. The conventicles having been forbidden by law and frequently disturbed, induced some considerable men of his acquaintance to remove to that country, and he was prevailed with to accompany them thither, where they expected to enjoy their mode of religion with freedom. By the same wife he had four children more

born there, and by a second wife ten more, in all seventeen; of which I remember thirteen sitting at one time at his table, who all grew up to be men and women, and married. I was the youngest son and the youngest child but two, and was born in Boston, New England. My mother, the second wife, was Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, one of the first settlers of New England, of whom honorable mention is made by Cotton Mather in his church history of that country, entitled 'Magnalia Christi Americana,' as "*a goodly, learned Englishman,*" if I remember the words rightly. I have heard that he wrote sundry small occasional pieces, but only one of them was printed, which I saw now many years since. . . .

My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me, as the tithe of his sons, to the service of the Church. My early readiness in learning to read (which must have been very early, as I do not remember when I could not read), and the opinion of all his friends that I should certainly make a good scholar, encouraged him in this purpose of his. My uncle Benjamin too approved of it, and proposed to give me all his short-hand volumes of sermons,—I suppose as a stock to set up with,—if I would learn his character. I continued, however, at the grammar school not quite one year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be the head of it, and farther was removed into the next class above it, in order to go with that into the third at the end of the year. But my father in the mean time,—from a view of the expense of a college education, which having so large a family he could not well afford, and the mean living many so educated were afterwards able to obtain,—reasons that he gave to his friends in my hearing,—altered his first intention, took me from the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownell, very successful in his profession generally, and that by mild, encouraging methods. Under him I acquired fair writing pretty soon, but I failed in the arithmetic, and made no progress in it. At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler,—a business he was not bred to, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, and on finding his dyeing trade would not maintain his family, being in little request.

Accordingly I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dipping-mold and the molds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc.

I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it: however, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learnt early to swim well and to manage boats; and when in a boat or canoe with other boys I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally a leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance, as it shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted.

There was a salt-marsh that bounded part of the mill-pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there, fit for us to stand upon; and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were gone, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and working with them diligently like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, we brought them all away and built our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which were found in our wharf. Inquiry was made after the removers; we were discovered and complained of; several of us were corrected by our fathers, and though I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing was useful which was not honest.

I continued thus employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old; and my brother John, who was bred to that business, having left my father, married, and set up for himself at Rhode Island, there was all appearance that I was destined to supply his place and become a tallow-chandler. But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father was under apprehensions that if he did not find one for me more agreeable, I should break away and get to sea, as his son Josiah had done, to his great vexation. He therefore sometimes took me to walk with him, and see joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers, etc., at their work, that he might observe my inclination, and endeavor to fix it on some trade or other on land. It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen

handle their tools; and it has been useful to me, having learnt so much by it as to be able to do little jobs myself in my house when a workman could not readily be got, and to construct little machines for my experiments, while the intention of making the experiment was fresh and warm in my mind. My father at last fixed upon the cutler's trade, and my uncle Benjamin's son Samuel, who was bred to that business in London, being about that time established in Boston, I was sent to be with him some time on liking. But his expectations of a fee with me displeasing my father, I was taken home again.

From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's 'Historical Collections'; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, 40 or 50 in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's Lives there was, in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called 'An Essay on Projects,' and another of Dr. Mather's, called 'Essays To Do Good,' which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small

one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

FRANKLIN'S JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA: HIS ARRIVAL THERE

From the 'Autobiography,' in Bigelow's Edition of Franklin's Works

I PROCEEDED on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soaked, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopt at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish that I had never left home. I cut so miserable a figure too that I found, by the questions asked me, I was suspected to be some runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded the next day, and got in the evening to an inn within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment; and finding I had read a little, became very sociable and friendly. Our acquaintance continued as long as he lived. He had been, I imagine, an itinerant doctor, for there was no town in England or country in Europe of which he could not give a very particular account. He had some letters, and was ingenious, but much of an unbeliever, and wickedly undertook, some years after, to travestie the Bible in doggrel verse, as Cotton had done Virgil. By this means he set many of the facts in a very ridiculous light, and might have hurt weak minds if his work had been published, but it never was.

At his house I lay that night, and the next morning reached Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before my coming, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday; wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought gingerbread to eat on the water, and asked her advice. She invited me to lodge at her house till a passage by water should offer; and being tired with my foot-traveling, I accepted the invitation. She, understanding I was a printer, would have had me stay at

that town and follow my business, being ignorant of the stock necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox-cheek with great good-will, accepting only of a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in, and as there was no wind, we rowed all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, —the night being cold, in October,—and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at the Market Street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlike beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing, but I insisted on their taking it; a man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor

the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and coming round found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was therefore the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

FRANKLIN AS A PRINTER

From the 'Autobiography,' in Bigelow's Edition of Franklin's Works

I now began to think of getting a little money beforehand, and expecting better work, I left Palmer's to work at Watts's, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, a still greater printing-house. Here I continued all the rest of my stay in London.

At my first admission into this printing-house I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been used to in America, where presswork is mixed with composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great guzzlers of beer. On occasion, I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the *Water American*, as they called

me, was *stronger* than themselves, who drank *strong* beer! We had an alehouse boy, who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer that he might be *strong* to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and therefore, if he would eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that muddling liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.

Watts after some weeks desiring to have me in the composing-room, I left the pressmen: a new *bien venu* or sum for drink, being five shillings, was demanded of me by the compositors. I thought it an imposition, as I had paid below: the master thought so too, and forbade my paying it. I stood out two or three weeks, was accordingly considered as an excommunicate, and had so many little pieces of private mischief done me, by mixing my sorts, transposing my pages, breaking my matter, etc., etc., if I were ever so little out of the room,—and all ascribed to the chappel ghost, which they said ever haunted those not regularly admitted,—that notwithstanding the master's protection I found myself obliged to comply and pay the money, convinced of the folly of being on ill terms with those one is to live with continually.

I was now on a fair footing with them, and soon acquired considerable influence. I proposed some reasonable alterations in their chappel laws, and carried them against all opposition. From my example, a great part of them left their muddling breakfast of beer and bread and cheese, finding they could with me be supplied from a neighboring house with a large porringer of hot water-gruel sprinkled with pepper, crumbed with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer; viz., three half-pence. This was a more comfortable as well as cheaper

breakfast, and kept their heads clearer. Those who continued sotting with beer all day were often, by not paying, out of credit at the alehouse, and used to make interest with me to get beer; their *light*, as they phrased it, *being out*. I watched the pay-table on Saturday night, and collected what I stood engaged for them, having to pay sometimes near thirty shillings a week on their account. This, and my being esteemed a pretty good *rigite*,—that is, a jocular verbal satirist,—supported my consequence in the society. My constant attendance (I never making a St. Monday) recommended me to the master; and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put upon all work of dispatch, which was generally better paid. So I went on now very agreeably.

RULES OF HEALTH

From Poor Richard's Almanack: 1742

EAT and drink such an exact quantity as the constitution of thy body allows of, in reference to the services of the mind.

They that study much ought not to eat as much as those that work hard, their digestion being not so good.

The exact quantity and quality being found out, is to be kept to constantly.

Excess in all other things whatever, as well as in meat and drink, is also to be avoided.

Youth, age, and sick require a different quantity.

And so do those of contrary complexions; for that which is too much for a phlegmatic man, is not sufficient for a choleric.

The measure of food ought to be (as much as possibly may be) exactly proportionable to the quality and condition of the stomach, because the stomach digests it.

That quantity that is sufficient, the stomach can perfectly concoct and digest, and it sufficeth the due nourishment of the body.

A greater quantity of some things may be eaten than of others, some being of lighter digestion than others.

The difficulty lies in finding out an exact measure; but eat for necessity, not pleasure: for lust knows not where necessity ends.

Wouldst thou enjoy a long life, a healthy body, and a vigorous mind, and be acquainted also with the wonderful works of God, labor in the first place to bring thy appetite to reason.

THE WAY TO WEALTH

From Poor Richard's Almanack

COURTEOUS reader, I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks: "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for 'A word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:—

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us: 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says. . . .

"Beware of little expenses: 'A small leak will sink a great ship,' as Poor Richard says; and again, 'Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;' and moreover, 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.'

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods;* but if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may, for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: 'Buy what thou hast no

need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.' And again, 'At a great pennyworth pause a while.' He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.' Again, 'It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;' and yet this folly is practiced every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half starved their families. 'Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,' as Poor Richard says.

"These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences: and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who through industry and frugality have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that 'A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,' as poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, 'It is day, and will never be night;' that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but 'Always taking out of the meal-tub and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,' as Poor Richard says; and then, 'When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.' But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some: for he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing,' as Poor Richard says; and indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick further advises and says:—

'Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.'

And again, 'Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.' When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, 'It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.' And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

'Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.'

It is however a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, 'Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.' And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities! We are offered by the terms of this sale six months' credit; and that perhaps has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in debt: you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity and sink into base downright lying; for 'The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,' as Poor Richard says: and again to the same purpose, 'Lying rides upon Debt's back;' whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. 'It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.'

"What would you think of that prince or of that government who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or a gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please; and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may perhaps think little of payment; but as Poor Richard says, 'Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.' The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or if you bear your debt in

mind, the term which at first seemed so long will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.' At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury, but—

'For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.'

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever while you live, expense is constant and certain; and 'It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as Poor Richard says; so, 'Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.'

'Get what you can, and what you get hold;
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.'

And when you have got the Philosopher's Stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: but after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it; but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for it is true, 'We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.' However, remember this: 'They that will not be counseled, cannot be helped;' and further, that 'If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,' as Poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine; and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted

with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he had ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

SPEECH IN THE FEDERAL CONVENTION, IN FAVOR OF OPENING ITS SESSIONS WITH PRAYER

Mr. President:

THE small progress we have made, after four or five weeks' close attendance and continual reasons with each other, our different sentiments on almost every question, several of the last producing as many *Noes* as *Ayes*, is, methinks, a melancholy proof of the imperfection of the human understanding. We indeed seem to *feel* our own want of political wisdom, since we have been running all about in search of it. We have gone back to ancient history for models of government, and examined the different forms of those republics, which, having been originally formed with the seeds of their own dissolution, now no longer exist; and we have viewed modern States all round Europe, but find none of their constitutions suitable to our circumstances.

In this situation of this assembly, groping as it were in the dark to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate our understandings? In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard; and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful Friend? or

do we imagine we no longer need its assistance? I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, *that* God *governs in the affairs of men.* And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings, that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel: we shall be divided by our little partial local interests, our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest.

I therefore beg leave to move,—

That henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service.

ON WAR

I AGREE with you perfectly in your disapprobation of war. Abstracted from the inhumanity of it, I think it wrong in point of human prudence; for whatever advantage one nation would obtain from another, whether it be part of their territory, the liberty of commerce with them, free passage on their rivers, etc., it would be much cheaper to purchase such advantage with ready money than to pay the expense of acquiring it by war. An army is a devouring monster; and when you have raised it, you have, in order to subsist it, not only the fair charges of pay, clothing, provisions, arms, and ammunition, with numberless other contingent and just charges to answer and satisfy, but you have all the additional knavish charges of the numerous tribe of contractors to defray, with those of every other dealer who furnishes the articles wanted for your army, and takes advantage of that want to demand exorbitant prices. It seems to me that if statesmen had a little more arithmetic, or were more accustomed to calculation, wars would be much less frequent. I am confident

that Canada might have been purchased from France for a tenth part of the money England spent in the conquest of it. And if instead of fighting with us for the power of taxing us, she had kept us in good humor by allowing us to dispose of our own money, and now and then giving us a little of hers, by way of donation to colleges, or hospitals, or for cutting canals, or fortifying ports, she might have easily drawn from us much more by our occasional voluntary grants and contributions than ever she could by taxes. Sensible people will give a bucket or two of water to a dry pump, that they may afterwards get from it all they have occasion for. Her ministry were deficient in that little point of common-sense; and so they spent one hundred millions of her money and after all lost what they contended for.

REVENGE

Letter to Madame Helvétius

Mortified at the barbarous resolution pronounced by you so positively yesterday evening,—that you would remain single the rest of your life, as a compliment due to the memory of your husband,—I retired to my chamber. Throwing myself upon my bed, I dreamt that I was dead, and was transported to the Elysian Fields.

I was asked whether I wished to see any persons in particular; to which I replied that I wished to see the philosophers.—"There are two who live here at hand in this garden; they are good neighbors, and very friendly towards one another."—"Who are they?"—Socrates and Helvétius."—"I esteem them both highly; but let me see Helvétius first, because I understand a little French, but not a word of Greek." I was conducted to him: he received me with much courtesy, having known me, he said, by character, some time past. He asked me a thousand questions relative to the war, the present state of religion, of liberty, of the government in France. "You do not inquire, then," said I, "after your dear friend, Madame Helvétius; yet she loves you exceedingly: I was in her company not more than an hour ago." "Ah," said he, "you make me recur to my past happiness, which ought to be forgotten in order to be happy here. For many years I could think of nothing but her, though at length I am consoled. I have taken another wife, the most like

her that I could find; she is not indeed altogether so handsome, but she has a great fund of wit and good sense; and her whole study is to please me. She is at this moment gone to fetch the best nectar and ambrosia to regale me; stay here awhile and you will see her." "I perceive," said I, "that your former friend is more faithful to you than you are to her; she has had several good offers, but refused them all. I will confess to you that I loved her extremely; but she was cruel to me, and rejected me peremptorily for your sake." "I pity you sincerely," said he, "for she is an excellent woman, handsome and amiable. But do not the Abbé de la Roche and the Abbé Morellet visit her?"—"Certainly they do; not one of your friends has dropped her acquaintance."—"If you had gained the Abbé Morellet with a bribe of good coffee and cream, perhaps you would have succeeded: for he is as deep a reasoner as Duns Scotus or St. Thomas: he arranges and methodizes his arguments in such a manner that they are almost irresistible. Or if by a fine edition of some old classic you had gained the Abbé de la Roche to speak *against* you, that would have been still better; as I always observed that when he recommended anything to her, she had a great inclination to do directly the contrary." As he finished these words the new Madame Helvétius entered with the nectar, and I recognized her immediately as my former American friend Mrs. Franklin! I reclaimed her, but she answered me coldly:—"I was a good wife to you for forty-nine years and four months,—nearly half a century; let that content you. I have formed a new connection here, which will last to eternity."

Indignant at this refusal of my Eurydice, I immediately resolved to quit those ungrateful shades, and return to this good world again, to behold the sun and you! Here I am: let us *avenge ourselves!*

THE EPHEMERA; AN EMBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE

Letter to Madame Brillon of Passy, written in 1778

You may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and stayed some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera,

whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues. My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they in their natural vivacity spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found however by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a *cousin*, the other a *moscheto;* in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I; you are certainly under a wise, just, and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old gray-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon follow them; for by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labor in amassing

honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy? What the political struggles I have been engaged in for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general? for in politics, what can laws do without morals? Our present race of ephemeræ will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched. And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name they say I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? and what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemeræ, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever amiable Brillante.

A PROPHECY

Letter to Lord Kames, January 3d, 1760

No one can more sincerely rejoice than I do, on the reduction of Canada; and this is not merely as I am a colonist, but as I am a Briton. I have long been of opinion that *the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British empire lie in America;* and though like other foundations they are low and little now, they are nevertheless broad and strong enough to support the greatest political structure that human wisdom ever yet erected. I am therefore by no means for restoring Canada. If we keep it, all the country from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi will in another century be filled with British people. Britain itself will become vastly more populous, by the immense increase of its commerce; the Atlantic sea will be covered with your trading ships; and your naval power, thence continually increasing, will extend your influence round the whole globe, and awe the world! If the French remain in Canada they will continually harass our colonies by the Indians, and impede if not prevent their growth; your progress to greatness will at

best be slow, and give room for many accidents that may forever prevent it. But I refrain, for I see you begin to think my notions extravagant, and look upon them as the ravings of a mad prophet.

EARLY MARRIAGES

LETTER TO JOHN ALLEYNE, DATED CRAVEN STREET, AUGUST 9TH, 1768

You desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage, by way of answer to the numberless objections that have been made by numerous persons to your own. You may remember, when you consulted me on the occasion, that I thought youth on both sides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages that have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think that early ones stand the best chance of happiness. The temper and habits of the young are not become so stiff and uncomplying as when more advanced in life; they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are removed. And if youth has less of that prudence which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of young married persons are generally at hand to afford their advice, which amply supplies that defect; and by early marriage, youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life; and possibly some of those accidents or connections that might have injured the constitution or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented.

Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature's favor, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended, too, with this further inconvenience: that there is not the same chance that the parents will live to see their offspring educated. "*Late children,*" says the Spanish proberb, "*are early orphans.*" A melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be! With us in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life; our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon: and thus, our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves; such as our friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blessed with

more children; and from the mode among us, founded by nature, every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Thence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe.

In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen; and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life, the fate of many here who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find at length that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to the set. What think you of the odd half of a pair of scissors? It cannot well cut anything; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should ere this have presented them in person. I shall make but small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect: it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest. Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy: at least, you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both; being ever your affectionate friend.

THE ART OF VIRTUE

From the 'Autobiography,' in Bigelow's Edition of Franklin's Works

WE HAVE an English proverb that says, "*He that would thrive must ask his wife.*" It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper-makers, etc., etc. We kept no idle servants; our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it

out of a twopenny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress, in spite of principle: being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make but that she thought *her* husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate and china in our house, which afterward, in a course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

I had been religiously educated as a Presbyterian; and though some of the dogmas of that persuasion, such as *the eternal decrees of God*, *election*, *reprobation*, etc., appeared to me unintelligible, others doubtful, and I early absented myself from the public assemblies of the sect (Sunday being my studying day), I never was without some religious principles. I never doubted, for instance, the existence of the Deity; that he made the world, and governed it by his Providence; that the most acceptable service of God was the doing good to man; that our souls are immortal; and that all crime will be punished and virtue rewarded, either here or hereafter. These I esteemed the essentials of every religion; and being to be found in all the religions we had in our country, I respected them all, though with different degrees of respect, as I found them more or less mixed with other articles, which, without any tendency to inspire, promote, or confirm morality, served principally to divide us and make us unfriendly to one another. This respect to all, with an opinion that the worst had some good effects, induced me to avoid all discourse that might tend to lessen the good opinion another might have of his own religion; and as our province increased in people, and new places of worship were continually wanted, and generally erected by voluntary contribution, my mite for such purpose, whatever might be the sect, was never refused.

Though I seldom attended any public worship, I had still an opinion of its propriety, and of its utility when rightly conducted, and I regularly paid my annual subscription for the support of the only Presbyterian minister or meeting we had in Philadelphia. He used to visit me sometimes as a friend, and admonish me to attend his administrations; and I was now and then prevailed

on to do so, once for five Sundays successively. Had he been in my opinion a good preacher, perhaps I might have continued, notwithstanding the occasion I had for the Sunday's leisure in my course of study; but his discourses were chiefly either polemic arguments, or explications of the peculiar doctrines of our sect, and were all to me very dry, uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforced; their aim seeming to be rather to make us Presbyterians than good citizens.

At length he took for his text that verse of the fourth chapter of Philippians, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue or any praise, think on these things." And I imagined, in a sermon on such a text, we could not miss of having some morality. But he confined himself to five points only, as meant by the Apostle, viz.:—1. Keeping holy the Sabbath day. 2. Being diligent in reading the holy Scriptures. 3. Attending duly the public worship. 4. Partaking of the Sacrament. 5. Paying a due respect to God's ministers.—These might be all good things; but as they were not the kind of good things that I expected from that text, I despaired of ever meeting with them from any other, was disgusted, and attended his preaching no more. I had some years before composed a little liturgy, or form of prayer, for my own private use (viz., in 1728), entitled 'Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion.' I returned to the use of this, and went no more to the public assemblies. My conduct might be blamable, but I leave it, without attempting further to excuse it; my present purpose being to relate facts, and not to make apologies for them.

It was about this time I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral pertection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other. . . .

I made a little book in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I ruled each page with red ink so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for the day. I crossed these columns with thirteen red lines, marking the beginning of each line with the first letter

of one of the virtues, on which line, and in its proper column, I might mark, by a little black spot, every fault I found upon examination to have been committed respecting that virtue upon that day.

And conceiving God to be the fountain of wisdom, I thought it right and necessary to solicit his assistance for obtaining it; to this end I formed the following little prayer, which was prefixed to my tables of examination, for daily use:—

"O powerful Goodness! bountiful Father! merciful Guide! Increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest. Strengthen my resolutions to perform what that wisdom dictates. Accept my kind offices to thy other children as the only return in my power for thy continual favors to me."

I used also sometimes a little prayer which I took from Thomson's Poems, viz.:—

"Father of light and life, thou Good supreme!
O teach me what is good; teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit; and fill my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"

I entered upon the execution of this plan for self-examination, and continued it with occasional intermissions for some time. I was surprised to find myself so much fuller of faults than I had imagined; but I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish.

My scheme of *Order* gave me the most trouble; and I found that though it might be practicable where a man's business was such as to leave him the disposition of his time,—that of a journeyman printer, for instance,—it was not possible to be exactly observed by a master, who must mix with the world, and often receive people of business at their own hours. *Order*, too, with regard to places for things, papers, etc., I found extremely difficult to acquire. I had not been early accustomed to it; and having an exceeding good memory, I was not so sensible of the inconvenience attending want of method. This article, therefore, cost me so much painful attention, and my faults in it vexed me so much, and I made so little progress in amendment, and had such frequent relapses, that I was almost ready to give up the attempt, and content myself with a faulty character in that

respect; like the man who in buying an axe of a smith, my neighbor, desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him if he would turn the wheel; he turned, while the smith pressed the broad face of the axe hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning of it very fatiguing. The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on, and at length would take his axe as it was without farther grinding. "No," said the smith, "turn on, turn on; we shall have it bright by-and-by; as yet, it is only speckled." "Yes," says the man, "*but I think I like a speckled axe best.*" And I believe this may have been the case with many who, having for want of some such means as I employed, found the difficulty of obtaining good and breaking bad habits in other points of vice and virtue, have given up the struggle and concluded that "*a speckled axe was best*": for something that pretended to be reason was every now and then suggesting to me that such extreme nicety as I exacted of myself might be a kind of foppery in morals, which if it were known would make me ridiculous; that a perfect character might be attended with the inconvenience of being envied and hated; and that a benevolent man should allow a few faults in himself, to keep his friends in countenance.

In truth, I found myself incorrigible with respect to order; and now I am grown old, and my memory bad, I feel very sensibly the want of it. But on the whole, though I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was, by the endeavor, a better and a happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it; as those who aim at perfect writing by imitating the engraved copies, though they never reach the wished-for excellence of those copies, their hand is mended by the endeavor, and is tolerable while it continues fair and legible.

It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor owed the constant felicity of his life down to his 79th year, in which this is written. What reverses may attend the remainder is in the hand of Providence; but if they arrive, the reflection on past happiness enjoyed ought to help his bearing them with more resignation. To Temperance he ascribes his long-continued health, and what is still left to him of a good constitution; to Industry and Frugality, the early easiness of his circumstances

and acquisition of his fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled him to be a useful citizen, and obtained for him some degree of reputation among the learned; to Sincerity and Justice, the confidence of his country, and the honorable employs it conferred upon him; and to the joint influence of the whole mass of the virtues, even in the imperfect state he was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper, and that cheerfulness in conversation, which makes his company still sought for, and agreeable even to his younger acquaintance. I hope therefore that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefit.

It will be remarked that though my scheme was not wholly without religion, there was in it no mark of any of the distinguishing tenets of any particular sect. I had purposely avoided them; for being fully persuaded of the utility and excellency of my method, and that it might be serviceable to people in all religions, and intending some time or other to publish it, I would not have anything in it that should prejudice any one of any sect against it.

In this piece it was my design to explain and enforce this doctrine: that vicious actions are not hurtful because they are forbidden, but forbidden because they are hurtful, the nature of man alone considered; that it was therefore every one's interest to be virtuous, who wished to be happy even in this world; and I should from this circumstance (there being always in the world a number of rich merchants, nobility, States, and princes who have need of honest instruments for the management of their affairs, and such being so rare) have endeavored to convince young persons that no qualities were so likely to make a poor man's fortune as those of probity and integrity.

My list of virtues contained at first but twelve: but a Quaker friend having kindly informed me that I was generally thought proud; that my pride showed itself frequently in conversation; that I was not content with being in the right when discussing any point, but was overbearing and rather insolent, of which he convinced me by mentioning several instances; — I determined endeavoring to cure myself, if I could, of this vice or folly among the rest, and I added *Humility* to my list, giving an extensive meaning to the word.

I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the *reality* of this virtue, but I had a good deal with regard to the *appearance* of

it. I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertion of my own. I even forbid myself, agreeably to the old laws of our Junto, the use of every word or expression in the language that imported a fixed opinion, such as *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, etc., and I adopted, instead of them, *I conceive*, *I apprehend*, or *I imagine* a thing to be so or so; or it *so appears to me at present*. When another asserted something that I thought an error, I denied myself the pleasure of contradicting him abruptly, and of showing immediately some absurdity in his proposition; and in answering I began by observing that in certain cases or circumstances his opinion would be right, but in the present case there *appeared* or *seemed* to me some difference, etc. I soon found the advantage of this change in my manner; the conversations I engaged in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I proposed my opinions procured them a readier reception and less contradiction; I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevailed with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right.

And this mode, which I at first put on with some violence to natural inclination, became at length so easy and so habitual to me, that perhaps for these fifty years past no one has ever heard a dogmatical expression escape me. And to this habit (after my character of integrity) I think it principally owing that I had early so much weight with my fellow-citizens when I proposed new institutions, or alterations in the old, and so much influence in public councils when I became a member; for I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language: and yet I generally carried my points.

In reality, there is perhaps no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as *pride*. Disguise it, struggle with it, beat it down, stifle it, mortify it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself; you will see it perhaps often in this history; for even if I could conceive that I had completely overcome it, I should probably be proud of my humility.

LOUIS HONORÉ FRÉCHETTE

(1839–1908)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

LOUIS HONORÉ FRÉCHETTE, the best known of the French-Canadian poets, was born near the forties, at Lévis, a suburb of Quebec. He was patriotic; his genius was plainly that of New France, while the form of it was of that older France which produced the too exquisite sonnets of Voiture; and what counted greatly with the Canadians, he had received the approbation of the Academy; he was a personage in Paris, where he spent a great deal of time. From 'Nos Gens de Lettres' (Our Literary Workers: Montreal, 1873), we learn that the father of M. Fréchette was a man of business, and that he did not encourage his son's poetic tendencies to the detriment of the practical side of his character.

Lévis has traditions which are part of that stirring French-Canadian history latterly made known to us by Mrs. Catherwood and Gilbert Parker. And the great St. Lawrence spoke to him in

> «All those nameless voices, which are
> Beating at the heart.»

At the age of eight he began to write verses. He was told by his careful father that poets never become rich; but he still continued to make verses. He grew to be a philosopher as well as a poet, and a little later became firmly of Horace's opinion, that a poet to be happy does not need riches gained by work. His father, who no doubt felt that a philosopher of this cult was not fit for the world, sent him to the Seminary at Quebec. At the Seminary he continued to write verses. The teachers there found merit in the verses. The «nameless voices» still beat at his heart, though the desks of the preparatory college had replaced the elms of the St. Lawrence. But poets are so rare that even when one is caught young, his captors doubt his species. The captors in this case determined to see whether Pegasus could trot as well as gallop. «Transport yourself, little Fréchette,» they said, «to the Council of Clermont and be a troubadour.» What is time to the poet? He became a troubadour: but this was not enough; his preceptors were still in doubt; they locked him in a room and gave him as a subject the arrival of Mgr. de Laval in Canada. An hour passed; the first sufferings of the young poet having abated, he produced his verses. It was evident

that Pegasus could acquire any pace. His talent was questioned no more.

As he became older, Fréchette had dreams of becoming a man of action, and began to learn telegraphy at Ogdensburg; but he found the art too long and life too brief. He went back to the seminary and contributed 'Mes Loisirs' (My Spare Hours) to the college paper. From the seminary — the *Petit Seminaire*, of course,— he went to the College of Ste. Anne, to Nicolet, and finally to Laval University, "singing, and picking up such crumbs of knowledge as suited his taste."

In 1864 M. Fréchette was admitted to practice at the bar of Quebec. He was a poet first and always; but just at this time he was second a journalist, third a politician, and perhaps fourth a barrister. He began to publish a paper, Le Journal de Lévis. It failed: disgusted, he bade farewell to Canada, and began in Chicago the publication of L'Observateur: it died in a day. He poured forth his complaints in 'Voix d'un Exilé' (The Voice of an Exile). "Never," cries M. Darveau in 'Nos Gens de Lettres' (Our Literary Workers), "did Juvenal scar the faces of the corrupt Romans as did Fréchette lash the shoulders of our wretched politicians." His L'Amérique, a journal started in Chicago, had some success, but it temporarily ruined Fréchette, as the Swiss whom he had placed in charge of it suddenly changed its policy, and made it sympathize with Germany in the Franco-Prussian war.

Fréchette's early prose is fiery and eloquent; his admirers compared it to that of Louis Veuillot and Junius, for the reason, probably, that he used it to denounce those whom he hated politically. Fréchette's verse has the lyrical ring. And although M. Camille Doucet insisted that the French Academy in crowning his poems honored a Frenchman, it must be remembered that Fréchette was both an American and a British subject; and these things, not likely to disarm Academical conservatism, made the action the more significant of the poet's value.

There is strong and noble passion in 'La Voix d'un Exilé' and in the 'Ode to the Mississippi.' His arraignment of the Canadian politicians may be forgotten without loss,— no doubt he has by this time forgiven them,— but the real feeling of the poet, who finds in the Mississippi the brother of his beloved St. Lawrence, is permanent:—

"Adieu, vallons ombreux, mes campagnes fleuries,
Mes montagnes d'azur et mes blondes prairies,
Mon fleuve harmonieux, mon beau ciel embaumé—
Dans les grandes cités, dans les bois, sur les grêves,
Ton image flottera dans mes rêves,
O mon Canada. bien aimé.

Je n'écouterai plus, dans nos forêts profondes,
Dans nos près verdoyants, et sur nos grandes ondes,
Toutes ces voix sans nom qui font battre le cœur.»

[Farewell, shaded valleys, my flowery meadows, my azure mountains and my pale prairies, my musical stream, my fair sky! In the great towns, in the wood, along the water-sides, thy scenes will float on in my dreams, O Canada, my beloved!

I shall hear no more, in our deep forests, in our verdant meads and upon our broad waters, all those nameless voices which make one's heart throb.]

In 1865 the first book of poems which appealed to the world from French Canada appeared. It was Fréchette's 'Mes Loisirs' (My Spare Hours). Later came 'Pêle-Mêle' (Pell-Mell), full of fine cameo-like poems,—but like cameos that are flushed by an inner and vital fire. Longfellow praised 'Pêle-Mêle': it shows the influence of Hugo and Lamartine; it has the beauty of De Musset, with more freshness and «bloom» than that poet of a glorious past possessed; but there are more traces of Lamartine in 'Pêle-Mêle' than of Hugo.

«Fréchette's imagination,» says an admiring countryman of his, «is a chisel that attacks the soulless block; and with it he easily forms a column or a flower.» His poems gained in strength as he became more mature. There was also a great gain in dramatic force, so that it failed to surprise any of his readers that he should have attempted tragedy with success. He lost some of that quality of daintiness which distinguished 'Le Matin' (Morning), 'La Nuit' (Night), and 'Fleurs Fanées' (Faded Flowers). The 'Pensées d'Hiver' (Winter Reflections) had this quality, but 'La Dernière Iroquoise' (The Last Iroquois) rose above it, and like much of 'Les Fleurs Boréales' (Boreal Flowers) and his latest work, it is powerful in spirit, yet retains the greatest chastity of form.

M. Fréchette translated several of Shakespeare's plays for the Théâtre Français. After 'Les Fleurs Boréales' was crowned by the Academy, there appeared 'Les Oiseaux de Neige' (The Snow-Birds), 'Feuilles Volantes' (Leaves in the Wind), and 'La Forêt Vierge' (The Virgin Forest). The volume which shows the genius of Fréchette at its highest is undoubtedly 'La Légende d'un Peuple' (The Legend of a Race). Fréchette died on May 31, 1908.

Maurice Francis Egan

OUR HISTORY

Fragments from 'La Légende d'un Peuple': translated by Maurice Francis Egan

O HISTORY of my country,—set with pearls unknown,—
With love I kiss thy pages venerated.

O register immortal, poem of dazzling light
Written by France in purest of her blood!
Drama ever acting, records full of pictures
Of high facts heroic, stories of romance,
Annals of the giants, archives where we follow,
As each leaf we turn, a life resplendent,
And find a name respected or a name beloved,
Of men and women of the antique time!

Where the hero of the past and the hero of the future
Give the hand of friendship and the kiss of love;
Where the crucifix and sword, the plowshare and the volume,—
Everything that builds and everything that saves,—
Shine, united, living glories of past time
And of time that is to be.

The glories of past time, serene and pure before you,
O virtues of our day!
Hail first to thee, O Cartier, brave and hardy sailor,
Whose footstep sounded on the unexplored shores
Of our immense St. Lawrence. Hail, Champlain,
Maisonneuve, illustrious founders of two cities,
Who show above our waves their rival beauties.
There was at first only a group of Bretons
Brandishing the sword-blade and the woodman's axe,
Sea-wolves bronzed by sea-winds at the port of St. Malo;
Cradled since their childhood beneath the sky and water,
Men of iron and high of heart and stature,
They, under eye of God, set sail for what might come.
Seeking, in the secrets of the foggy ocean,
Not the famous El Dorados, but a soil where they might plant,
As symbols of their saving, beside the cross of Christ,
The flag of France.

After them came blond-haired Normans
And black-eyed Pontevins, robust colonists,
To make the path a road, and for this holy work
To offer their strong arms: the motive was the same;
The dangers that they fronted brought out prodigies of
courage.

They seemed to know no dangers; or rather,
They seemed to seek the ruin that they did not meet.
Frightful perils vainly rose before them,
And each element against them vainly had conspired:
These children of the furrow founded an empire!

Then, conquering the waves of great and stormy lakes,
Crossing savannahs with marshes of mud,
Piercing the depths of the forests primeval,
Here see our founders and preachers of Faith!
Apostles of France, princes of our God,
Having said farewell to the noise of the world,
They came to the bounds of the New World immense
To sow the seed of the future,
And to bear, as the heralds of eternal law,
To the end of the world the torch of progress.

Leaning on his bow, ferociously calm,
The child of the forest, bitter at heart,
A hunted look mingling with his piercing glance,
Sees the strangers pass,—encamped on the plain or ambushed in the woods,—
And thinks of the giant spirits he has seen in his dreams.
For the first time he trembles and fears—
Then casting off his deceitful calm,
He will rush forth, uttering his war-cry,
To defend, foot by foot, his soil so lately virgin,
And ferocious, tomahawk in hand, bar this road to civilization!

. . . . . .

A cowardly king, tool of a more cowardly court,
Satyr of the *Parc aux cerfs*, slave at the Trianon,
Plunged in the horrors of nameless debauches,
At the caprice of Pompadour dancing like an atom,—
The blood of his soldiers and the honor of his kingdom,
Of our dying heroes hearing he no voice.
Montcalm, alas! conquered for the first time,
Falling on the field of battle, wrapped in his banner.
Lévis, last fighter of the last fight,
Tears—avenging France and her pride!—
A supreme triumph from fate.

. . . . . .

That was all. In front of our tottering towers
The stranger planted his insolent colors,
And an old flag, wet with bitter tears,
Closed its white wings and went across the sea!

CAUGHNAWAGA

Paraphrased by Maurice Francis Egan

A WORLD in agony breathes its last sigh!
Gaze on the remnants of an ancient race,—
Great kings of desert terrible to face,
Crushed by the new weights that upon them lie;
Stand near the Falls, and at this storied place
You see a humble hamlet;—by-and-by
You'll talk of ambuscades and treacherous chase.

Can history or sight a traitor be?
Where are the red men of the rolling plains?
Ferocious Iroquois,—ah, where is he?—
Without concealment (this for all our pains!)
The Chief sells groceries for paltry gains,
With English tang in speech of Normandy!

LOUISIANA

Paraphrased from 'Les Feuilles Volantes,' by Maurice Francis Egan

LAND of the Sun! where Fancy free
Weaveth her woof beneath a sky of gold,
Another Andalusia, thee I see;
Thy charming memories my heart-strings hold,
As if the song of birds had o'er them rolled.

In thy fresh groves, where scented orange glows,
Circle vague loves about my longing heart;
Thy dark banana-trees, when soft wind flows,
In concert weird take up their sombre part,
As evening shadows, listening, float and dart.

'Neath thy green domes, where the lianas cling,
Show tropic flowers with wide-opened eyes,
With arteries afire till morn-birds sing;
More than old Werthier, in new love's surprise,
Stand on the threshold of thy Paradise.

Son of the North, I, of the realm of snows,—
Vision afar, but always still a power,—
In these soft nights and in the days of rose,
Dreaming I feel, e'en in the saddest hour,
Within my heart unclose a golden flower.

THE DREAM OF LIFE

To My Son

Paraphrased from 'Les Feuilles Volantes,' by Maurice Francis Egan

At twenty years, a poet lone,
I, when the rosy season came,
Walked in the woodland, to make moan
For some fair dame;

And when the breezes brought to me
The lilac spent in fragrant stream,
I wove her infidelity
In love's young dream.

A lover of illusions, I!
Soon other dreams quite filled my heart,
And other loves as suddenly
Took old love's part.

One Glory, a deceitful fay,
Who flies before a man can stir,
Surprised my poor heart many a day,—
I dreamed of her!

But now that I have grown so old,
At lying things I grasp no more.
My poor deceived heart takes hold
Of other lore.

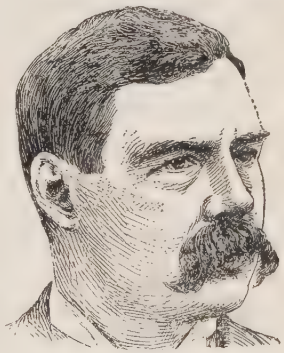
Another life before us glows,
Casts on all faithful souls its gleam:
Late, late, my heart its glory knows,—
Of it I dream!

HAROLD FREDERIC

(1856–1898)

MR. FREDERIC was born in Utica, New York, August 19th, 1856. He spent his boyhood in that neighborhood, and was educated in its schools. The rural Central New York of a half-century ago was a region of rich farms, of conservative ideas, and of strong indigenous types of character. These undoubtedly offered unconscious studies to the future novelist.

Like many of his guild he began writing on a newspaper, rising by degrees from the position of reporter to that of editor. The drill and discipline taught him to make the most of time and opportunity, and he contrived leisure enough to write two or three long stories. Working at journalism in Utica, Albany, and New York, in 1884 he became chief foreign correspondent of the New York Times, making his headquarters in London, where he lived until his death.



HAROLD FREDERIC

Mr. Frederic's reputation rests on journalistic correspondence of the higher class, and on his novels, of which he published several. His stories are distinctively American. He has caught up contrasting elements of local life in the eastern part of the United States, and grouped them with ingenuity and power. His first important story was 'Seth's Brother's Wife,' originally appearing as a serial in Scribner's Magazine. Following this came 'The Lawton Girl,' a study of rustic life; 'In the Valley,' a semi-historical novel, turning on aspects of colonial times along the Mohawk River; 'The Copperhead,' a tale of the Civil War; 'Mukena and Other Stories,' graphic character sketches, displaying humor and insight; 'The Damnation of Theron Ware,' the most serious and carefully studied of his books; and 'March Hares,' a sketch of contemporary society.

A student of the life about him, possessing a dramatic sense and a saving grace of humor, Mr. Frederic in his fiction was often photographic and minute in detail, while he did not forget the importance of the mass which the detail is to explain or embellish. He liked to deal with types of that mixed population peculiar to the

farming valleys of Central New York,—German, Irish, and American,—bringing out by contrast their marked social and individual traits. Not a disciple of realism, his books are emphatically "human documents."

There is always moreover a definite plot, often a dramatic development. But it was the attrition of character against character that really interested him. 'Seth's Brother's Wife' and 'The Lawton Girl' leave a definite ethical intention. In the 'Damnation of Theron Ware' is depicted the tragedy of a weak and crude character suddenly put in touch with a higher intellectual and emotional life, which it is too meagre and too untrained to adopt, and through which it suffers shipwreck. In 'In the Valley' the gayety and seriousness of homely life stand out against a savage and martial background.

Mr. Frederic died at Henley, Oxfordshire, England, October 19, 1898. In the opinion of most critics his strongest work is "Damnation of Theron Ware," which attracted much attention when published in 1896. His latest works include "Gloria Mundi," 1898; "The Deserter and Other Stories," 1898; "The Market Place," 1899.

THE LAST RITE

From 'The Damnation of Theron Ware.' Copyright 1896, by Stone & Kimball

WALKING homeward briskly now, with his eyes on the sidewalk, and his mind all aglow with crowding suggestions for the new work and impatience to be at it, Theron Ware came abruptly upon a group of men and boys who occupied the whole path, and were moving forward so noiselessly that he had not heard them coming. He almost ran into the leader of this little procession, and began a stammering apology, the final words of which were left unspoken, so solemnly heedless of him and his talk were all the faces he saw.

In the centre of the group were four workingmen, bearing between them an extemporized litter of two poles and a blanket hastily secured across them with spikes. Most of what this litter held was covered by another blanket, rounded in coarse folds over a shapeless bulk. From beneath its farther end protruded a big broom-like black beard, thrown upward at such an angle as to hide everything beyond those in front. The tall young minister, stepping aside and standing tiptoe, could see sloping

downward, behind this hedge of beard, a pinched and chalk-like face, with wide-open, staring eyes. Its lips, of a dull lilac hue, were moving ceaselessly, and made a dry, clicking sound.

Theron instinctively joined himself to those who followed the litter,— a motley dozen of street idlers, chiefly boys. One of these in whispers explained to him that the man was one of Jerry Madden's workmen in the wagon-shops, who had been deployed to trim an elm-tree in front of his employer's house, and being unused to such work, had fallen from the top and broken all his bones. They would have cared for him at Madden's house, but he insisted upon being taken home. His name was MacEvoy, and he was Joey MacEvoy's father, and likewise Jim's and Hughey's and Martin's. After a pause, the lad, a bright-eyed, freckled, barefooted wee Irishman, volunteered the further information that his big brother had run to bring "Father Forbess," on the chance that he might be in time to administer "extry munction."

The way of the silent little procession led through back streets, —where women hanging up clothes in the yards hurried to the gates, their aprons full of clothes-pins, to stare open-mouthed at the passers-by,— and came to a halt at last in an irregular and muddy lane, before one of a half-dozen shanties reared among the ash-heaps and débris of the town's most bedraggled outskirts.

A stout, middle-aged, red-armed woman, already warned by some messenger of calamity, stood waiting on the roadside bank. There were whimpering children clinging to her skirts, and a surrounding cluster of women of the neighborhood; some of the more elderly of whom, shriveled little crones in tidy caps, and with their aprons to their eyes, were beginning in a low-murmured minor the wail which presently should rise into the *keen* of death. Mrs. MacEvoy herself made no moan, and her broad ruddy face was stern in expression rather than sorrowful. When the litter stopped beside her, she laid a hand for an instant on her husband's wet brow, and looked — one could have sworn impassively — into his staring eyes. Then, still without a word, she waved the bearers toward the door, and led the way herself.

Theron, somewhat wonderingly, found himself a minute later inside a dark and ill-smelling room, the air of which was humid with the steam from a boiler of clothes on the stove, and not in other ways improved by the presence of a jostling score of women, all straining their gaze upon the open door of the only

other apartment, the bedchamber. Through this they could see the workmen laying MacEvoy on the bed, and standing awkwardly about thereafter, getting in the way of the wife and old Maggie Quirk as they strove to remove the garments from his crushed limbs. As the neighbors watched what could be seen of these proceedings, they whispered among themselves eulogies of the injured man's industry and good temper, his habit of bringing his money home to his wife, and the way he kept his Father Mathew pledge and attended to his religious duties. They admitted freely that by the light of his example, their own husbands and sons left much to be desired; and from this wandered easily off into domestic digressions of their own. But all the while their eyes were bent upon the bedroom door; and Theron made out, after he had grown accustomed to the gloom and the smell, that many of them were telling their beads even while they kept the muttered conversation alive. None of them paid any attention to him, or seemed to regard his presence there as unusual.

Presently he saw enter through the sunlit street doorway a person of a different class. The bright light shone for a passing instant upon a fashionable, flowered hat, and upon some remarkably brilliant shade of red hair beneath it. In another moment there had edged along through the throng, to almost within touch of him, a tall young woman, the owner of this hat and wonderful hair. She was clad in light and pleasing spring attire, and carried a parasol with a long oxidized silver handle of a quaint pattern. She looked at him, and he saw that her face was of a lengthened oval, with a luminous rose-tinted skin, full red lips, and big brown, frank eyes with heavy auburn lashes. She made a grave little inclination of her head toward him, and he bowed in response. Since her arrival, he noted, the chattering of the others had entirely ceased.

"I followed the others in, in the hope that I might be of some assistance," he ventured to explain to her in a low murmur, feeling that at last here was some one to whom an explanation of his presence in this Romish house was due. "I hope they won't feel that I have intruded."

She nodded her head as if she quite understood.

"They'll take the will for the deed," she whispered back. "Father Forbes will be here in a minute. Do you know, is it too late?"

Even as she spoke, the outer doorway was darkened by the commanding bulk of a new-comer's figure. The flash of a silk hat, and the deferential way in which the assembled neighbors fell back to clear a passage, made his identity clear. Theron felt his blood tingle in an unaccustomed way as this priest of a strange Church advanced across the room,—a broad-shouldered, portly man of more than middle height, with a shapely, strong-lined face of almost waxen pallor, and a firm, commanding tread. He carried in his hands, besides his hat, a small leather-bound case. To this and to him the women curtsied and bowed their heads as he passed.

"Come with me," whispered the tall girl with the parasol, to Theron; and he found himself pushing along in her wake until they intercepted the priest just outside the bedroom door. She touched Father Forbes on the arm.

"Just to tell you that I am here," she said. The priest nodded with a grave face, and passed into the other room. In a minute or two the workmen, Mrs. MacEvoy, and her helper came out, and the door was shut behind them.

"He is making his confession," explained the young lady. "Stay here for a minute."

She moved over to where the woman of the house stood, glum-faced and tearless, and whispered something to her. A confused movement among the crowd followed, and out of it presently resulted a small table, covered with a white cloth, and bearing on it two unlighted candles, a basin of water, and a spoon, which was brought forward and placed in readiness before the closed door. Some of those nearest this cleared space were kneeling now, and murmuring a low buzz of prayer to the click of beads on their rosaries.

The door opened, and Theron saw the priest standing in the doorway with an uplifted hand. He wore now a surplice, with a purple band over his shoulders, and on his pale face there shone a tranquil and tender light.

One of the workmen fetched from the stove a brand, lighted the two candles, and bore the table with its contents into the bedroom. The young woman plucked Theron's sleeve, and he dumbly followed her into the chamber of death, making one of the group of a dozen, headed by Mrs. MacEvoy and her children, which filled the little room, and overflowed now outward to the street door. He found himself bowing with the others to receive

the sprinkled holy water from the priest's white fingers; kneeling with the others for the prayers; following in impressed silence with the others the strange ceremonial by which the priest traced crosses of holy oil with his thumb upon the eyes, ears, nostrils, lips, hands, and feet of the dying man, wiping off the oil with a piece of cotton-batting each time after he had repeated the invocation to forgiveness for that particular sense. But most of all he was moved by the rich, novel sound of the Latin as the priest rolled it forth in the 'Asperges me, Domine,' and 'Misereatur vestri omnipotens Deus,' with its soft Continental vowels and liquid *r*'s. It seemed to him that he had never really heard Latin before. Then the astonishing young woman with the red hair declaimed the 'Confiteor' vigorously and with a resonant distinctness of enunciation. It was a different Latin, harsher and more sonorous; and while it still dominated the murmured undertone of the other's prayers the last moment came.

Theron had stood face to face with death at many other bedsides; no other final scene had stirred him like this. It must have been the girl's Latin chant, with its clanging reiteration of the great names,—'beatum Michaelem Archangelum,' 'beatum Joannem Baptistam,' 'sanctos Apostolos Petrum et Paulum,'—invoked with such proud confidence in this squalid little shanty, which so strangely affected him.

He came out with the others at last,—the candles and the folded hands over the crucifix left behind,—and walked as one in a dream. Even by the time that he had gained the outer doorway, and stood blinking at the bright light and filling his lungs with honest air once more, it had begun to seem incredible to him that he had seen and done all this.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN

(1823–1892)

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN, one of the most prolific of recent English historians, was born at Harborne in Staffordshire, England, on August 2d, 1823. His early education was received at home and in private schools, from which at the age of eighteen he went up to Oxford, where he was elected a scholar of Trinity College. Four years later (1845) he took his degree and was elected a Fellow of Trinity, an honor which he held till his marriage in 1847 forced him to relinquish it.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN

Long before this event, Freeman was deep in historical study. His fortune was easy. The injunction that he should eat bread in the sweat of his face had not been laid on him. His time was his own, and was devoted with characteristic zeal and energy to labor in the field of history, which in the course of fifty years was made to yield him a goodly crop.

Year after year he poured forth a steady stream of Essays, Thoughts, Remarks, Suggestions, Lectures, Short Histories on matters of current interest, little monographs on great events or great men,—all covering a range of subjects which bear evidence to most astonishing versatility and learning. Sometimes his topic was a cathedral church, as that of Wells or Leominster Priory; or a cathedral city, as Ely or Norwich. At others it was a grave historical theme, as the 'Unity of History'; or 'Comparative Politics'; or the 'Growth of the English Constitution from the Earliest Times'; or 'Old English History for Children.' His 'General Sketch of European History' is still a standard text book in our high schools and colleges. His 'William the Conqueror' in Macmillan's 'Twelve English Statesmen'; his 'Short History of the Norman Conquest of England' in the Clarendon Press Series; his studies of Godwin, Harold, and the Normans, in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' are the best of their kind.

His contributions to the reviews and magazines make a small library, encyclopædic in character. Thirty-one essays were published in the Fortnightly Review; thirty in the Contemporary Review; twenty-seven in Macmillan's Magazine; twelve in the British Quarterly, and as many more in the National Review; while such as are scattered through the other periodicals of Great Britain and the United States swell the list to one hundred and fifty-seven titles. Every conceivable subject is treated,—politics, government, history, field sports, architecture, archæology, books, linguistics, finance, great men living and dead, questions of the day. But even this list does not comprise all of Freeman's writings, for regularly every week, for more than twenty years, he contributed two long articles to the Saturday Review.

Taken as a whole, this array of publications represents an industry which was simply enormous, and a learning as varied as it was immense. If classified according to their subjects, they fall naturally into six groups. The antiquarian and architectural sketches and addresses are the least valuable and instructive. They are of interest because they exhibit a strong bent of mind which appears constantly in Freeman's works, and because it was by the aid of such remains that he studied the early history of nations. Then come the studies in politics and government, such as the essays on presidential government; on American institutional history; on the House of Lords; the growth of commonwealths, and such elaborate treatises as the six lectures on 'Comparative Politics,' and the 'History of Federal Government,'—all notable because of the liberal spirit and breadth of view that mark them, and because of a positiveness of statement and confidence in the correctness of the author's judgments. Then come the historical essays; then the lectures and addresses; then his occasional pieces, written at the request of publishers or editors to fill some long-felt want; and finally the series of histories on which, in the long run, the reputation of Freeman must rest. These, in the order of merit and value, are the 'Norman Conquest'; the 'Reign of William Rufus,' which is really a supplement to the 'Conquest'; the 'History of Sicily,' which the author did not live to finish.

The roll of his works is enough to show that the kind of history which appealed to Freeman was that of the distant past, and that which dealt with politics rather than with social life. Of ancient history he had a good mastery; English history from its dawn to the thirteenth century he knew minutely; European history of the same period he knew profoundly. After the thirteenth century his interest grew less and less as modern times were approached, and his knowledge smaller and smaller till it became that of a man very well read in history and no more.

Freeman was therefore essentially a historian of the far past; and as such had, it is safe to say, no living superior in England. But in his treatment of the past he presents a small part of the picture. He is concerned with great conquerors, with military leaders, with battles and sieges and systems of government. The mass of the people have no interest for him at all. His books abound in battle-pieces of the age of the long-bow and the javelin, of the battle-axe, the mace, and the spear; of the age when brain went for little and when brawn counted for much; and when the fate of nations depended less on the skill of individual commanders than on the personal prowess of those who met in hand-to-hand encounters. He delights in descriptions of historic buildings; he is never weary of drawing long analogies between one kind of government and another; but for the customs, the manner, the usages, the daily life of the people, he has never a word. "History," said he on one occasion, "is past politics; politics is present history," and to this epigram he is strictly faithful. The England of the serf and the villein, the curfew and the monastery, is brushed aside to leave room for the story of the way in which William of Normandy conquered the Saxons, and of the way in which William Rufus conducted his quarrels with Bishop Anselm.

With all of this no fault is to be found. It was his cast of mind, his point of view; and the questions which alone concern us in any estimate of his work are: Did he do it well? What is its value? Did he make a real contribution to historical knowledge? What are its merits and defects? Judged by the standard he himself set up, Freeman's chief merits, the qualities which mark him out as a great historian, are an intense love of truth and a determination to discover it at any cost; a sincere desire to mete out an even-handed justice to each and every man; unflagging industry, common-sense, broad views, and the power to reproduce the past most graphically.

From these merits comes Freeman's chief defect,—prolixity. His earnest desire to be accurate made him not only say the same thing over and over again, but say it with an unnecessary and useless fullness of detail, and back up his statement with a profusion of notes, which in many cases amount to more than half the text. Indeed, were they printed in the same type as the text, the space they occupy would often exceed it. Thus in the first volume of the 'Norman Conquest' there are 528 pages of text, with foot-notes occupying from a third to a half of almost every page, and an appendix of notes of 244 pages; in the second volume, the text and foot-notes amount to 512, and the appendix 179; in the third, the text covers 562 and the appendix 206 pages. These notes are always interesting and always instructive. But the end of a volume is not the place for

an exhibition of the doubts and fears that have tormented the historian, for a statement of the reasons which have led him to one conclusion rather than another, nor for the denunciation or reputation of the opinions of his predecessors. When the building is finished, we do not want to see the lumber used as the scaffolding piled in the back yard. Mr. Freeman's histories would be all the better for a condensation of the text and an elimination of the long appendices.

With these exceptions, the workmanship is excellent. He entered so thoroughly into the past that it became to him more real and understandable than the present. He was not merely the contemporary but the companion of the men he had to deal with. He knew every spot of ground, every Roman ruin, every mediæval castle, that came in any way to be connected with his story, as well as he knew the topography of the country that stretched beneath his study window, or the arrangement of the house in which he lived.

In his histories, therefore, we are presented at every turn with life-like portraits of the illustrious dead, bearing all the marks of having been taken from life; with descriptions of castles and towers, minsters and abbeys, and of the scenes that have made them memorable; with comparisons of one ruler with another, always sane and just; and with graphic pictures of coronations, of battles, sieges, burnings, and all the havoc and pomp of war.

The essays and studies in politics show Mr. Freeman in a yet more interesting light; many are elaborate reviews of historical works, and therefore cover a wide range of topics, both ancient and of the present time. Now his subject is Mr. Bryce's 'Holy Roman Empire'; now the Flavian Cæsars; now Mr. Gladstone's 'Homer and the Homeric Age'; now Kirk's 'Charles the Bold'; now presidential government; now Athenian democracy; now the Byzantine Empire; now the Eastern Church; now the growth of commonwealths; now the geographical aspects of the Eastern Question.

By so wide a range of topics, an opportunity is afforded for a variety of remarks, analogies, judgments of men and times, far greater than the histories could give. In the main, these judgments may be accepted; but so thoroughly was Freeman a historian of the past, that some of his estimates of contemporary men and things were singularly erroneous. While our Civil War was still raging he began a 'History of Federal Government,' which was to extend from the Achæan League "to the disruption of the United States." A prudent historian would not have taken up the rôle of prophet. He would have waited for the end of the struggle. But absolute self-confidence in his own good judgment was one of Freeman's most conspicuous traits. His estimate of Lincoln is another instance of inability to

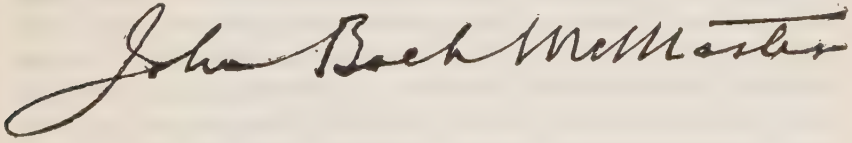
understand the times in which he lived. In the 'Essay on Presidential Government,' published in the National Review in 1864 and republished in the first series of 'Historical Essays' in 1871, the greatest President and the grandest public character the United States has yet produced is declared inferior to each and all the Presidents from Washington to John Quincy Adams. A comparison of Lincoln with Monroe or Madison or Jefferson by Freeman would have been entertaining.

Two views of history as set forth in the essays are especially deserving of notice. He is never weary of insisting on the unity and the continuity of history in general and that of England in particular, and he attaches unreasonable importance to the influence of the Teutonic element in English history. This latter was the inevitable result of his method of studying the past along the lines of philology and ethnology, and has carried him to extremes which taken by anybody else he would have been quick to see.

An examination of Freeman's minor contributions to the reviews — such essays, sketches, and discussions as he did not think important enough to republish in book form — is indicative of his interest in current affairs. They made little draft on his learning, yet the point of view is generally the result of his learning. He believed, for instance, that a sound judgment on the Franco-Prussian War could not be found save in the light of history. «The present war,» he wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette, «has largely risen out of a misconception of history, out of the dream of a frontier of the Rhine which never existed. The war on the part of Germany is in truth a vigorous setting forth of the historical truth that the Rhine is, and always has been, a German river.»

Freeman was still busy with his 'History of Sicily' from the earliest times, and had just finished the preface to the third volume, when he died at Alicante in Spain, March 16th, 1892. Since his death a fourth volume, prepared from his notes, has been published.

But one biography of Freeman has yet appeared, 'The Life and Letters of Edward A. Freeman,' by W. R. W. Stephens, 2 vols., 1895.



THE ALTERED ASPECTS OF ROME

From 'Historical Essays of Edward A. Freeman,' Third Series. London, Macmillan & Co., 1879

THE two great phenomena, then, of the general appearance of Rome, are the utter abandonment of so large a part of the ancient city and the general lack of buildings of the Middle Ages. Both of these facts are fully accounted for by the peculiar history of Rome. It may be that the sack and fire under Robert Wiscard — a sack and fire done in the cause of a pope in warfare against an emperor — was the immediate cause of the desolation of a large part of Rome; but if so, the destruction which was then wrought only gave a helping hand to causes which were at work both before and after. A city could not do otherwise than dwindle away, in which neither emperor nor pope nor commonwealth could keep up any lasting form of regular government; a city which had no resources of its own, and which lived, as a place of pilgrimage, on the shadow of its own greatness. Another idea which is sure to suggest itself at Rome is rather a delusion. The amazing extent of ancient ruins at Rome unavoidably fills us with the notion that an unusual amount of destruction has gone on there. When we cannot walk without seeing, besides the more perfect monuments, gigantic masses of ancient wall on every side,— when we stumble at every step on fragments of marble columns or on richly adorned tombs,— we are apt to think that they must have perished in some special havoc unknown in other places. The truth is really the other way. The abundance of ruins and fragments — again setting aside the more perfect monuments — proves that destruction has been much less thorough in Rome than in almost any other Roman city. Elsewhere the ancient buildings have been utterly swept away; at Rome they survive, though mainly in a state of ruin. But by surviving in a state of ruin they remind us of their former existence, which in other places we are inclined to forget. Certainly Rome is, even in proportion to its greatness above all other Roman cities, rich in ancient remains above all other Roman cities. Compare those cities of the West which at one time or another supplanted Rome as the dwelling-places of her own Cæsars,— Milan, Ravenna, York, Trier itself. York may be looked upon as lucky in having kept a tower and some pieces of wall

through the havoc of the English conquest. Trier is rich above all the rest, and she has, in her *Porta Nigra*, one monument of Roman power which Rome herself cannot outdo. But rich as Trier — the second Rome — is, she is certainly not richer in proportion than Rome herself. The Roman remains at Milan hardly extend beyond a single range of columns, and it may be thought that that alone is something, when we remember the overthrow of the city under Frederick Barbarossa. But compare Rome and Ravenna: no city is richer than Ravenna in monuments of its own special class, — Christian Roman, Gothic, Byzantine, but of works of the days of heathen Rome there is no trace — no walls, no gates, no triumphal arch, no temple, no amphitheatre. The city of Placidia and Theodoric is there; but of the city which Augustus made one of the two great maritime stations of Italy there is hardly a trace. Verona, as never being an imperial residence, was not on our list; but rich as Verona is, Rome is — even proportionally — far richer. Provence is probably richer in Roman remains than Italy herself; but even the Provençal cities are hardly so full of Roman remains as Rome herself. The truth is, that there is nothing so destructive to the antiquities of a city as its continued prosperity. A city which has always gone on flourishing according to the standard of each age, which has been always building and rebuilding and spreading itself beyond its ancient bounds, works a gradual destruction of its ancient remains beyond anything that the havoc of any barbarians on earth can work. In such a city a few special monuments may be kept in a perfect or nearly perfect state; but it is impossible that large tracts of ground can be left covered with ruins as they are at Rome. Now, it is the ruins, rather than the perfect buildings, which form the most characteristic feature of Roman scenery and topography, and they have been preserved by the decay of the city; while in other cities they have been swept away by their prosperity. As Rome became Christian, several ancient buildings, temples and others, were turned into churches, and a greater number were destroyed to employ their materials, especially their marble columns, in the building of churches. But though this cause led to the loss of a great many ancient buildings, it had very little to do with the creation of the vast mass of the Roman ruins. The desolation of the Flavian amphitheatre and of the baths of Antoninus Caracalla comes from another cause. As the buildings became disused, — and if we rejoice at the disuse of the

amphitheatre, we must both mourn and wonder at the disuse of the baths,—they were sometimes turned into fortresses, sometimes used as quarries for the building of fortresses. Every turbulent noble turned some fragment of the buildings of the ancient city into a stronghold from which he might make war upon his brother nobles, from which he might defy every power which had the slightest shadow of lawful authority, be it emperor, pope, or senator. Fresh havoc followed on every local struggle: destruction came whenever a lawful government was overthrown and whenever a lawful government was restored; for one form of revolution implied the building, the other implied the pulling down, of these nests of robbers. The damage which a lying prejudice attributes to Goths and Vandals was really done by the Romans themselves, and in the Middle Ages mainly by the Roman nobles. As for Goths and Vandals, Genseric undoubtedly did some mischief in the way of carrying off precious objects, but even he is not charged with the actual destruction of any buildings. And it would be hard to show that any Goth, from Alaric to Totilas, ever did any mischief whatever to any of the monuments of Rome, beyond what might happen through the unavoidable necessities and accidents of warfare. Theodoric of course stands out among all the ages as the great preserver and repairer of the monuments of Ancient Rome. The few marble columns which Charles the Great carried away from Rome, as well as from Ravenna, can have gone but a very little way towards accounting for so vast a havoc. It was almost wholly by Roman hands that buildings which might have defied time and the barbarian were brought to the ruined state in which we now find them.

But the barons of mediæval Rome, great and sad as was the destruction which was wrought by them, were neither the most destructive nor the basest of the enemies at whose hands the buildings of ancient Rome have had to suffer. The mediæval barons simply did according to their kind. Their one notion of life was fighting, and they valued buildings or anything else simply as they might be made use of for that one purpose of life. There is something more revolting in the systematic destruction, disfigurement, and robbery of the ancient monuments of Rome, heathen and Christian, at the hands of her modern rulers and their belongings. Bad as contending barons or invading Normans may have been, both were outdone by the fouler brood of papal nephews. Who that looks on the ruined Coliseum,

who that looks on the palace raised out of its ruins, can fail to think of the famous line—

"Quod non fecere barbari, fecere Barberini"?

And well-nigh every other obscure or infamous name in the roll-call of the mushroom nobility of modern Rome has tried its hand at the same evil work. Nothing can be so ancient, nothing so beautiful, nothing so sacred, as to be safe against their destroying hands. The boasted age of the *Renaissance*, the time when men turned away from all reverence for their own forefathers and professed to recall the forms and the feelings of ages which are forever gone, was the time of all times when the monuments of those very ages were most brutally destroyed. Barons and Normans and Saracens destroyed what they did not understand or care for; the artistic men of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries destroyed the very things which they professed to admire and imitate. And when they did not actually destroy, as in the case of statues, sarcophagi, and the like, they did all they could to efface their truest interest, their local and historical association.

A museum or collection of any kind is a dreary place. For some kinds of antiquities, for those which cannot be left in their own places, and which need special scientific classification, such collections are necessary. But surely a statue or a tomb should be left in the spot where it is found, or in the nearest possible place to it. How far nobler would be the associations of Pompey's statue, if the hero had been set up in the nearest open space to his own theatre; even if he had been set up with Marcus and the Great Twin Brethren on the Capitol, instead of being stowed away in an unmeaning corner of a private palace! It is sadder still to wind our way through the recesses of the great Cornelian sepulchre, and to find that sacrilegious hands have rifled the resting-place of the mighty dead; that the real tombs, the real inscriptions, have been stolen away, and that copies only are left in their places. Far more speaking, far more instructive, would it have been to grope out the antique letters of the first of Roman inscriptions, to spell out the name and deeds of "Cornelius Lucius Scipio Barbatus Gnaivod patre prognatus" by the light of a flickering torch in the spot where his kinsfolk and *gentiles* laid him, than to read it in the full light of the Vatican, numbered as if it stood in a shop to be sold, and bearing a

fulsome inscription recording the "munificentia" of the triple-crowned robber who wrought the deed of selfish desecration. Scipio indeed was a heathen; but Christian holy places, places which are the very homes of ecclesiastical history or legend, are no safer than the monuments of heathendom against the desolating fury of ecclesiastical destroyers.

Saddest of all it is to visit the sepulchral church of St. Constantia — be her legend true or false, it makes no difference — to trace out the series of mosaics, where the old emblems of Bacchanalian worship, the vintage and the treading of the wine-press, are turned about to teach a double lesson of Christian mysteries; and then to see the place of the tomb empty, and to find that the tomb itself, the central point of the building, with the series of images which is begun in the pictures and continued in its sculpture, has been torn away from the place where it had meaning and almost life, to stand as number so-and-so among the curiosities of a dreary gallery. Such is the reverence of modern pontiffs for the most sacred antiquities, pagan and Christian, of the city where they have too long worked their destroying will.

In one part however of the city, destruction has been, as in other cities, the consequence of reviving prosperity on the part of the city itself. One of the first lessons to be got by heart on a visit to Rome is the way in which the city has shifted its site. The inhabited parts of ancient and of modern Rome have but a very small space of ground in common. While so large a space within the walls both of Aurelius and of Servius lies desolate, the modern city has spread itself beyond both. The Leonine city beyond the Tiber, the Sixtine city on the Field of Mars — both of them beyond the wall of Servius, the Leonine city largely beyond the wall of Aurelian — together make up the greater part of modern Rome. Here, in a thickly inhabited modern city, there is no space for the ruins which form the main features of the Palatine, Cœlian, and Aventine Hills. Such ancient buildings as have been spared remain in a state far less pleasing than that of their ruined fellows. The Pantheon was happily saved by its consecration as a Christian church. But the degraded state in which we see the theatre of Marcellus and the beautiful remains of the portico of Octavia; above all, the still lower fate to which the mighty sepulchre of Augustus has been brought down, — if they enable the moralist to point a lesson, are far more offensive

to the student of history than the utter desolation of the Coliseum and the imperial palace. The mole of Hadrian has undergone a somewhat different fate; its successive transformations and disfigurements are a direct part, and a most living and speaking part, of the history of Rome. Such a building, at such a point, could not fail to become a fortress, long before the days of contending Colonnas and Orsini; and if the statues which adorned it were hurled down on the heads of Gothic besiegers, that is a piece of destruction which can hardly be turned to the charge of the Goths. It is in these parts of Rome that the causes which have been at work have been more nearly the same as those which have been at work in other cities. At the same time, it must be remembered that it is only for a much shorter period that they have been fully at work. And wretched as with one great exception is their state, it must be allowed that the actual amount of ancient remains preserved in the Leonine and Sixtine cities is certainly above the average amount of such remains in Roman cities elsewhere.

THE CONTINUITY OF ENGLISH HISTORY

From 'Historical Essays of Edward A. Freeman,' First Series. London, Macmillan & Co., 1871

A COMPARISON between the histories of England, France, and Germany, as regards their political development, would be a subject well worth working out in detail. Each country started with much that was common to all three, while the separate course of each has been wholly different. The distinctive character of English history is its continuity. No broad gap separates the present from the past. If there is any point at which a line between the present and the past is to be drawn, it is at all events not to be drawn at the point where a superficial glance might perhaps induce us to draw it,—at the Norman invasion in 1066. At first sight, that event might seem to separate us from all before it in a way to which there is no analogy in the history either of our own or of kindred lands. Neither France nor Germany ever saw any event to be compared to the Norman Conquest. Neither of them has ever received a permanent dynasty of foreign kings; neither has seen its lands divided among the soldiers of a foreign army, and its native sons shut out from

every position of wealth or dignity. England, alone of the three, has undergone a real and permanent foreign conquest. One might have expected that the greatest of all possible historical chasms would have divided the ages before and the ages after such an event. Yet in truth modern England has practically far more to do with the England of the West-Saxon kings than modern France or Germany has to do with the Gaul and Germany of Charles the Great, or even of much more recent times. The England of the age before the Norman Conquest is indeed, in all external respects, widely removed from us. But the England of the age immediately succeeding the Norman Conquest is something more widely removed still. The age when Englishmen dwelt in their own land as a conquered race, when their name and tongue were badges of contempt and slavery, when England was counted for little more than an accession of power to the Duke of Rouen in his struggle with the King of Paris, is an age than which we can conceive none more alien to every feeling and circumstance of our own.

When, then, did the England in which we still live and move have its beginning? Where are we to draw the broad line, if any line is to be drawn, between the present and the past? We answer, In the great creative and destructive age of Europe and of civilized Asia — the thirteenth century. The England of Richard Cœur de Lion is an England which is past forever; but the England of Edward the First is essentially the still living England in which we have our own being. Up to the thirteenth century our history is the domain of antiquaries; from that point it becomes the domain of lawyers. A law of King Ælfred's Witenagemót is a valuable link in the chain of our political progress, but it could not have been alleged as any legal authority by the accusers of Strafford or the defenders of the Seven Bishops. A statute of Edward the First is quite another matter. Unless it can be shown to have been repealed by some later statute, it is just as good to this day as a statute of Queen Victoria. In the earlier period we may indeed trace the rudiments of our laws, our language, our political institutions; but from the thirteenth century onwards we see the things themselves, in that very essence which we all agree in wishing to retain, though successive generations have wrought improvement in many points of detail and may have left many others capable of further improvement still.

Let us illustrate our meaning by the greatest of all examples. Since the first Teutonic settlers landed on her shores, England has never known full and complete submission to a single will. Some Assembly, Witenagemót, Great Council, or Parliament, there has always been, capable of checking the caprices of tyrants and of speaking, with more or less of right, in the name of the nation. From Hengest to Victoria, England has always had what we may fairly call a parliamentary constitution. Normans, Tudors, and Stewarts might suspend or weaken it, but they could not wholly sweep it away. Our Old-English Witenagemóts, our Norman Great Councils, are matters of antiquarian research, whose exact constitution it puzzles our best antiquaries fully to explain. But from the thirteenth century onwards we have a veritable Parliament, essentially as we see it before our own eyes. In the course of the fourteenth century every fundamental constitutional principle becomes fully recognized. The best worthies of the seventeenth century struggled, not for the establishment of anything new, but for the preservation of what even then was already old. It is on the Great Charter that we still rest the foundation of all our rights. And no later parliamentary reformer has ever wrought or proposed so vast a change as when Simon of Montfort, by a single writ, conferred their parliamentary being upon the cities and boroughs of England.

This continuity of English history from the very beginning is a point which cannot be too strongly insisted on, but it is its special continuity from the thirteenth century onwards which forms the most instructive part of the comparison between English history and the history of Germany and France. At the time of the Norman Conquest the many small Teutonic kingdoms in Britain had grown into the one Teutonic kingdom of England, rich in her barbaric greatness and barbaric freedom, with the germs, but as yet only the germs, of every institution which we most dearly prize. At the close of the thirteenth century we see the England with which we are still familiar, young indeed and tender, but still possessing more than the germs,—the very things themselves. She has already King, Lords, and Commons; she has a King, mighty indeed and honored, but who may neither ordain laws nor impose taxes against the will of his people. She has Lords with high hereditary powers, but Lords who are still only the foremost rank of the people, whose children sink into the general mass of Englishmen, and into whose

order any Englishman may be raised. She has a Commons still diffident in the exercise of new-born rights; but a Commons whose constitution and whose powers we have altered only by gradual changes of detail; a Commons which, if it sometimes shrank from hard questions of State, was at least resolved that no man should take their money without their leave. The courts of justice, the great offices of State, the chief features of local administration, have assumed, or are rapidly assuming, the form whose essential character they still retain. The struggle with Papal Rome has already begun; doctrines and ceremonies indeed remain as yet unchallenged, but statute after statute is passed to restrain the abuses and exactions of the ever-hateful Roman court. The great middle class of England is rapidly forming; a middle class not, as elsewhere, confined to a few great cities, but spread, in the form of a minor gentry and a wealthy yeomanry, over the whole face of the land. Villanage still exists, but both law and custom are paving the way for that gradual and silent extinction of it, which without any formal abolition of the legal status left, three centuries later, not a legal villain among us.

With this exception, there was in theory equal law for all classes, and imperfectly as the theory may have been carried out, it was at least far less imperfectly so than in any other kingdom. Our language was fast taking its present shape; English, in the main intelligible at the present day, was the speech of the mass of the people, and it was soon to expel French from the halls of princes and nobles. England at the close of the century is, for the first time since the Conquest, ruled by a prince bearing a purely English name, and following a purely English policy. Edward the First was no doubt as despotic as he could be or dared to be; so was every prince of those days who could not practice the superhuman righteousness of St. Lewis. But he ruled over a people who knew how to keep even his despotism within bounds. The legislator of England, the conqueror of Wales and Scotland, seems truly like an old Bretwalda or West-Saxon Basileus, sitting once more on the throne of Cerdic and of Ælfred. The modern English nation is now fully formed; it stands ready for those struggles for French dominion in the two following centuries, which, utterly unjust and fruitless as they were, still proved indirectly the confirmation of our liberties at home, and which forever fixed the national character for good and for evil.

Let us here sketch out a comparison between the history and institutions of England and those of France and Germany. As we before said, our modern Parliament is traced up in an unbroken line to the early Great Council, and to the still earlier Witenagemót. The latter institution, widely different as it is from the earlier, has not been substituted for the earlier, but has grown out of it. It would be ludicrous to look for any such continuity between the Diet of ambassadors which meets at Frankfurt and the Assemblies which met to obey Henry the Third and to depose Henry the Fourth. And how stands the case in France? France has tried constitutional government in all its shapes; in its old Teutonic, in its mediæval, and in all its modern forms — Kings with one Chamber and Kings with two, Republics without Presidents and Republics with, Conventions, Directories, Consulates, and Empires. All of these have been separate experiments; all have failed; there is no historical continuity between any of them. Charles the Great gathered his Great Council around him year by year; his successors in the Eastern *Francia*, the Kings of the Teutonic Kingdom, went on doing so long afterwards. But in Gaul, in Western *Francia*, after it fell away from the common centre, no such assembly could be gathered together. The kingdom split into fragments; every province did what was right in its own eyes; Aquitaine and Toulouse had neither fear nor love enough for their nominal King to contribute any members to a Council of his summoning. Philip the Fair, for his own convenience, summoned the States-General. But the States-General were no historical continuation of the old Frankish Assemblies; they were a new institution of his own, devised, it may be, in imitation of the English Parliament or of the Spanish Cortes. From that time the French States-General ran a brilliant and a fitful course. Very different indeed were they from the homely Parliaments of England. Our stout knights and citizens were altogether guiltless of political theories. They had no longing after great and comprehensive measures. But if they saw any practical abuses in the land, the King could get no money out of them till he set matters right again. If they saw a bad law, they demanded its alteration; if they saw a wicked minister, they demanded his dismissal. It is this sort of bit-by-bit reform, going on for six hundred years, which has saved us alike from magnificent theories and from massacres in the cause of humanity. Both were as familiar in France in the fourteenth and fifteenth

centuries as ever they were at the close of the eighteenth. The demands of the States-General, and of what we may call the liberal party in France generally, throughout those two centuries, are as wide in their extent, and as neatly expressed, as any modern constitution from 1791 to 1848. But while the English Parliament, meeting year after year, made almost every year some small addition or other to the mass of our liberties, the States-General, meeting only now and then, effected nothing lasting, and gradually sank into as complete disuse as the old Frankish Assemblies. By the time of the revolution of 1789, their constitution and mode of proceeding had become matters of antiquarian curiosity. Of later attempts, National Assemblies, National Conventions, Chambers of Deputies, we need not speak. They have risen and they have fallen, while the House of Lords and the House of Commons have gone on undisturbed.

RACE AND LANGUAGE

From 'Historical Essays of Edward A. Freeman,' First Series. London, Macmillan & Co., 1871

Having ruled that races and nations, though largely formed by the working of an artificial law, are still real and living things, groups in which the idea of kindred is the idea around which everything has grown,—how are we to define our races and our nations? How are we to mark them off one from the other? Bearing in mind the cautions and qualifications which have been already given, bearing in mind large classes of exceptions which will presently be spoken of, I say unhesitatingly that for practical purposes there is one test, and one only; and that that test is language.

It is hardly needful to show that races and nations cannot be defined by the merely political arrangements which group men under various governments. For some purposes of ordinary language, for some purposes of ordinary politics, we are tempted, sometimes driven, to take this standard. And in some parts of the world, in our own Western Europe for instance, nations and governments do in a rough way fairly answer to one another. And in any case, political divisions are not without their influence on the formation of national divisions, while national divisions ought to have the greatest influence on political divisions.

That is to say, *primâ facie* a nation and a government should coincide. I say only *primâ facie*, for this is assuredly no inflexible rule; there are often good reasons why it should be otherwise; only, whenever it is otherwise, there should be some good reason forthcoming. It might even be true that in no case did a government and a nation exactly coincide, and yet it would none the less be the rule that a government and a nation should coincide. That is to say, so far as a nation and a government coincide, we accept it as the natural state of things, and ask no question as to the cause; so far as they do not coincide, we mark the case as exceptional by asking what is the cause. And by saying that a government and a nation should coincide, we mean that as far as possible the boundaries of governments should be so laid out as to agree with the boundaries of nations. That is, we assume the nation as something already existing, something primary, to which the secondary arrangements of government should as far as possible conform. How then do we define the tion which is, if there is no special reason to the contrary, to ix the limits of a government? Primarily, I say, as a rule,—but a rule subject to exceptions,—as a *primâ facie* standard, subject to special reasons to the contrary,—we define the nation by language. We may at least apply the test negatively. It would be unsafe to rule that all speakers of the same language must have a common nationality; but we may safely say that where there is not community of language, there is no common nationality in the highest sense. It is true that without community of language there may be an artificial nationality, a nationality which may be good for all political purposes, and which may engender a common national feeling. Still, this is not quite the same thing as that fuller national unity which is felt where there is community of language.

In fact, mankind instinctively takes language as the badge of nationality. We so far take it as the badge, that we instinctively assume community of language as a nation as the rule, and we set down anything that departs from that rule as an exception. The first idea suggested by the word Frenchman, or German, or any other national name, is that he is a man who speaks French or German as his mother tongue. We take for granted, in the absence of anything to make us think otherwise, that a Frenchman is a speaker of French and that a speaker of French is a Frenchman. Where in any case it is otherwise, we mark that case as an exception, and we ask the special cause.

Again, the rule is none the less the rule nor the exceptions the exceptions, because the exceptions may easily outnumber the instances which conform to the rule. The rule is still the rule, because we take the instances which conform to it as a matter of course, while in every case which does not conform to it we ask for the explanation. All the larger countries of Europe provide us with exceptions; but we treat them all as exceptions. We do not ask why a native of France speaks French. But when a native of France speaks as his mother tongue some other tongue than French, when French, or something which popularly passes for French, is spoken as his mother tongue by some one who is not a native of France, we at once ask the reason. And the reason will be found in each case in some special historical cause, which withdraws that case from the operation of the general law. A very good reason can be given why French, or something which popularly passes for French, is spoken in parts of Belgium and Switzerland whose inhabitants are certainly not Frenchmen. But the reason has to be given, and it may fairly be asked.

In the like sort, if we turn to our own country, whenever within the bounds of Great Britain we find any tongue spoken other than English, we at once ask the reason and we learn the special historic cause. In a part of France and a part of Great Britain we find tongues spoken which differ alike from English and from French, but which are strongly akin to one another. We find that these are the survivals of a group of tongues once common to Gaul and Britain, but which the settlement of other nations, the introduction and the growth of other tongues, have brought down to the level of survivals. So again we find islands which both speech and geographical position seem to mark as French, but which are dependencies, and loyal dependencies, of the English crown. We soon learn the cause of the phenomenon which seems so strange. Those islands are the remains of a State and a people which adopted the French tongue, but which, while it remained one, did not become a part of the French State. That people brought England by force of arms under the rule of their own sovereigns. The greater part of that people were afterwards conquered by France, and gradually became French in feeling as well as in language. But a remnant clave to their connection with the land which their forefathers had conquered, and that remnant, while keeping the French tongue, never became French in feeling. This last case, that of the

Norman Islands, is a specially instructive one. Normandy and England were politically connected, while language and geography pointed rather to a union between Normandy and France. In the case of Continental Normandy, where the geographical tie was strongest, language and geography together would carry the day, and the Continental Norman became a Frenchman. In the islands, where the geographical tie was less strong, political traditions and manifest interest carried the day against language and a weaker geographical tie. The insular Norman did not become a Frenchman. But neither did he become an Englishman. He alone remained Norman, keeping his own tongue and his own laws, but attached to the English crown by a tie at once of tradition and of advantage. Between States of the relative size of England and the Norman Islands, the relation naturally becomes a relation of dependence on the part of the smaller members of the union. But it is well to remember that our forefathers never conquered the forefathers of the men of the Norman Islands, but that their forefathers did once conquer ours.

These instances and countless others bear out the position, that while community of language is the most obvious sign of common nationality,—while it is the main element, or something more than an element, in the formation of nationality,—the rule is open to exceptions of all kinds; and that the influence of language is at all times liable to be overruled by other influences. But all the exceptions confirm the rule, because we specially remark those cases which contradict the rule, and we do not specially remark those cases which do conform to it.

THE NORMAN COUNCIL AND THE ASSEMBLY OF LILLEBONNE

From 'The History of the Norman Conquest of England'

The case of William had thus to be brought to bear on the minds of his own people, on the minds of the neighboring countries whence he invited and looked for volunteers, on the minds of the foreign princes whose help or at least whose neutrality he asked for, and above all, on the minds of the Roman Pontiff and his advisers. The order of these various negotiations is not very clear, and in all probability all were being carried on at once. But there is little doubt that William's first step, on receiving the refusal of Harold to surrender his

crown,—or whatever else was the exact purport of the English King's answer,—was to lay the matter before a select body of his most trusted counselors. The names of most of the men whom William thus honored with his special confidence are already familiar to us. They were the men of his own blood, the friends of his youth, the faithful vassals who had fought at his side against French invaders and Norman rebels. There was his brother, Robert, Count of Mortain, the lord of the castle by the waterfalls, the spoil of the banished Warling. And there was one closer than a brother,—the proud William the son of Osbern, the son of the faithful guardian of his childhood. There, perhaps the only priest in that gathering of warriors, was his other brother, Odo of Bayeux, soon to prove himself a warrior as stout of heart and as strong of arm as any of his race. There too, not otherwise renowned, was Iwun-al-Chapel, the husband of the sister of William, Robert, and Odo. There was a kinsman, nearer in legitimate succession to the stock of Rolf than William himself,—Richard of Evreux, the son of Robert the Archbishop, the grandson of Richard the Fearless. There was the true kinsman and vassal who guarded the frontier fortress of Eu, the brother of the traitor Busac and of the holy prelate of Lisieux. There was Roger of Beaumont, who rid the world of Roger of Toesny, and Ralph, the worthier grandson of that old foe of Normandy and mankind. There was Ralph's companion in banishment, Hugh of Grantmesnil, and Roger of Montgomery, the loyal son-in-law of him who cursed the Bastard in his cradle. There too were the other worthies of the day of Mortemar, Walter Giffard and Hugh of Montfort, and William of Warren, the valiant youth who had received the chiefest guerdon of that memorable ambush. These men, chiefs of the great houses of Normandy, founders, some of them, of greater houses in England, were gathered together at their sovereign's bidding. They were to be the first to share his counsels in the enterprise which he was planning, an enterprise planned against the land which with so many in that assembly was to become a second home, a home perhaps all the more cherished that it was won by the might of their own right hands.

To this select Council the duke made his first appeal. He told them, what some of them at least knew well already, of the wrongs which he had suffered from Harold of England. It was his purpose to cross the sea, in order to assert his rights and to

chastise the wrong-doer. With the help of God and with the loyal service of his faithful Normans, he doubted not his power to do what he purposed. He had gathered them together to know their minds upon the matter. Did they approve of his purpose? Did they deem the enterprise within his power? Were they ready themselves to help him to the uttermost to recover his right? The answer of the Norman leaders, the personal kinsmen and friends of their sovereign, was wise and constitutional. They approved his purpose; they deemed that the enterprise was not beyond the power of Normandy to accomplish. The valor of the Norman knighthood, the wealth of the Norman Church, was fully enough to put their duke in possession of all that he claimed. Their own personal service they pledged at once; they would follow him to the war; they would pledge, they would sell, their lands to cover the costs of the expedition. But they would not answer for others. Where all were to share in the work, all ought to share in the counsel. Those whom the duke had gathered together were not the whole baronage of Normandy. There were other wise and brave men in the duchy, whose arms were as strong, and whose counsel would be as sage, as those of the chosen party to whom he spoke. Let the duke call a larger meeting of all the barons of his duchy, and lay his designs before them.

The duke hearkened to this advice, and he at once sent forth a summons for the gathering of a larger Assembly. This is the only time when we come across any details of the proceedings of a Norman Parliament. And we at once see how widely the political condition of Normandy differed from that of England. We see how much further England had advanced, or more truly, how much further Normandy had gone back, in the path of political freedom. The Norman Assembly which assembled to discuss the war against England was a widely different body from the Great Gemót which had voted for the restoration of Godwine. Godwine had made his speech before the King and all the people of the land. That people had met under the canopy of heaven, beneath the walls of the greatest city of the realm. But in William's Assembly we hear of none but barons. The old Teutonic constitution had wholly died away from the memories of the descendants of the men who followed Rolf and Harold Blaatand. The immemorial democracy had passed away, and the later constitution of the mediæval States had not yet

arisen. There was no Third Estate, because the personal right of every freeman to attend had altogether vanished, while the idea of the representation of particular privileged towns had not yet been heard of. And if the Third Order was wanting, the First Order was at least less prominent than it was in other lands. The wealth of the Church had been already pointed out as an important element in the duke's ways and means, and both the wealth and the personal prowess of the Norman clergy were, when the day came, freely placed at William's disposal. The peculiar tradition of Norman Assemblies, which shut out the clergy from all share in the national deliberations, seems now to have been relaxed. It is implied rather than asserted that the bishops of Normandy were present in the Assembly which now met; but it is clear that the main stress of the debates fell on the lay barons, and that the spirit of the Assembly was a spirit which was especially theirs.

Narrow as was the constitution of the Assembly, it showed, when it met, no lack either of political foresight or of parliamentary boldness. In a society so aristocratically constituted as that of Normandy was, the nobles are in truth, in a political sense, the people, and we must expect to find in any gathering of nobles both the virtues and the vices of a real Popular Assembly. William had already consulted his Senate; he had now to bring his resolution, fortified by their approval, before the body which came as near as any body in Normandy could come to the character of an Assembly of the Norman people. The valiant gentlemen of Normandy, as wary as they were valiant, proved good guardians of the public purse, trusty keepers of what one knows not whether to call the rights of the nation or the privileges of their order. The duke laid his case before them. He told once more the tale of his own rights and of the wrong which Harold had done him. He said that his own mind was to assert his rights by force of arms. He would fain enter England in the course of the year on which they had entered. But without their help he could do nothing. Of his own he had neither ships enough nor men enough for such an enterprise. He would not ask whether they would help him in such a cause. He took their zeal and loyalty for granted; he asked only how many ships, how many men, each of his hearers would bring as a free-will offering.

A Norman Assembly was not a body to be surprised into a hasty assent, even when the craft and the eloquence of William

was brought to bear upon it. The barons asked for time to consider of their answer. They would debate among themselves, and they would let him know the conclusion to which they came. William was obliged to consent to this delay, and the Assembly broke up into knots, greater or smaller, each eagerly discussing the great question. Parties of fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, sixty, a hundred, gathered round this or that energetic speaker. Some professed their readiness to follow the duke; others were in debt, and were too poor to venture on such hazards. Other speakers set forth the dangers and difficulties of the enterprise. Normandy could not conquer England; their fair and flourishing land would be ruined by the attempt. The conquest of England was an undertaking beyond the power of a Roman emperor. Harold and his land were rich; they had wealth to take foreign kings and dukes into their service; their own forces were in mere numbers such as Normandy could not hope to strive against. They had abundance of tried soldiers, and above all, they had a mighty fleet, with crews skilled beyond other men in all that pertained to the warfare of the sea. How could a fleet be raised, how could the sailors be gathered together, how could they be taught, within a year's space, to cope with such an enemy? The feeling of the Assembly was distinctly against so desperate an enterprise as the invasion of England. It seemed as if the hopes and schemes of William were about to be shattered in their beginning through the opposition of his own subjects.

A daring though cunning attempt was now made by William Fitz-Osbern, the duke's nearest personal friend, to cajole the Assembly into an assent to his master's will. He appealed to their sense of feudal honor; they owed the duke service for their fiefs: let them come forward and do with a good heart all, and more than all, that their tenure of their fiefs bound them to. Let not their sovereign be driven to implore the services of his subjects. Let them rather forestall his will; let them win his favor by ready offerings even beyond their power to fulfill. He enlarged on the character of the lord with whom they had to deal. William's jealous temper would not brook disappointment at their hands. It would be the worse for them in the end, if the duke should ever have to say that he had failed in his enterprise because they had failed in readiness to support him.

The language of William Fitz-Osbern seems to have startled and perplexed even the stout hearts with whom he had to deal.

The barons prayed him to be their spokesman with the duke. He knew their minds and could speak for them all, and they would be bound by what he said. But they gave him no direct commission to bind them to any consent to the duke's demand. Their words indeed tended ominously the other way; they feared the sea,— so changed was the race which had once manned the ships of Rolf and Harold Blaatand,— and they were not bound to serve beyond it.

A point seemed to have been gained, by the seeming license given by the Assembly to the duke's most intimate friend to speak as he would in the name of the whole baronage. William Fitz-Osbern now spoke to the duke. He began with an exordium of almost cringing loyalty, setting forth how great was the zeal and affection of the Normans for their prince, and how there was no danger which they would not willingly undergo in his service. But the orator soon overshot his mark. He promised, in the name of the whole Assembly, that every man would not only cross the sea with the duke, but would bring with him double the contingent to which his holding bound him. The lord of twenty knights' fees would serve with forty knights, and the lord of a hundred with two hundred. He himself, of his love and zeal, would furnish sixty ships, well equipped, and filled with fighting men.

The barons now felt themselves taken in a snare. They were in nearly the same case as the king against whom they were called on to march. They had indeed promised; they had commissioned William Fitz-Osbern to speak in their names. But their commission had been stretched beyond all reasonable construction; their spokesman had pledged them to engagements which had never entered into their minds. Loud shouts of dissent rose through the hall. The mention of serving with double the regular contingent awakened special indignation. With a true parliamentary instinct, the Norman barons feared lest a consent to this demand should be drawn into a precedent, and lest their fiefs should be forever burthened with this double service. The shouts grew louder; the whole hall was in confusion; no speaker could be heard; no man would hearken to reason or render a reason for himself.

The rash speech of William Fitz-Osbern had thus destroyed all hope of a regular parliamentary consent on the part of the Assembly. But it is possible that the duke gained in the end

by the hazardous experiment of his seneschal. It is even possible that the manœuvre may have been concerted beforehand between him and his master. It was not likely that any persuasion could have brought the Assembly as a body to agree to the lavish offer of volunteer service which was put into its mouth by William Fitz-Osbern. There was no hope of carrying any such vote on a formal division. But the confusion which followed the speech of the seneschal hindered any formal division from being taken. The Assembly, in short, as an assembly, was broken up. The fagot was unloosed, and the sticks could now be broken one by one. The baronage of Normandy had lost all the strength of union; they were brought, one by one, within the reach of the personal fascinations of their sovereign. William conferred with each man apart; he employed all his arts on minds which, when no longer strengthened by the sympathy of a crowd, could not refuse anything that he asked. He pledged himself that the doubling of their services should not become a precedent; no man's fief should be burthened with any charge beyond what it had borne from time immemorial. Men thus personally appealed to, brought in this way within the magic sphere of princely influence, were no longer slack to promise; and having once promised, they were not slack to fulfill. William had more than gained his point. If he had not gained the formal sanction of the Norman baronage to his expedition, he had won over each individual Norman baron to serve him as a volunteer. And wary as ever, William took heed that no man who had promised should draw back from his promise. His scribes and clerks were at hand, and the number of ships and soldiers promised by each baron was at once set down in a book. A Domesday of the conquerors was in short drawn up in the ducal hall at Lillebonne, a forerunner of the greater Domesday of the conquered, which twenty years later was brought to King William of England in his royal palace at Winchester.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH

(1810–1876)

IN TIMES of political degradation the poets of Germany, turning from their own surroundings, have sought poetical material either in the glories of a dim past or in the exotic splendors of remote lands. Goethe, disquieted by the French Revolution, took up Chinese and Persian studies; the romantic poets revivified the picturesqueness of the Middle Ages; and during the second quarter of this century the Orient began to exercise a potent charm. Platen wrote his beautiful 'Gaselen,' Rückert sang in Persian measure and translated the Indian 'Sakuntala,' and Bodenstedt fashioned the dainty songs of "Mirza-Schaffy." Freiligrath too, a child of his time, entered upon his literary career with poems which took their themes from distant climes. Among his earliest verses after 'Moosthee' (Iceland-Moss Tea), written at the age of sixteen, were 'Africa,' 'Der Scheik am Sinai' (The Sheik on Sinai), and 'Der Löwenritt' (The Lion's Ride). Even in these early poems, we find all that brilliancy of Oriental imagery to which he tells us he had been inspired by much poring over an illustrated Bible in his childhood.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH

But Freiligrath, like Uhland and Herwegh, was a man of action and a patriot. The revolution of 1848 had brought fresh breezes into the stagnation of political life; and though they soon were stilled again, the men who had breathed that air ceased to be the dreamers of dreams that the romantic poets had been. They were conscious of a mission, and became the robust heralds of a larger and a freer time.

Freiligrath was a schoolmaster's son; he was born at Detmold on June 17th, 1810, and much against his private inclinations, he was sent in his sixteenth year to an uncle in Soest to prepare himself for a mercantile career. The death of his father threw him upon his own resources, and he took a position in an Amsterdam bank. Here the inspiration of the sea widened the range of his poetic fancy. To Chamisso is due the credit of introducing the poet to the general

public through the pages of the Musenalmanach. This was in 1835. In 1838 appeared the first volume of his poems, and it won instant and unusual favor; Gutzkow called him the German Hugo. With this encouragement Freiligrath definitely abandoned mercantile life. In 1841 he married. At the suggestion of Alexander von Humboldt, the King of Prussia granted him a royal pension; and as no conditions were attached, it was accepted. This was a bitter disappointment to the ardent revolutionary poets, who had counted Freiligrath as one of themselves; but the turbulent times which preceded the revolution soon forced him into an open declaration of principles, and although he had said in one of his poems that the poet was above all party, in 1844, influenced by Hoffmann von Fallersleben, he resigned his pension, announced his position, and in May published a volume of revolutionary poems entitled 'Mein Glaubensbekenntniss' (My Confession of Faith). This book created the wildest enthusiasm, and placed its author at once in the front rank of the people's partisans. He fled to Brussels, and in 1846 published under the title of 'Ça Ira' six new songs, which were a trumpet-call to revolution. The poet deemed it prudent to retire to London, and he was about to accept an invitation from Longfellow to cross the ocean when the revolution broke out, and he returned to Düsseldorf to put himself at the head of the democratic party on the Rhine. But he was a poet and not a leader, and he indiscreetly exposed himself to arrest by an inflammatory poem, 'Die Todten an die Lebenden' (The Dead to the Living). The jury however acquitted him, and he at once assumed the management of the New Rhenish Gazette at Cologne.

It is a curious fact that during this agitated time Freiligrath wrote some of his tenderest poetry. In the collection which appeared in 1849 with the title 'Zwischen den Garben' (Between the Sheaves), was included that exquisite hymn to love: 'Oh, Love So Long as Love Thou Canst,' perhaps the most perfect of all his lyrical productions, and certainly evidence that the poet could touch the strings to deep emotions. In the following year both volumes of his 'New Political and Social Poems' were ready. Once more he prudently retired to London; his fears were confirmed by the immediate confiscation of these new volumes, and by the publication of a letter of apprehension. By way of reprisal he wrote his poem 'The Revolution,' which was published in London.

In 1867 the Swiss bank with which Freiligrath was connected closed its London branch, and the poet again faced an uncertain future. His friends on the Rhine, hearing of his difficulties, raised a generous subscription, and taking advantage of a general amnesty, he returned to the fatherland and became associated with the Stuttgart Illustrated Magazine. In 1870 appeared a complete collection of his

poems; in 1876, 'New Poems'; and in the latter year, on March 18th, he died at Cannstatt in Würtemburg.

The question which Freiligrath asks the emigrants in his early poem of that name, — 'O say, why seek ye other lands?' — was destined to find frequent and bitter answer in his own checkered career; but he never swerved from the liberal principles which he had publicly announced. His political poems were among the most powerful influences of his time, and they have a permanent value as the expression of the spirit of freedom. His translations are marvels of fidelity and beauty. His 'Hiawatha' and 'The Ancient Mariner,' together with his versions of Victor Hugo, are perhaps the best examples of his surpassing skill. His own works have been for the most part excellently translated into English. His daughter published during her father's lifetime a volume of his poems, in which were collected all the best English translations then available. The exotic subjects of his early poems make them seem the most original, as for example 'Der Mohrenfürst' (The Moorish Prince) and 'Der Blumen Rache' (The Revenge of the Flowers); the unusual rhymes hold the attention, and the sonorous melody of the verse delights the ear: but it is in a few of his superb love lyrics that he touches the highest point of his genius, although his fame continues to rest upon his impassioned songs of freedom and his name to be associated with the rich imagery of the Orient.

THE EMIGRANTS

I CANNOT take my eyes away
From you, ye busy, bustling band,
Your little all to see you lay
Each in the waiting boatman's hand.

Ye men, that from your necks set down
Your heavy baskets on the earth,
Of bread, from German corn baked brown
By German wives on German hearth,—

And you, with braided tresses neat,
Black-Forest maidens, slim and brown,
How careful on the sloop's green seat
You set your pails and pitchers down!

Ah! oft have home's cool shady tanks
Those pails and pitchers filled for you;

By far Missouri's silent banks
Shall these the scenes of home renew,—

The stone-rimmed fount in village street
Where oft ye stooped to chat and draw,—
The hearth, and each familiar seat,—
The pictured tiles your childhood saw.

Soon, in the far and wooded West
Shall log-house walls therewith be graced;
Soon many a tired tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,
Faint with the hot and dusty chase;
No more from German vintage, ye
Shall bear them home, in leaf-crowned grace.

O say, why seek ye other lands?
The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn;
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands;
In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah, in strange forests you will yearn
For the green mountains of your home,—
To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn.—
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam.

How will the form of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by,
Like some old legendary tale,
Before fond memory's moistened eye!

The boatman calls,—go hence in peace!
God bless you,—wife, and child, and sire!
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each faithful heart's desire!

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

THE LION'S RIDE

What! wilt thou bind him fast with a chain?
Wilt bind the king of the cloudy sands?
Idiot fool! he has burst from thy hands and bands,
And speeds like Storm through his far domain.
See! he crouches down in the sedge,
By the water's edge,
Making the startled sycamore boughs to quiver!
Gazelle and giraffe, I think, will shun that river.

Not so! The curtain of evening falls,
And the Caffre, mooring his light canoe
To the shore, glides down through the hushed karroo,
And the watch-fires burn in the Hottentot kraals,
And the antelope seeks a bed in the bush
Till dawn shall blush,
And the zebra stretches his limbs by the tinkling fountain,
And the changeful signals fade from the Table Mountain.

Now look through the dusk! What seest thou now?
Seest such a tall giraffe! She stalks,
All majesty, through the desert walks,—
In search of water to cool her tongue and brow.
From tract to tract of the limitless waste
Behold her haste!
Till, bowing her long neck down, she buries her face in
The reeds, and kneeling, drinks from the river's basin.

But look again! look! see once more
Those globe-eyes glare! The gigantic reeds
Lie cloven and trampled like puniest weeds,—
The lion leaps on the drinker's neck with a roar!
Oh, what a racer! Can any behold,
'Mid the housings of gold
In the stables of kings, dyes half so splendid
As those on the brindled hide of yon wild animal
blended?

Greedily fleshes the lion his teeth
In the breast of his writhing prey; around
Her neck his loose brown mane is wound.

Hark, that hollow cry! She springs up from beneath
And in agony flies over plains and heights.
See, how she unites,
Even under such monstrous and torturing trammel,
With the grace of the leopard, the speed of the camel!

She reaches the central moon-lighted plain,
That spreadeth around all bare and wide;
Meanwhile, adown her spotted side
The dusky blood-gouts rush like rain—
And her woeful eyeballs, how they stare
On the void of air!
Yet on she flies—on, on; for her there is no retreating;
And the desert can hear the heart of the doomed one beating!

And lo! A stupendous column of sand,
A sand-spout out of that sandy ocean, upcurls
Behind the pair in eddies and whirls;
Most like some colossal brand,
Or wandering spirit of wrath
On his blasted path,
Or the dreadful pillar that lighted the warriors and women
Of Israel's land through the wilderness of Yemen.

And the vulture, scenting a coming carouse,
Sails, hoarsely screaming, down the sky;
The bloody hyena, be sure, is nigh,—
Fierce pillager, he, of the charnel-house!
The panther, too, who strangles the Cape-Town sheep
As they lie asleep,
Athirst for his share in the slaughter, follows;
While the gore of their victim spreads like a pool in the sandy hollows!

She reels,—but the king of the brutes bestrides
His tottering throne to the last: with might
He plunges his terrible claws in the bright
And delicate cushions of her sides.
Yet hold!—fair play!—she rallies again!
In vain, in vain!
Her struggles but help to drain her life-blood faster;
She staggers, gasps, and sinks at the feet of her slayer and master!

She staggers, she falls; she shall struggle no more!
The death-rattle slightly convulses her throat;
Mayest look thy last on that mangled coat,
Besprent with sand, and foam, and gore!
Adieu! The orient glimmers afar,
And the morning-star
Anon will rise over Madagascar brightly.—
So rides the lion in Afric's deserts nightly.

REST IN THE BELOVED

(Ruhe in der Geliebten)

From 'Lyrics and Ballads of Heine and Other German Poets.' Copyright 1892, by Frances Hellman. Reprinted by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York.

Oh, here forever let me stay, love!
Here let my resting-place e'er be;
And both thy tender palms then lay, love,
Upon my hot brow soothingly.
Here at thy feet, before thee kneeling,
In heavenly rapture let me rest,
And close my eyes, bliss o'er me stealing,
Within thine arms, upon thy breast.

I'll open them but to the glances
That from thine own in radiance fall;
The look that my whole soul entrances,
O thou who art my life, my all!
I'll open them but at the flowing
Of burning tears that upward swell,
And joyously, without my knowing,
From under drooping lashes well.

Thus am I meek, and kind, and lowly,
And good and gentle evermore;
I have thee—now I'm blessèd wholly;
I have thee—now my yearning's o'er.
By thy sweet love intoxicated,
Within thine arms I'm lulled to rest,
And every breath of thine is freighted
With slumber songs that soothe my breast.

A life renewed each seems bestowing;
Oh, thus to lie day after day,
And hearken with a blissful glowing
To what each other's heart-beats say!
Lost in our love, entranced, enraptured,
We disappear from time and space;
We rest and dream; our souls lie captured
Within oblivion's sweet embrace.

OH, LOVE SO LONG AS LOVE THOU CANST

OH, LOVE so long as love thou canst!
Oh, love so long thy soul have need!
The hour will come, the hour will come,
When by the grave thy heart shall bleed!

And let thy heart forever glow
And throb with love, and hold love's heat,
So long on earth another heart
Shall echo to its yearning beat.

And who to thee his heart shall show,
Oh raise it up and make it glad!
Oh make his every moment blithe,
And not a moment make him sad!

Guard well thy tongue; a bitter word
Soon from the mouth of anger leaps.
O God! it was not meant to wound,—
But ah! the other goes and weeps.

Oh, love so long as love thou canst!
Oh, love so long thy soul have need!
The hour will come, the hour will come,
When by the grave thy heart shall bleed!

Thou kneelest down upon the grave,
And sink'st in agony thine eyes,—
They never more the dead shall see,—
The silent church-yard hears thy sighs.

Thou mourn'st:—"Oh, look upon this heart,
That here doth weep upon this mound!
Forgive me if I caused thee pain,—
O God, it was not meant to wound!"

But he, he sees and hears thee not;
He comes not, he can never know:
The mouth that kissed thee once says not,
"Friend, I forgave thee long ago!"

He did forgive thee long ago,
Though many a hot tear bitter fell
For thee and for thy angry word;
But still he slumbers soft and well!

Oh, love so long as love thou canst!
Oh, love so long thy soul have need!
The hour will come, the hour will come,
When by the grave thy heart shall bleed!

Translation of Dr. Edward Breck.

GUSTAV FRENSSEN

(1863–)

BY ESTHER E. LAPE

Gustav Frenssen was born at Barlt, in South Dithmarsch, on October 19th, 1863. After attending the gymnasiums in Meldorf and Husum, he studied theology at the universities of Tübingen, Berlin, and Kiel. In 1892 he was appointed pastor in the village of Hemme. Two years later, after the success of ‹Jörn Uhl,› he resigned his charge. He is now living at Blankenese, near Hamburg.

Frenssen belongs to that group of Schleswig-Holsteiners who draw their real strength from the soil of their native district. Frenssen's stories are full of the sea and the moor, and of the quiet reserved men and women that live half-isolated there, wresting a hard-won living from sea and shore. As he pictures them, they are hard, bitterly earnest, and stubborn, yet they can be soft and mild. Born and brought up among them, and then working among them, this Holstein country parson knows to the backbone the people he tells us about, and sets them before his readers, a real world.

His claim to fame rests mainly on his longest novel, ‹Jörn Uhl,› which was published in 1901. It quickly became the most widely read book of the time in Germany, and ran into two hundred editions. Its theme is the moral force that can be derived only from hard work, — and the healing, elevating influence of severe sustained effort. The story is simple. The Uhls live on a large, pretentious farm, and consider themselves better than their neighbors. The father is easy-going and wasteful, and spoils his two oldest sons by letting them swagger around without working, wheedling money out of him for their dissipations. Jörn, the youngest, is slow and rather stolid; he is the only one that cares how things are going, and by and by is drafted into working like a hired man on the farm. The father is crippled by an accident just as a heavy mortgage falls due, and the burden of retrieving the family fortunes falls on Jörn. He puts in years of bitter toil in the vain endeavor to build up the run-down farm — or rather the run-down farm and family, for in ‹Jörn Uhl,› as in ‹Frau Sorge,› the family and the soil are the two elements out of which life is made. Frenssen, like Sudermann, makes everything grow out of these two things. Jörn leads a life full of toil and despair; he has one misfortune after another, as long as he feels like the lord of the manor. All his troubles, however,

cannot break his Frisian peasant spirit, and at last he sees that he has made a mistake in trying to begin at the top, and that he must begin over again at the bottom.

Frenssen's strength, and his weakness, as a writer are both clearly disclosed in ‹Jörn Uhl.› It has been called the work of a village pastor whose moralizing tendency is stronger than his artistic impulse. It is long, and not of equal merit throughout, and there are parts that a greater artist would have pared away. It tells, however, the story of a strong, vigorous, straight, and simple man trying to hammer out some conception of God and of life that will work. And it is told with a remarkable power of making the scenes and the people live before the reader's eyes.

‹Hilligenlei,› Frenssen's next book, shows the same thing even more clearly. Incomplete from the point of view of its construction, it nevertheless holds picture after picture of real people, people as they really are, that stick in the reader's mind because they give the same sense of verisimilitude as an old Dutch portrait; the observer knows that he is looking at a faithful portrayal of someone who looked precisely like that, so pitiless and yet so amused is the painter's manner. ‹Hilligenlei› begins with a picture one cannot forget — the fat midwife and the grandmother of the nameless child just born in the next room are drinking coffee and telling the baby's fortune with the cards, building air castles in case its father turns out to be a nobleman, and too busy to listen when the little girl pressed into service to watch the young mother comes to the door to tell them she is all red — and later that she is all yellow — and by and by that she is all white and dead.

Hilligenlei — «the holy land» — is a little village on the coast of the North Sea. The belief some of the villagers have, that their town is to be the true Holy Land out of which the Saviour will one day come to lead the world to higher things, runs all through the story, and finds its culmination in a sort of essay on the life of Jesus with which the story closes. Kai Jans writes it as he is dying; Kai is one of the village lads who has grown up to see that far from being a holy land, Hilligenlei is full of weaklings and fools — and human beings. The conception of Christ that Frenssen gives here is based on the beauty and greatness of true humanity; his Christ is a beautiful human figure, full of love of truth, and with warm devotion to the needs of the meanest of men, who finds God as the father of love in the depths of his own soul.

In ‹Klaus Hinrich Baas,› published in 1909, Frenssen gives us the type of the Germans who have built up German commerce in foreign lands. Klaus is another peasant's son who works his way up from the very beginning till he becomes a Hamburg business man. He is dominated throughout by the grim Baas need for genuineness and truth

that he inherits from his severe but warm-hearted mother, Antje Baas. This book deals with a theme common in many American novels — the rise of a man from poverty to wealth during a period of commercial expansion.

Frenssen is sometimes charged with too frank an acceptance of the physical side of life. What he really stands for, however, is that one must not be afraid of life: «Feigheit vor des Lebens,» fear of life, is to him the one irremediable mistake. Everything that is a part of life, of nature, must be met fearlessly and welcomed. The Christianity he preaches is joyous, not penitential.

Frenssen's published works include: ‹The Sand Countess,› 1896; ‹The Three Comrades,› 1898; ‹Village Sermons,› 1899; ‹Jörn Uhl,› 1901; ‹Hilligenlei,› 1906; ‹Peter Moor's Journey to the Southwest,› 1907; ‹Klaus Hinrich Baas,› 1909; ‹The Loss of the Anna Hollmann,› 1911; ‹Sönke Ericksen,› 1913; ‹Bismarck,› 1914.

FROM ‹KLAUS HINRICH BAAS›

Authorized translation by Esther Everett Lape and Elizabeth Fisher Read. Copyright by the Macmillan Co. Reprinted by their permission.

Chapter V

One afternoon soon after this, when Klaus came home from school, he found his father lying on his bed asleep. He went back to the kitchen, where his mother was sitting at her sewing-machine, and asked, in great surprise, «What's the matter with father?»

Without looking up from her work, she said curtly, «Your father's side hurts.»

«Do you think,» said Klaus, in sudden anxiety, «do you think he's going to get better?»

«Don't ask such stupid questions,» she answered, with a frown. «How do I know?»

He went back to the room, and sat down with his slate at the window, where there was still a little bit of daylight; but he kept looking at his father, who was lying with his face to the wall, sometimes groaning in pain. What if his father should die! But he had always been such a strong man. It wasn't likely — at least, he had never seen or heard of a strong man like his father dying. But if it should happen, — well, it would be a dreary prospect, and he could never be a teacher.

After a little while his father turned toward him. «Tell me,

Klaus,» he said, in a tired voice, «have you thought much about what you want to be?»

Klaus was startled to hear his father speak of what he himself had just been thinking. «If it's possible, father,» he said, «I want to be a teacher.»

Jan Baas was silent for a while. «If I don't get really well again, my boy,» he said, finally, «it won't be possible. Of course your mother will work like a horse, and you won't be absolutely poverty-stricken; but she won't be able to accomplish that.»

Klaus, in the stoic way of our simple folk, accepted the possibility that his father might die. «If that happens,» he said gently, «I'll have to be something else.»

«Well, what else, my boy?»

«Well,» said Klaus, after a few moments of thinking, «I believe I'll be a storekeeper.»

«Your mother can probably manage that,» his father said. «You must tell her that you don't care a thing about teaching, and that you want to be a storekeeper above everything else. If you don't, Klaus, she'll sew all night long so that you can be a teacher. You know how she is.»

«Yes, father.»

«I guess it would be better for you to tell her that now whenever you get the chance. And you'd better be confirmed next Easter.»

«Yes, father.»

«Well, then, that's all right now, Klaus.»

«Yes, father.» Then he went on, in a courageous voice, «Do you know, father, I really think it's much better for me to work with my hands. I think being busy around the store will be great fun. I believe I'd like a hardware store better than any other kind.»

«Well, then you do that, Klaus. And now that's all settled.»

They looked at each other uncertainly, and each saw plainly that the other was hiding his real feelings. But they did not speak of it again.

A week later his father was sick in bed again. And he was in bed every few days from now on. He came home pale and cold, with the sweat standing out on his brow, and lay for hours in dreadful pain, with his face turned to the wall so that they couldn't see it. When the pain became a little easier he turned from the wall, and in spite of the clatter of the machine in the kitchen, talked away cheerfully to the children, sitting or standing in a little group by the win-

dow. Once in a while as he talked his face contracted with pain. In his old way, he would begin to joke with them, somewhat clumsily and partially, especially as he always praised them to the skies. But it was always effective, because his face and voice laughed and livened up as he did it. «Now Fritz and Ernst there,» he said to the little ones, «there's a couple of strong fellows for you. Why, they could tear up trees by the roots. And if they both took hold together and gave themselves up to it, they could break in a wall!» And he laughed his hearty laugh when they believed it, and swelled out their little bellies proudly and cried, «Shall we do it now, father?» To little, tow-headed Hanna, who now took Lotte's place in looking after the house, and who was exactly like her in her cheery friendliness, he said, «Hanna's the girl! When she's grown up and married she'll make the finest kind of soup out of shavings! And dresses — why she'll make them right on the women!» Cute little Hanna laughed. «I'll go right down and get some shavings, father,» she said, «and make you some soup.» To Klaus he said, «That Klaus, now — there's a fellow that will make a cashier — and a cashier's a pretty kind of a fellow. When he's a storekeeper one of these days, and wants to get some syrup, he'll fall into the barrel; and when the boss is trying to pack up herring, he'll put his apprentice in by mistake.» «Oh, you mean because I'm so thin, father,» laughed Klaus; «but I'm not weak for all that — I'm quick in gymnastics, I can just tell you. Just you keep on teasing; you'll see some day what kind of a storekeeper I'll be.»

In the following week, Klaus, waking up one night, heard the humming of a machine. He thought it must be around midnight, and he lay there breathless, thinking about all kinds of marvelous creatures — elves and goblins and such. Then, with his heart thumping hard, he got up, went through the kitchen, and looked into the living-room. His mother was sitting at the machine sewing, and her face looked very tired.

He went back to bed, and lay awake, thinking hard. So far, his mother's ability and careful management had kept away the signs of poverty; but now they were plain. His father was bringing in almost nothing, and rent, coal, and food all had to be paid for. And on the chest stood all kinds of salves and medicines for his father. Klaus realized more and more what the value of money really is, and he grew terribly worried.

He couldn't get to sleep again. Early in the morning he got up and went straight to Kalli Dau to ask him whether he didn't know

of some work he could get to do, as errand boy or something of that sort. He had so much free time, he said, that he really didn't know what to do with it.

. . . . . .

[Klaus obtained work at first for a drayman; and then as boy of all work for Laura Morgenstern, an artist who sometimes used Klaus as a model for a picture of the prophets which she was painting.]

Chapter VI

And now, from early morning on, Klaus was longing for the moment to come when school would be out and he could put on his best coat and go to the artist's. He didn't notice that his father was at home almost every day now, sitting, pale and dull, by the kitchen window, with a quilt over his thin, sharp knees. When he handed over the three marks that Laura Morgenstern gave him every Saturday to his mother, he didn't notice how eagerly she seized them, or how thin her hand was. His very life was bound up in the keen joy he felt in those three hours every day that he could spend in the same room with the big, growling woman and the pretty, pert girl in the red mantle and the black wig.

Laura Morgenstern droned along about everything that came into her head, either from the questions they asked or from what was read aloud.

«Now I'm finding out at last what's in the Bible,» she said, «and I must say there's a lot of nonsense in it. Take this Obadiah, for instance. Can you understand how he can help us nowadays? What has he got to do with my sins or my worries?»

«Have you any worries, Aunt Laura?» asked the girl in the red wig.

«Of course I have,» she growled. «Everybody has.»

Klaus stared at her. «Why should she have any worries?» he wondered. «She is well, and she has money. What's she talking about worries for?»

Sometimes, lost in thought, the artist worked away eagerly, her face set and earnest. It was easy to see that her thoughts were far away; usually she was thinking about her old home and her childhood. She seemed to be brooding and pondering over some difficulty or trouble, and to want to hold Christianity responsible for it.

«My father was a teacher, Klaus,» she said; «he was earnest and industrious, and I tell you, he was pious, but all those Bible lessons

— and there were a lot of them — the texts and the hymns, and all the other church stuff that was thrown in, — all that didn't do us any good at all. We children turned out just the way we would have without all those thousand Bible lessons; one of us — I mean myself — became a whimsical, grumbling old creature; another of us — » she turned a little and looked more sharply at the small, fine face under the black wig — «Klaus, do you think that religion can change a person's real nature?»

«Yes,» Klaus said, «we are told that it changed Paul's.»

«Get away with your Paul!» she said. «Talk about Laura Morgenstern and Klaus Baas and Lösch the teamster, and people like that.»

Klaus frowned. «Well,» he said, seriously, «if you read the most beautiful things in the Bible out loud to somebody, he'll get more pious and earnest, that's what I believe.»

«Oh, really,» she said, «so that's what you believe!» She turned clear around and said, «Your eyes look nice now, Tuddi! I imagine Obadiah's eyes looked just like that when he was getting hell hot for his people.»

«Well,» the girl said angrily, «why do you keep talking to that stupid youngster as if I weren't here? Does he know more than I do?»

The girl in the black wig — her curly light hair crept out from under it sometimes — was always cross at him; her anger, however, made him feel vigorous and cheerful, and to be mocked at by her made him feel haughtier.

«He's awfully tiresome to-day, auntie!» she said. «He surely is run down! Do wind him up again!»

He looked at her scornfully.

Then she looked back «with saintly eyes» at the artist. After a while she looked at Klaus and said imperiously, «Bring me the footstool!»

He brought the stool and put it under her feet, saying in a low, defiant tone, «If you weren't being painted, I wouldn't have brought it.»

The artist heard him. «Don't you mind about her being painted, Klaus! If she doesn't ask you politely, don't you do it. At home she can boss the maid around; but here she's got to be polite.»

The next day the little hypocrite said, «Please bring me the footstool.» When he went to put it under her feet — she was staring at the painter with great soulful eyes — she put her foot down, not on

the stool, but on his neck, and pushed his head down. He seized her foot in his thin hand, set it firmly on the stool, and held it there a while.

Then she wholly forgot her sanctified pose. She stuck out her head and hissed at him furiously. She called this «showing her teeth like a tiger.» It seemed to be her last resource.

But he calmly looked her straight in the eye, angry and yet delighted that her face was so near.

One day, when he was in the kitchen before the sitting had begun, the doorbell rang without his hearing it. Hearing a light step behind him, he turned around and saw a little six-year-old girl. He recognized her at once as Tuddi's sister; she had the same delicate body and finely cut head, and her upper lip, too, was too short to cover her teeth. Without saying a word, she held out a little white milk bottle, with a rubber nipple on it. He looked at the delicate little creature in amazement, and asked what she wanted him to do.

Then it was her turn to be surprised. She shook her head at such a stupid Jack, and held out the bottle again, saying, «Warm it.» Then he understood. He put the bottle in warm water and stood looking down at the little thing beside him, so delicate, and so finely finished. Surprised, and entirely unsuspecting, Klaus asked, «Who's to have the milk?»

She looked up at him with great questioning eyes. Then she said, in a tone of conviction, «You really are as stupid as Tuddi says you are!»

He said no more, but stood there wondering whether young ones in the city were kept on the bottle so long. He could hardly wait till the milk was warm to see. He gave her the bottle and followed her into the studio, where work had already begun.

The artist, leaning back in her big chair, was looking sharply over her spectacles at the model, and then putting cautious strokes on the canvas with her long stiff arm. Obadiah, in the red mantle, sat with her legs crossed, her gray eyes fixed on the artist. The child was sitting at a low table on one side, on which were a lot of loose blue beads, and a long black string on which they were to be strung. She hadn't begun her work yet, but sat there sucking at her bottle, leaning back in her chair with her legs crossed, just like her sister, and looking at Klaus earnestly.

Now it was even more pleasant in the bright, clean studio. The friendly chatter didn't stop for a moment. Sometimes, if she were just urged to it, the artist talked on and on.

«Did you use to play, Aunt Laura,» the children asked, «when you were as old as we are? Tell us about it.»

«Did we play?» she said. «Of course we did!» It seemed as if a soft hand had passed over her gruff old face. «Did we play! — we used to live next to the minister's, and we were allowed to play all we wanted to in his old, overgrown garden. At the far end of it there was a grassy mound. From it we could see away off into the country. This mound was our brother's exclusive property» — she looked scrutinizingly at the work on the canvas; then she went on more gently, «We had a little brother, a pretty, light-haired youngster; he was a jolly one — and clever, too. He always wore a very soft velvety brown suit — the cloth caught the light a good deal; I don't know what kind it was, I've never seen cloth like it since. He wore a broad, snow-white frill around his neck, and his pretty hair hung down over his collar. He was very vain about his fine clothes, and yet he was untidy, and didn't bother at all when he got them spoiled. And we didn't scold him for it, either; he was too handsome for that — and too bright. We three girls were all ugly; we had to go around all wearing the same kind of rough gray that mother used to buy by the piece for us. And we were naturally peevish and heavy. And just because we were so peevish and heavy and envious, just on that account he seemed so wonderfully handsome and bright and equable.»

She was silent for a while, as if she were thinking of the last thing she had said. Then she went on, deep in recollection: «The mound at the end of the garden belonged to him alone; his kingdom, he called it. He sat on a little chair he had up there, with his legs crossed, turning his slender head in one direction and then in another, and saying all kinds of foolish things, as if he were giving commands or pronouncing a sentence or some such thing. We three were his retinue; one of us cleaned the little wooden steps that led up to the hill; another of us got down on her knees and mowed the grass on its slope; and the third one, bending low, brought him his meals. Toward evening, when the sun shone on his fine features, and made his silky hair shine, we used to say ‹How handsome you are! How handsome you are!› He pretended not to care anything about our praises, but he noticed who laid it on the thickest. Then our father would call us, in his curt, gruff voice, and we had to go in and study hard — principally texts and hymns. Our brother learned things easily and quickly, but he forgot them quickly, too. He was too easy-going to hold anything firmly. When it was time for him to

go to bed, we used to quarrel about who should undress him and put him to bed; finally he would let the one do it that had flattered him the most during the day. And we ugly gray crows envied the lucky one horribly — sometimes we really pulled each other's hair about it.»

She sat idle for a while, lost in gloomy thoughts, looking now at the canvas, now at the black wig. Then she drew herself up again and set to work with renewed energy. «Now, Tuddi, look just as proud as you can! Just imagine that Klaus Baas wants to run the paint-brush over your saucy little nose! Turn your head a little to the left — that's it! Your face is proudest of all when you're looking to one side a little. That's good now — now Klaus is coming with the brush — that's very good! Just let yourself go and imagine he's doing it — the shameless cub! Yes, you've plenty of imagination! After this we'll paint little Sanna. What do you want to sit for, Sanna?»

The little one looked up from the beads she was stringing. Her full lips, which had parted in the intensity of her work, closed again over her big white teeth.

«I think she ought to be Zephaniah,» Tuddi said. «It doesn't matter what he wrote. You're going to be Zephaniah.»

The child nodded, and repeated the name to herself several times. «I'll wear this chain I'm making,» she said.

Now and then Tuddi talked about her home — about her mother, who was just too dear and funny; about her father, who had been in India and had come home an invalid; about her brothers, most of whom were unendurable; about the rooms upstairs and downstairs; about a garden; about some school where studying was carried on as if it were a sort of pleasant game, and where the teachers were either hideous or heavenly; and about verses in foreign languages, that were horribly hard to learn. Once she was asking for help on a composition. She had to write an essay on «The High Moments of Life.» What the teacher meant by high moments was baptism, confirmation, taking the sacrament; but Tuddi thought they were things like taking a trip to Sylt, going skating in the winter, and getting married.

Sometimes Klaus Baas took the centre of the stage. He had to tell them about the village, and the games they played there, about the pond, the churchyard, the seashore, and the sand. He was always very much afraid of making mistakes in his grammar, for High German was still a foreign, difficult speech for him. So he talked along rather stiffly and properly. Sometimes he was troubled

about what he was telling; he wasn't sure whether it was all right to tell some of the things; he would hesitate about using some expression, and get stuck entirely.

Then Tuddi had a chance to make fun of him again. «Go over and wind him up again, Sanna,» she would say. Then he didn't know what else to do but make the story move on in some other way, and so he had to make up a little. And as lies and fiction are a pretty risky business, his cheeks grew red and his eyes bright. But he had the satisfaction of hearing little Sanna say, in her gentle voice, «He's running again now, Tuddi.»

Sometimes the black wig monopolized the conversation entirely; she gave them her representations of the grinning tiger, the hungry hyena, the bored lion — about half the zoölogical garden, in fact. Then she gave a «nigger show,» as she called it. She stood little Sanna in front of Klaus, and said, «Look, ladies and gentlemen! here is the negro prince Jumbo! Jumbo, show the ladies and gentlemen your teeth!» Then Sanna showed her teeth and tried to look fierce at Klaus. They were particularly fond of this scene, and gave it often. Klaus drank it in so with his eyes, with all his senses, as they stood fine and delicate at his very feet, that one day, twenty years later, when he met little Sanna in the hall of the house on Fähr Strasse in Uhlenhorst, he said the old words again,— «Jumbo, show your teeth!» And it really cheered her up, worried and sad though she was.

When Obadiah was finished, Klaus Baas had to take his turn. He was to sit for Daniel, and he was supposed to look as Daniel did in the lions' den. «For that's all those Hogetrupper people know about him, Klaus!»

How happy Klaus was while they were decking him out! How confused he felt, and how honored, when the artist put the green mantle around him! What terrible den-of-lions eyes Tuddi made right in front of him! How gently and cheerily Sanna hung her string of blue beads around his neck, as he knelt in front of her! How his heart did jump when she stroked his hair hesitatingly and said, «Oh, Tuddi, just look, he has a moleskin cap on!»

But the next day, when life was as beautiful as it could possibly be, all at once it changed; the two children did not come. The artist said that they had gone to their country home, near Hammer, earlier than usual that year, because their father was sick. He asked a few questions timidly, and learned that their father was a merchant who traded with India, and that he had caught some disease on one

of his trips there. «It's a distinguished old family, Klaus,» she said. «They used to be well off, and they aren't really poor now; but what good does their money do them, when their father is sick? There's nothing but misery in this world.»

To-day she was painting the red mantle, which she had hanging over a chair. She worked on for a while, breathing heavily. Then she said, «Last evening I was looking in the Bible, Klaus, for the best places in it. My father was always praising the Psalms; he used to quote something Luther said about them; but Heaven help me, I can't find much of anything that would really help a man. And I don't even remember what my father used to read. It's my belief that people praise or blame a thing on hearsay for centuries; one man repeats it after another without thinking what he's saying.»

«Our teacher says,» said Klaus, in his distinct, careful, High German, «that the sermon on the mount, and then the sufferings of our Saviour, and then the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, are the best things in the Bible.»

«Is that so?» she said. «Well, you come back again to-morrow, Klaus. Come back to-morrow!»

The next day, when he went into the flat, she came out of the studio, and said, in her surly yet friendly way, «We're going to leave Daniel out to-day, Klaus; I've got my brother in there — he happens to be in Hamburg for a few days — and he's to sit to me for an apostle. I must get on first of all with those apostles. I thought you might read aloud to me now and then, so that I'd get into the right mood; I haven't any imagination at all. You've got to read slowly, though; my brother's a simple soul, and he hasn't had anything to do with books for a long time.»

Then she went back into the studio, and Klaus went first to clean up the kitchen.

When he went into the studio and looked curiously at the brother, he was horror-struck to see that he was the drunken loafer, to whom he had boasted so six months before at the corner of the Grossneumarkt. Although the man had a new suit on, and had had his hair cut, Klaus recognized him at once by his beautiful eyes and by his beard with two shades in it. The loafer acted as if he didn't know Klaus; but once, when the artist looked away, he gave Klaus a confidential wink.

«What do you want to read to-day?» the artist said. «I have somebody read to me while I work, Jacob, so as to get into the right mood.»

Klaus understood. He opened to the sermon on the mount, and read out the weighty passages sentence after sentence, in a slow, measured voice. The brother did not say anything; the sister painted on with real zeal and with almost a physical strain. The sweat stood out on her furrowed brow and between the gray hairs on her temples. She said nothing, except that now and then she commented on what was read: «That's good, Klaus! that's the way it ought to be!»

They worked on in this way for three or four days. On the fourth day, when Klaus was setting the picture to one side, he marveled to see how far on it was, and how clear and smooth the face stood out.

The next day, while Klaus was still at work in the kitchen, the outside door opened. Klaus thought nothing of it, because he thought it was the brother coming. But when he heard someone come groping along, stumbling heavily, he looked out the door. It certainly was the brother; but his clothes were dirty, his hair wild, and he was drunk. He nodded to Klaus Baas in sly embarrassment. Klaus hurried out of the kitchen and said softly, «Go away! get out of here!» but the artist had heard him. She opened the door and saw him. She did not say anything; but she waved him away with a stiff, helpless gesture. He turned around abashed, looked at her again in a stupid, confused way, and then went out.

When Klaus got done in the kitchen and went into the studio, she was sitting all huddled up in her old place before the picture, with her palette and brushes in her hands, staring straight in front of her. When she heard him come in, she pulled herself together and began to work again. Looking over at her timidly, he saw her looking intently over toward the place where her brother had sat, as if she were painting on from the image of him she had in her mind. She was quite absorbed. Gradually the strained look passed out of her firm old face, and she painted for hours with particularly keen, strong inspiration.

Klaus went back and forth, and finally went to the table to wash the brushes. She looked over at him once, and was sorry for him, standing so quietly at his work. «We'll ask the children over for Saturday, Klaus,» she said; «then it will be cheerful here again.»

She worked on uninterruptedly for three hours, until the daylight was gone. Then she got up, and found that she was tired. «Take the picture off and turn it toward the wall,» she said. Then she went as usual into the kitchen to wash her hands.

Klaus went up and looked at the picture. He recognized the brother; but whereas the face of the real man was corrupted with mean vices, the face on the canvas was full of the noblest of all passions, the grief and enthusiasm of a great, pure cause; dreadful suffering showed in the mouth, and the eyes were drawn together, as if anxiously trying to discover aid. Klaus began to cry violently, still staring at the picture through his tears.

Coming back, she found him crying. She put her arm around him awkwardly, and walked up and down the room with him, while he wept bitterly.

«It didn't do us any good, Klaus,» she said. «The thing goes too deep for that. I thought it would turn out this way; but I wanted to try once more.»

He wanted to comfort her somehow, so he said — calling her «thou» in his warm sympathy — «But thou hast imagination, after all, Aunt Laura!»

«Oh, yes, Klaus,» she said, «when a person is in such grief! But you see for yourself now, it's all no good.»

The next day, when Klaus went home at noon, and was going to hurry off again to the artist's, he saw that his father was neither in the kitchen nor in bed. Klaus was glad; he turned on his heel briskly and said, «Has father gone out?»

Then his mother came out of the bedroom. Turning away from him, she said, in a low, hard voice, «Father has been taken to the hospital. He's to be operated on.»

Klaus stared at her, and saw the infinite suffering in her eyes. It shook him so that he could not say a single word. «I haven't bothered myself about him. I haven't bothered myself about him,» rang in his ears. He asked his mother what hospital it was, snatched up his cap, and ran out without another word.

In the vestibule of the hospital, he asked about his father in his clear, excited voice. A doctor came along just then and heard him. «You've come at just the right time,» he said. «Come along.»

As they went up the stairs, the doctor put his arm around Klaus's shoulders and said, «You're a lively youngster! Where are you from? Holstein, eh? Well — it may turn out that you won't keep your father much longer; then you'll have to be a stout youngster and help your mother! Don't stay with your father very long; go back and tell your mother that she must come.»

Klaus, breathing hard, silently followed the man into the ward full of small, mean beds, in one of which lay his father. His face

was sunken, and white as death, and there were blue rings around his sunken eyes.

He opened his eyes slowly and looked up without any intelligence in his face. Then he recognized his son, and tried to force himself out of his stupor. «Are you there, my boy,» he said in a low voice. «I borrowed ninety marks from Timmermann on the quiet, a little at a time — when we hadn't anything in the house — you must pay him back, when you get to earning something yourself. Mother mustn't know anything about it — she'd be ashamed and work herself to death, if she knew. Then there's sixty-seven marks more, that your mother had to borrow from the storekeeper. As soon as I'm tended to, you go back home right away, and you see to getting that sixty-seven marks somewhere. Mother's so straight and honest that she can't stand owing anyone anything. But you mustn't tell her you're going, or she wouldn't let you go. Then come right back and keep a good watch on her, and keep her from hurting herself — you know what she's like. You must pet the little ones now and then, Klaus; only don't you let her see you.»

Klaus kept nodding, with the tears running down his cheeks. He waited for his father to say something more, but he lay there, dead white, his whole forehead covered with drops of sweat, breathing irregularly. Klaus was too shy to think of saying to the doctor, «Let me stay here! Don't send me away from my father's deathbed to carry a message!» He turned away and hurried home.

He didn't find his mother in the flat; she had started to the hospital already. He cheered up the children, put them to bed, and talked to little Hanna, who was crying, asking where her father was, and listening on the stairs for her mother to come back. At dusk their mother did come. «Father is dead,» she said to Klaus, in a low cold tone. «Go to bed; I'm going to work.»

He went out, crying gently, and stood in the hall. He gulped down his sobs so as not to wake Hanna, who had just gone to sleep.

Suddenly he heard his mother cry out — madly, like a wild beast.

He stood there listening in terrible anxiety, hearing her strike her head and her elbows against the table, uttering wild, grief-stricken cries. He fastened the hall door softly, so that she could not get out. Then looking through the keyhole into the kitchen he saw her lying among the dirty dishes on the hearth, in front of the wooden chair that Jan Baas used to sit in, groaning in a tortured, choking voice: «God, you're crazy — God, you're a — Don't you want anything more? If you would only come and take me! My dear husband!

My handsome, dear, cheerful, good husband! So dear — so handsome — so good! What do you want, God? Do you want me to pray to you to help me take care of the children? Ha, ha! That makes me laugh at you! I can take care of the children myself! And if I couldn't, I wouldn't pray to you or anybody else about it! I'd take them and jump into the Elbe with them. Pray to you? to *you?* Ha, ha!»

Her son knelt outside the door, in deadly anxiety, his hair standing on end. He wondered what he ought to do; if she should rush out suddenly, he would hang onto her clothes and not let her go!

And so he spent the hours of that night, until finally only a dull groaning came from the kitchen. Then, overcome, he fell asleep, curled up like a dog against the door.

Toward morning he woke up freezing. He put on his good suit, and wrote on a scrap of paper: —

«Father was talking to me. I have to go back home. I have my good suit on and I have some clean handkerchiefs and three marks. You must keep up. I'll stand by you like a hero. From your loyal son,

«Klaus Hinrich Baas.»

He peeped through the keyhole once more. She was sitting on the hearth, with her elbows up, holding one hand over her mouth, as if to keep it still, and staring straight at the wall. Then he left the flat, and went down the dark stairs. It was still dark outside. He went along the Langereihe toward Altona.

Gradually the sky grew lighter, and the streets gray. Part of the time Klaus's soul was with his father, who was being carried home now by strangers' hands; part of the time it was in the kitchen, where his mother was sitting on the cold hearth in the gray dawn. Part of the time he was thinking of their old home. Where would he ever get the money! Sixty-seven marks! Sixty-seven!

One day, ten years later, when he was sitting in his office on the shore of the Indian Ocean, thousands of miles away from home, he happened to hear that number again; and this sad morning and his bitter need rose up before him again, so deeply had that number stamped itself upon his soul.

GUSTAV FREYTAG

GUSTAV FREYTAG

(1816–1895)

GUSTAV FREYTAG, one of the foremost of German novelists, was born July 13th, 1816, in Kreuzburg, Silesia, where his father was a physician. He studied alternately at Breslau and Berlin, at which latter university he was given the degree of a doctor of philosophy in 1838. In 1839 he settled as a *privatdocent* at the University of Breslau, where he lectured on the German language and literature until 1844, when he resigned his position to devote himself to literature. He removed to Leipzig in 1846, and the following year to Dresden, where he married. In 1848 he returned to Leipzig to edit with Julian Schmidt the weekly journal Die Grenzboten, which he conducted until 1861, and again from 1869 to 1870. In 1867 he became Liberal member for Erfurt in the North German Reichstag. In 1870, on the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, he was attached to the staff of the Crown Prince, later the German Emperor Frederick III., and remained in service until after the battle of Sedan. Subsequently to 1870 his journalistic work was chiefly for the newly established weekly periodical Im Neuen Reich. In 1879 he retired from public life and afterward lived in Wiesbaden, except for the summer months, which he spent on his estate Siebleben near Gotha. He died at Wiesbaden, April 30th, 1895.

All of Freytag's earliest work, with the single exception of a volume of poems published in 1845 under the title 'In Breslau,' is dramatic. His first production was a comedy, 'Die Brautfahrt' (The Wedding Journey), published in 1844, which although it was awarded a prize offered by the Royal Theatre in Berlin, found but indifferent popular favor, as did its successor, the one-act tragedy 'Die Gelehrte' (The Scholar). With his next play, 'Die Valentine' (1846), Freytag however was signally successful. This was followed the year after by 'Graf Waldemar.' He attained his highest dramatic success with the comedy 'Die Journalisten' (The Journalists), which appeared in 1853, and since its first production in 1854 has maintained its place as one of the most popular plays on the German stage. But one other play followed, the tragedy 'Die Fabier' (The Fabii), which appeared in 1859.

He had begun in the mean time his career as a novelist with his most famous novel, 'Soll und Haben' (Debit and Credit), which was

published in 1855 and met with an immediate and unbounded success. The appearance of this first novel, furthermore, was most significant, for it marked at the same time an era both in German literature and in its author's own career, in that it introduced into the one in its most recent phase one of the profoundest problems of modern life in Germany, and unmistakably pointed out, in the other, the direction which he was subsequently to follow. This latter statement has a twofold bearing. It is not only that as a writer of novels Freytag did his most important and lasting work, but that the whole of this work was in a manner the development of a similar tendency. Although as different as need be in environment, all of his subsequent novels embody inherently the characteristics of 'Debit and Credit,' for like it, they are all well-defined attempts to depict the typical social conditions of the period in which they move, and their characters are the carefully considered types of their time. Freytag, with a philosophic seriousness of purpose perhaps characteristically German, is writing not only novels but the history of civilization, in his early work. Later on, the didactic purpose to a certain extent overshadows the rest; and although he never loses his power of telling a story, it is the history in the end that is paramount.

'Debit and Credit' is a novel of the century, and it takes up the great problem of the century, the position of modern industrialism in the social life of the day. Its principal centre of action is the business house of the wholesale grocer T. O. Schröter, who is an admirable embodiment of the careful, industrious, and successful merchant. In sharp contradistinction to him is the Baron von Rothsattel, the representative of earlier conditions in the organization of the State, which made the nobleman pre-eminently a social force. Freytag's polemic is not only the dignity of labor under present conditions, but the absolute effeteness of the old order of things that despised it. The real hero of the story is Anton Wohlfahrt, who begins his commercial career as a youth in the house of T. O. Schröter, and ends, after some vicissitudes, as a member of the firm. Mercantile life has nowhere been better described in its monotony, its interests, and its aspirations, as the story is developed; and although at first sight no field could be more barren in literary interest, there is in reality no lack of incident and action, whose inevitable sequence makes the plot. Anton's career in the house of Schröter is interrupted by his connection with the Baron von Rothsattel, who has, through his want of a business training and his lack of a knowledge of men, fallen into the hands of a Jew money-lender; by whom he is persuaded to mortgage his land in order to embark in a business undertaking which it is presumed will increase his fortune. His mill fails, however, and he is involved in difficulties from which he is unable

to extricate himself. Anton, the intimate friend of the family, is therefore persuaded by the Baroness to undertake the management of matters, and after vainly endeavoring to induce his principal to interest himself in the affair, sacrifices his position to accompany the family to their dilapidated estate in a distant province. The Baron will tolerate no interference, however, and Anton finally returns to the house of Schröter and is reinstated in the business. Lenore, the Baron's daughter, the first cause of Anton's interest, meantime becomes engaged to the young nobleman Fink; who has been an associate of Anton's in the office of T. O. Schröter, has but recently returned from the United States, and who first advances funds for the improvement of the estate and ultimately purchases it.

Fink acts his part in the author's philosophy as a contrast to the Baron von Rothsattel. Although a nobleman, he has adapted himself to the conditions of the century, and is free from any hallucinations of his hereditary rank, even while he is perfectly awake to its traditions. He has entered upon a commercial career not from choice, but from necessity; but he has accepted his fate and has made successful use of his opportunities. Anton marries the sister of T. O. Schröter, and becomes a partner in the business. Fink is however really the one who gains the princess in this modern tale, and is plainly to have the more important share as an actual social force in the future. The old feudal nobility has played its part on the stage of the world; and being so picturesque, and full of romantic opportunity, its loss is doubtless to be regretted. The tamer realities of the modern industrial state have succeeded it. As Freytag solves the problem in 'Soll und Haben,' it is the man who works, the man of the industrial classes alone, to whom the victory belongs in the modern social struggle, be his antecedents bourgeois or aristocratic.

Freytag's second great novel, 'Die Verlorene Handschrift' (The Lost Manuscript), which appeared in 1864, concerns itself with another phase of the same problem. This time, however, instead of the merchant and man of affairs, it is the scholar about whom the action centres. Felix Werner, professor of philology, has come upon unmistakable traces of the lost books of Tacitus, whose recovery is the object of his life. In his search for the manuscript in an old house in the country he finds his future wife Ilse, one of the finest types in all German literature of the true German woman, both while at home a maid in her father's house and subsequently as the professor's wife in the university town. Werner, in his scholarly absorption, unwittingly neglects his wife, whose beauty has attracted the attention of the prince; and there is a series of intrigues which threaten seriously to involve the innocent Ilse, until the prince's evil intentions become evident even to the unsuspecting Werner. The covers of the lost manuscript are actually discovered at last, but the book itself has

vanished. In this second novel Freytag displays a most genial humor, unsuspected in the author of 'Debit and Credit,' but apparent enough in 'The Journalists.' The professorial life is admirably drawn with all its lights and shadows; and its motives and ambitions, its peculiar struggles and strivings, have never been more understandingly treated. The story, however, even more than 'Debit and Credit,' displays the author's weaknesses of construction. The plot is so confused by digressions that the main thread is sometimes lost sight of, and the tendency to philosophical generalization, which as a German is to some extent the author's birthright, reaches in these pages an appalling exemplification. What had been an extraordinary novel pruned of these defects, is still not an ordinary novel with them; and as a picture of German university life from the point of view of the professor, 'The Lost Manuscript' stands unrivaled in literature. Again the thesis in this second novel is the dignity of labor, and the nobleman fares no better at the author's hands than in the mercantile environment of the first.

These two novels, which outside of Germany are Freytag's best claim to attention, were followed by the four volumes of 'Bilder aus der Deutschen Vergangenheit' (Pictures from the German Past: 1859–62), a series of studies of German life from different epochs of its history, intended to illustrate the evolution of modern conditions through their successive stages from the remote past. Freytag's early work as a university *docent* had particularly fitted him for this sort of writing, and some of his best is contained in these books.

More important still, however, was his next great work, the long series of historical novels 'Die Ahnen' (The Ancestors: 1872–80), an ambitious plan, born of the stirring events of the Franco-Prussian War and the resultant awakening of the new spirit of nationality, to trace the development of the German people from the earliest time down to the present day. To carry out this purpose he accordingly selects a typical German family, which he describes under the characteristic conditions of each period, with the most conscientious attention to manners and customs and social environment. The same family thus appears from generation to generation under the changing conditions of the different epochs of German history, and the whole forms together the consecutive *Culturgeschichte* of the nation.

This whole long series of 'The Ancestors' stands as a monument of careful research into the most minute factors of German life in their time of action. Freytag's antiquarianism is not of the dilettante kind that is content to masquerade modern motives in ancient garb and setting. He was fully conscious of all the elements of his problem, and he sought to reproduce the intellectual point of view of his actors, and to account for their motives of action, as well as to picture accurately their material environment. It is in his

super-conscientiousness in these directions that the inherent weakness of the novels of this series lies. They are too palpably reconstructions with a purpose. Their didacticism is wrapped around them like a garment; and much of the time, that is all that is visible upon the surface. As the series advances this fault grows upon them. They are in reality of very unequal interest. 'Ingo' and 'Ingraban' are the sprightliest in action, and have been as a consequence the most widely read of these later works, many of which are, in part at least, far too serious of purpose to play their part conspicuously well as novels.

The novels of 'The Ancestors' are a culmination of Freytag's literary evolution. As a playwright he will no doubt be forgotten except for 'The Journalists'; in which he has, however, left an imperishable play which German critics have not hesitated to call the best comedy of the century. The two novels of modern life from his middle period form together his greatest work, although here, and particularly in 'The Lost Manuscript,' he has overweighted his material with abstract discussion, in which his perspective has sometimes all but disappeared. Subsequently, both the 'Bilder' and 'Die Ahnen' show his decided predilection for historical studies. The struggle in his own case was between the scholar and the man of letters, in which the scholar eventually won possession of the field.

Freytag's other work includes—'Die Technik des Dramas' (The Technique of the Drama: 1863), a consideration of the principles of dramatic construction; the life of his friend Karl Malthy, 1870; and 'Der Kronprinz und die Deutsche Kaiserkrone' (The Crown Prince and the German Imperial Crown: 1889), written after the death of Frederick III., with whom Freytag had had personal relations. To accompany the collected edition of his works (1887–88), he wrote a short autobiography, 'Erinnerungen aus Meinem Leben' (Recollections from My Life).

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR

From 'The Lost Manuscript'

PROFESSORS' wives also have trouble with their husbands. Sometimes when Ilse was seated in company with her intimate friends—with Madame Raschke, Madame Struvelius, or little Madame Günther—at one of those confidential coffee parties which they did not altogether despise, many things would come to light.

The conversation with these intellectual women was certainly very interesting. It is true the talk sometimes passed lightly

over the heads of the servants, and sometimes housekeeping troubles ventured out of the pond of pleasant talk like croaking frogs. To Ilse's surprise, she found that even Flaminia Struvelius could discourse seriously about preserving little gherkins, and that she sought closely for the marks of youth in a plucked goose. The merry Madame Günther aroused horror and laughter in more experienced married women, when she asserted that she could not endure the crying of little children, and that from the very first she would force her child (which she had not yet got) to proper silence by chastisement. Thus conversation sometimes left greater subjects to stray into this domain. And when unimportant subjects were reviewed, it naturally came about that the men were honored by a quiet discussion. At such times it was evident that although the subject under consideration was men in general, each of the wives was thinking of her own husband, and that each silently carried about a secret bundle of cares, and justified the conclusion of her hearers that that husband too must be difficult to manage.

Madame Raschke's troubles could not be concealed; the whole town knew them. It was notorious that one market day her husband had gone to the university in his dressing-gown — in a brilliant dressing-gown, blue and orange, with a Turkish pattern. His students, who loved him dearly and were well aware of his habits, could not succeed in suppressing a loud laugh; and Raschke had calmly hung the dressing-gown over his pulpit, held his lecture in his shirt-sleeves, and returned home in one of the students' overcoats. Since that time Madame Raschke never let her husband go out without herself inspecting him. It also appeared that all these ten years he had not been able to learn his way about the town, and she dared not change her residence, because she was quite sure that her professor would never remember it, and always return to his old home. Struvelius also occasioned much anxiety. Ilse knew about the last and greatest cause; but it also came to light that he expected his wife to read Latin proof-sheets, as she knew something of that language. Besides, he was quite incapable of refusing commissions to amiable wine merchants. At her marriage Madame Struvelius had found a whole cellar full of large and small wine casks, none of which had been drawn off, while he complained bitterly that no wine was ever brought into his cellar. Even little Madame Günther related that her husband could not give up night work;

and that once, when he wandered with a lamp among his books, he came too near the curtain, which caught fire. He tore it off, and in so doing burnt his hands, and burst into the bedroom with blackened fingers in great alarm, and resembling Othello more than a mineralogist. . . .

Raschke was wandering about in the ante-room. Here too was confusion. Gabriel had not yet returned from his distant errand; the cook had left the remains of the meal standing on a side-table till his return; and Raschke had to find his greatcoat by himself. He rummaged among the clothes, and seized hold of a coat and a hat. As he was not so absent-minded as usual to-day, a glance at the despised supper reminded him just in time that he was to eat a fowl; so he seized hold of the newspaper which Gabriel had laid ready for his master, hastily took one of the chickens out of the dish, wrapped it in the journal, and thrust it in his pocket, agreeably surprised at the depth and capaciousness it revealed. Then he rushed past the astonished cook, and out of the house. When he opened the door of the *étage* he stumbled against something that was crouching on the threshold. He heard a horrible growling behind him, and stormed down the stairs and out of doors.

The words of the friend whom he had left now came into his mind. Werner's whole bearing was very characteristic; and there was something fine about it. It was strange that in a moment of anger Werner's face had acquired a sudden resemblance to a bull-dog's. Here the direct chain of the philosopher's contemplations was crossed by the remembrance of the conversation on animals' souls.

"It is really a pity that it is still so difficult to determine an animal's expression of soul. If we could succeed in that, science would gain. For if we could compare in all their minutiæ the expression and gestures of human beings and higher animals, we might make most interesting deductions from their common peculiarities and their particular differences. In this way the natural origin of their dramatic movements, and perhaps some new laws, would be discovered."

While the philosopher was pondering thus, he felt a continued pulling at his coat-tails. As his wife was in the habit of giving him a gentle pull when he was walking next her absorbed in thought and they met some acquaintance, he took no further notice of it, but took off his hat, and bowing politely towards the railing of the bridge, said "Good-evening."

"These common and original elements in the mimic expression of human beings and higher animals might, if rightly understood, even open out new vistas into the great mystery of life." Another pull. Raschke mechanically took off his hat. Another pull. "Thank you, dear Aurelia, I did bow." As he spoke, the thought crossed his mind that his wife would not pull at his coat so low down. It was not she, but his little daughter Bertha who was pulling; for she often walked gravely next him, and like her mother, pulled at the bell for bows. "That will do, my dear," said he, as Bertha continued to snatch and pull at his coat-tails. "Come here, you little rogue!" and he absently put his hand behind him to seize the little tease. He seized hold of something round and shaggy; he felt sharp teeth on his fingers, and turned with a start. There he saw in the lamplight a reddish monster with a big head, shaggy hair, and a little tassel that fell back into its hind legs in lieu of a tail. His wife and daughter were horribly transformed; and he gazed in surprise on this indistinct creature which seated itself before him, and glared at him in silence.

"A strange adventure!" exclaimed Raschke. "What are you, unknown creature? Presumably a dog. Away with you!" The animal retreated a few steps. Raschke continued his meditations: "If we trace back the expression and gestures of the affections to their original forms in this manner, one of the most active laws would certainly prove to be the endeavor to attract or repel the extraneous. It would be instructive to distinguish, by means of these involuntary movements of men and animals, what is essential and what conventional. Away, dog! Do me a favor and go home. What does he want with me? Evidently he belongs to Werner's domain. The poor creature will assuredly lose itself in the town under the dominion of an *idée fixe*."

Meantime Speihahn's attacks were becoming more violent; and now he was marching in a quite unnatural and purely conventional manner on his hind legs, while his fore paws were leaning against the professor's back, and his teeth were actually biting into the coat.

A belated shoemaker's boy stood still and beat his leathern apron. "Is not the master ashamed to let his poor apprentice push him along like that?" In truth, the dog behind the man looked like a dwarf pushing a giant along the ice.

Raschke's interest in the dog's thoughts increased. He stood still near a lantern, examined and felt his coat. This coat had

developed a velvet collar and very long sleeves, advantages that the philosopher had never yet remarked in his greatcoat. Now the matter became clear to him: absorbed in thought, he had chosen a wrong coat, and the worthy dog insisted on saving his master's garment, and making the thief aware that there was something wrong. Raschke was so pleased with this sagacity that he turned round, addressed some kind words to Speihahn, and made an attempt to stroke his shaggy hair. The dog again snapped at his hand. "You are quite right to be angry with me," replied Raschke; "I will prove to you that I acknowledge my fault." He took off the coat and hung it over his arm. "Yes, it is much heavier than my own." He walked on cheerfully in his thin coat, and observed with satisfaction that the dog abandoned the attacks on his back. But instead, Speihahn sprang upon his side, and again bit at the coat and the hand, and growled unpleasantly.

The professor got angry with the dog, and when he came to a bench on the promenade he laid down the coat, intending to face the dog seriously and drive him home. In this manner he got rid of the dog, but also of the coat. For Speihahn sprang upon the bench with a mighty bound, placed himself astride the coat, and met the professor, who tried to drive him away, with hideous growling and snarling.

"It is Werner's coat," said the professor, "and it is Werner's dog: it would be wrong to beat the poor creature because it is becoming violent in its fidelity, and it would be wrong to leave the dog and the coat." So he remained standing before the dog and speaking kindly to him: but Speihahn no longer took any notice of the professor; he turned against the coat itself, which he scratched, rummaged, and bit. Raschke saw that the coat could not long endure such rage. "He is frantic or mad," said he suspiciously. "I shall have to use force against you after all, poor creature;" and he considered whether he should also jump upon the seat and push the mad creature by a violent kick into the water, or whether it would be better to open the inevitable attack from below. He resolved on the latter course, and looked round to see whether he could anywhere discover a stone or stick to throw at the raging beast. As he looked, he observed the trees and the dark sky above him, and the place seemed quite unfamiliar. "Has magic been at work here?" he exclaimed, with amusement. He turned politely to a solitary wanderer who was

passing that way: "Would you kindly tell me in what part of the town we are? And could you perhaps lend me your stick for a moment?"

"Indeed," angrily replied the person addressed, "those are very suspicious questions. I want my stick myself at night. Who are you, sir?" The stranger approached the professor menacingly.

"I am peaceable," replied Raschke, "and by no means inclined to violent attacks. A quarrel has arisen between me and the animal on this seat for the possession of a coat, and I should be much obliged to you if you would drive the dog away from the coat. But I beg you not to hurt the animal any more than is absolutely necessary."

"Is that your coat there?" asked the man.

"Unfortunately I cannot give you an affirmative answer," replied Raschke conscientiously.

"There must be something wrong here," exclaimed the stranger, again eyeing the professor suspiciously.

"There is, indeed," replied Raschke. "The dog is out of his mind; the coat is exchanged, and I do not know where we are."

"Close to the valley gate, Professor Raschke," answered the voice of Gabriel, who hastily joined the group. "Excuse me, but what brings you here?"

"Capital!" exclaimed Raschke joyously. "Pray take charge of this coat and this dog."

Gabriel gazed in amazement at Speihahn, who was now lying on the coat and bending his head before his friend. Gabriel threw down the dog and seized the coat. "Why, that is our greatcoat!" exclaimed he.

"Yes, Gabriel," said the professor, "that was my mistake, and the dog has shown marvelous fidelity to the coat."

"Fidelity!" exclaimed Gabriel indignantly, as he drew a parcel out of the coat pocket. "It was greedy selfishness, sir; there must be some food in this pocket."

"Yes, true," exclaimed Raschke; "it is all the chicken's fault. Give me the parcel, Gabriel; I must eat the fowl myself; and we might bid each other good-night now with mutual satisfaction, if you would just show me my way a little among these trees."

"But you must not go home in the night air without an overcoat," said Gabriel considerately. "We are not far from our

house; the best way would really be for you to come back with me, sir."

Raschke considered and laugned.

"You are right, Gabriel; my departure was awkward; and to-day an animal's soul has restored a man's soul to order."

"If you mean this dog," said Gabriel, "it would be the first time he ever did anything good. I see he must have followed you from our door; for I put little bones there for him of an evening."

"Just now he seemed not to be quite in his right mind," said the professor.

"He is cunning enough when he pleases," continued Gabriel mysteriously; "but if I were to speak of my experiences with this dog —"

"Do speak, Gabriel," eagerly exclaimed the philosopher. "There is nothing so valuable concerning animals as a truthful statement from those who have carefully observed them."

"I may say that I have done so," confirmed Gabriel, with satisfaction; "and if you want to know exactly what he is, I can assure you that he is possessed of the devil, he is a thief, he is embittered, and he hates all mankind."

"Ah, indeed!" replied the professor, somewhat disconcerted. "I see it is much more difficult to look into a dog's heart than into a professor's."

Speihahn crept along silent and suppressed, and listened to the praises that fell to his lot; while Professor Raschke, conducted by Gabriel, returned to the house by the park. Gabriel opened the sitting-room door, and announced: —

"Professor Raschke."

Ilse extended both her hands to him.

"Welcome, welcome, dear Professor Raschke!" and led him to her husband's study.

"Here I am again," said Raschke cheerfully, "after wandering as in a fairy tale. What has brought me back were two animals, who showed me the right way, — a roast fowl and an embittered dog."

Felix sprang up; the men greeted one another warmly, shaking hands, and after all misadventures, spent a happy evening.

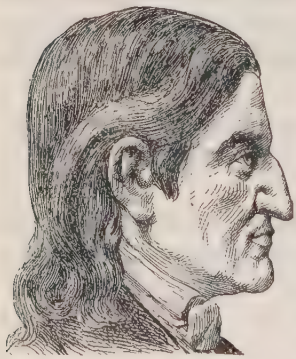
When Raschke had gone home late, Gabriel said sadly to his mistress, "This was the new coat; the fowl and the dog have put it in a horrible plight."

FRIEDRICH FROEBEL

(1782–1852)

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

IT WAS Froebel who said, "The clearer the thread that runs through our lives backward to our childhood, the clearer will be our onward glance to the goal;" and in the fragment of autobiography he has left us, he illustrates forcibly the truth of his own saying. The motherless baby who plays alone in the village pastor's quiet house, the dreamy child who wanders solitary in the high-walled garden; the thoughtful lad, neglected, misunderstood, who forgets the harsh realities of life in pondering the mysteries of the flowers, the contradictions of existence, and the dogmas of orthodox theology; who decides in early boyhood that the pleasures of the senses are without enduring influence and therefore on no account to be eagerly pursued;—these presentments of himself, which he summons up for us from the past, show the vividness of his early recollections and indicate the course which the stream of his life is to run.



FRIEDRICH FROEBEL

The coldness and injustice of the new mother who assumed control of the household when he was four years old, his isolation from other children, the merely casual notice he received from the busy father absorbed in his parish work, all tended to turn inward the tide of his mental and spiritual life. He studied himself, not only because it was the bent of his nature, but because he lacked outside objects of interest; and to this early habit of introspection we owe many of the valuable features of his educational philosophy. Whoever has learned thoroughly to understand one child, has conquered a spot of firm ground on which to rest while he studies the world of children; and because the great teacher realized this truth, because he longed to give to others the means of development denied to himself, he turns for us the heart-leaves of his boyhood.

It would appear that Froebel's characteristics were strongly marked and unusual from the beginning. Called by every one "a moon-struck child" in Oberweissbach, the village of his birth, he was just as unanimously considered "an old fool" when, crowned with the experience of seventy years, he played with the village children on the green hills of Thuringia. The intensity of his inward life, the white heat of his convictions, his absolute blindness to any selfish idea or aim, his enthusiasm, the exaltation of his spiritual nature, all furnish so many cogent reasons why the people of any day or of any community should have failed to understand him, and scorned what they could not comprehend. It is the old story of the seers and the prophets repeated as many times as they appear; for "these colossal souls," as Emerson said, "require a long focal distance to be seen."

At ten years old the sensitive boy was fortunately removed from the uncongenial atmosphere of the parental household; and in his uncle's home he spent five free and happy years, being apprenticed at the end of this time to a forester in his native Thuringian woods. Then followed a year's course in the University of Jena, and four years spent in the study of farming, in clerical work of various kinds, and in land-surveying. All these employments, however, Froebel himself felt to be merely provisional; for like the hazel wand in the diviner's hand, his instinct was blindly seeking through these restless years the well-spring of his life.

In Frankfort, where he had gone intending to study architecture, Destiny touched him on the shoulder, and he turned and knew her. Through a curious combination of circumstances he gained employment in Herr Gruner's Model School, and it was found at once that he was what the Germans love to call "a teacher by the grace of God." The first time he met his class of boys he tells us that he felt inexpressibly happy; the hazel wand had found the waters and was fixed at last. From this time on, all the events of his life were connected with his experience as a teacher. Impelled as soon as he had begun his work by a desire for more effective methods, he visited Yverdon, then the centre of educational thought, and studied with Pestalozzi. He went again in 1808, accompanied by three pupils, and spent two years there, alternately studying and teaching.

There was a year of lectures at Göttingen after this, and one at the University of Berlin, accompanied by unceasing study and research both in literary and scientific lines; but in the fateful year 1813 this quiet student life was broken in upon, for impelled by strong moral conviction, Froebel joined Baron von Lützow's famous volunteer corps, formed to harass the French by constant skirmishes and to encourage the smaller German States to rise against Napoleon.

No thirst for glory prompted this action, but a lofty conception of the office of the educator. How could any young man capable of bearing arms, Froebel says, become a teacher of children whose Fatherland he had refused to defend? how could he in after years incite his pupils to do something noble, something calling for sacrifice and unselfishness, without exposing himself to their derision and contempt? The reasoning was perfect, and he made practice follow upon the heels of theory as closely as he had always done since he became master of his fate.

After the Peace of Paris he settled down for a time to a quiet life in the mineralogical museum at the University of Berlin, his duties being the care, arrangement, and investigation of crystals. Surrounded thus by the exquisite formations whose development according to law is so perfect, whose obedience to the promptings of an inward ideal so complete, he could not but learn from their unconscious ethics to look into the depths of his own nature, and there recognize more clearly the purpose it was intended to work out.

In 1816 he quietly gave up his position, and taking as pupils five of his nephews, three of whom were fatherless, he entered upon his life work, the first step in which was the carrying out of his plan for a "Universal German Educational Institute." He was without money, of course, as he had always been and always would be,—his hands were made for giving, not for getting; he slept in a barn on a wisp of straw while arranging for his first school at Griesheim; but outward things were so little real to him in comparison with the life of the spirit, that bodily privations seemed scarcely worth considering. The school at Keilhau, to which he soon removed, the institutions later established in Wartensee and Willisau, the orphanage in Burgdorf, all were most successful educationally, but, it is hardly necessary to say, were never a source of profit to their head and founder.

Through the twenty succeeding years, busy as he was in teaching, in lecturing, in writing, he was constantly shadowed by dissatisfaction with the foundation upon which he was building. A nebulous idea for the betterment of things was floating before him; but it was not until 1836 that it appeared to his eyes as a "definite truth." This definite truth, the discovery of his old age, was of course the kindergarten; and from this time until the end, all other work was laid aside, and his entire strength given to the consummate flower of his educational thought.

The first kindergarten was opened in 1837 at Blankenburg (where a memorial school is now conducted), and in 1850 the institution at Marienthal for the training of kindergartners was founded, Froebel remaining at its head until his death two years after.

With the exception of that remarkable book 'The Education of Man' (1826), his most important literary work was done after 1836; 'Pedagogics of the Kindergarten,' the first great European contribution to the subject of child-study, appearing from 1837 to 1840 in the form of separate essays, and the 'Mutter-und-Kose Lieder' (Mother-Play) in 1843. Many of his educational aphorisms and occasional speeches were preserved by his great disciple the Baroness von Marenholtz-Bülow in her 'Reminiscences of Froebel'; and though two most interesting volumes of his correspondence have been published, there remain a number of letters, as well as essays and educational sketches, not yet rendered into English.

Froebel's literary style is often stiff and involved, its phrases somewhat labored, and its substance exceedingly difficult to translate with spirit and fidelity; yet after all, his mannerisms are of a kind to which one easily becomes accustomed, and the kernel of his thought when reached is found well worth the trouble of removing a layer of husk. He had always an infinitude of things to say, and they were all things of purpose and of meaning; but in writing, as well as in formal speaking, the language to clothe the thought came to him slowly and with difficulty. Yet it appears that in friendly private intercourse he spoke fluently, and one of his students reports that in his classes he was often "overpowering and sublime, the stream of his words pouring forth like fiery rain."

It is probable that in daily life Froebel was not always an agreeable house-mate; for he was a genius, a reformer, and an unworldly enthusiast, believing in himself and in his mission with all the ardor of a heart centred in one fixed purpose. He was quite intolerant of those who doubted or disbelieved in his theories, as well as of those who, believing, did not carry their faith into works. The people who stood nearest him and devoted themselves to the furthering of his ideas slept on no bed of roses, certainly; but although he sometimes sacrificed their private interests to his cause, it must not be forgotten that he first laid himself and all that he had upon the same altar. His nature was one that naturally inspired reverence and loyalty, and drew from his associates the most extraordinary devotion and self-sacrifice. Then, as now, women were peculiarly attracted by his burning enthusiasm, his prophetic utterances, and his lofty views of their sex and its mission; and then, as now, the almost fanatical zeal of his followers is perhaps to be explained by the fact that he gives a new world-view to his students,—one that produces much the same effect upon the character as the spiritual exaltation called "experiencing religion."

He was twice married, in each case to a superior woman of great gifts of mind and character, and both helpmates joyfully took up a

life of privation and care that they might be associated with him and with his work. Those memorable words spoken of our Washington,— «Heaven left him childless that a nation might call him father,» are even more applicable to Froebel, for his wise and tender fatherhood extends to all the children of the world. When he passed through the village streets of his own country, little ones came running from every doorstep; the babies clinging to his knees and the older ones hanging about his neck and refusing to leave the dear play-master, as they called him. So the kindergartners love to think of him to-day,—the tall spare figure, the long hair, the wise, plain, strong-featured face, the shining eyes, and the little ones clustering about him as they clustered about another Teacher in Galilee, centuries ago.

Froebel's educational creed cannot here be cited at length, but some of its fundamental articles are:—

The education of the child should begin with its birth, and should be threefold, addressing the mental, spiritual, and physical natures.

It should be continued as it has begun, by appealing to the heart and the emotions as the starting-point of the human soul.

There should be sequence, orderly progression, and one continuous purpose throughout the entire scheme of education, from kindergarten to university.

Education should be conducted according to nature, and should be a free, spontaneous growth,—a development from within, never a prescription from without.

The training of the child should be conducted by means of the activities, needs, desires, and delights, which are the common heritage of childhood.

The child should be led from the beginning to feel that one life thrills through every manifestation of the universe, and that he is a part of all that is.

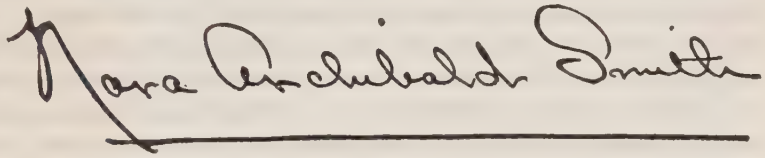
The object of education is the development of the human being in the totality of his powers as a child of nature, a child of man, and a child of God.

These principles of Froebel's, many of them the products of his own mind, others the pure gold of educational currency upon which he has but stamped his own image, are so true and so far-reaching that they have already begun to modify all education and are destined to work greater magic in the future. The great teacher's place in history may be determined, by-and-by, more by the wonderful uplift and impetus he gave to the whole educational world, than by the particular system of child-culture in connection with which he is best known to-day.

Judged by ordinary worldly standards, his life was an unsuccessful one, full of trials and privations, and empty of reward. His

death-blow was doubtless struck by the prohibition of kindergartens in Prussia in 1851, an edict which remained nine years in force. His strength had been too sorely tried to resist this final crushing misfortune, and he passed away the following year. His body was borne to the grave through a heavy storm of wind and rain that seemed to symbolize the vicissitudes of his earthly days, while as a forecast of the future the sun shone out at the last moment, and the train of mourners looked back to see the low mound irradiated with glory.

In Thuringia, where the great child-lover was born, the kindergartens, his best memorials, cluster thickly now; and on the face of the cliffs that overhang the bridle-path across the Glockner mountain may be seen in great letters the single word *Froebel*, hewn deep into the solid rock.



THE RIGHT OF THE CHILD

From 'Reminiscences of Friedrich Froebel,' by Baroness B. von Marenholtz-Bülow. Copyright 1877, by Mary Mann. Reprinted by permission of Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston.

ALL that does not grow out of one's inner being, all that is not one's own original feeling and thought, or that at least does not awaken that, oppresses and defaces the individuality of man instead of calling it forth, and nature becomes thereby a caricature. Shall we never cease to stamp human nature, even in childhood, like coins? to overlay it with foreign images and foreign superscriptions, instead of letting it develop itself and grow into form according to the law of life planted in it by God the Father, so that it may be able to bear the stamp of the Divine, and become an image of God? . . .

This theory of love is to serve as the highest goal and polestar of human education, and must be attended to in the germ of humanity, the child, and truly in his very first impulses. The conquest of self-seeking *egoism* is the most important task of education; for selfishness isolates the individual from all communion, and kills the life-giving principle of love. Therefore the first object of education is to teach to love, to break up the egoism

of the individual, and to lead him from the first stage of communion in the family through all the following stages of social life to the love of humanity, or to the highest self-conquest by which man rises to Divine unity. . . .

Women are to recognize that childhood and womanliness (the care of childhood and the life of women) are inseparably connected; that they form a unit; and that God and nature have placed the protection of the human plant in their hands. Hitherto the female sex could take only a more or less passive part in human history, because great battles and the political organization of nations were not suited to their powers. But at the present stage of culture, nothing is more pressingly required than the cultivation of every human power for the arts of peace and the work of higher civilization. The culture of individuals, and therefore of the whole nation, depends in great part upon the earliest care of childhood. On that account women, as one half of mankind, have to undertake the most important part of the problems of the time, problems that men are not able to solve. If but one half of the work be accomplished, then our epoch, like all others, will fail to reach the appointed goal. As educators of mankind, the women of the present time have the highest duty to perform, while hitherto they have been scarcely more than the beloved mothers of human beings. . . .

But I will protect childhood, that it may not as in earlier generations be pinioned, as in a strait-jacket, in garments of custom and ancient prescription that have become too narrow for the new time. I shall show the way and shape the means, that every human soul may grow of itself, out of its own individuality. But where shall I find allies and helpers if not in women, who as mothers and teachers may put my idea in execution? Only intellectually active women can and will do it. But if these are to be loaded with the ballast of dead knowledge that can take no root in the unprepared ground, if the fountains of their own original life are to be choked up with it, they will not follow my direction nor understand the call of the time for the new task of their sex, but will seek satisfaction in empty superficiality.

To learn to comprehend nature in the child,—is not that to comprehend one's own nature and the nature of mankind? And in this comprehension is there not involved a certain degree of comprehension of all things else? Women cannot learn and take into themselves anything higher and more comprehensive.

It should therefore at least be the beginning, and the love of childhood should be awakened in the mind (and in a wider sense, this is the love of humanity), so that a new, free generation of men can grow up by right care.

EVOLUTION

From 'The Mottoes and Commentaries of Mother-Play.' Copyright 1895, by D. Appleton & Co.

WHAT shall we learn from our yearning look into the heart of the flower and the eye of the child? This truth: Whatever develops, be it into flower or tree or man, is from the beginning implicitly that which it has the power to become. The possibility of perfect manhood is what you read in your child's eye, just as the perfect flower is prophesied in the bud, or the giant oak in the tiny acorn. A presentiment that the ideal or generic human being slumbers, dreams, stirs in your unconscious infant — this it is, O mother, which transfigures you as you gaze upon him. Strive to define to yourself what is that generic ideal which is wrapped up in your child. Surely, as *your* child — or in other words, as child of man — he is destined to live in the past and future as well as in the present. His earthly being implies a past heaven; his birth makes a present heaven; in his soul he holds a future heaven. This threefold heaven, which you also bear within you, shines out on you through your child's eyes.

The beast lives only in the present. Of past and future he knows naught. But to man belong not only the present, but also the future and the past. His thought pierces the heaven of the future, and hope is born. He learns that all human life is one life; that all human joys and sorrows are his joys and sorrows, and through participation enters the present heaven — the heaven of love. He turns his mind towards the past, and out of retrospection wrests a vigorous faith. What soul could fail to conquer an invincible trust in the pure, the good, the holy, the ideally human, the truly Divine, if it would look with single eye into its own past, into the past of history? Could there be a man in whose soul such a contemplation of the past would fail to blossom into devout insight, into self-conscious and self-comprehending faith? Must not such a retrospect unveil the truth? Must not

the beauty of the unveiled truth allure him to Divine doing, Divine living? All that is high and holy in human life meets in that faith which is born of the unveiling of a heaven that has always been; in that hope born of a vision of the heaven that shall be; in that love which creates a heaven in the eternal Now. These three heavens shine out upon you through your child's eye. The presentiment that he carries these three heavens within him transfigures your countenance as you gaze upon him. Cherish this premonition, for thereby you will help him to make his life a musical chord wherein are blended the three notes of faith, hope, and love. These celestial virtues will link his life with the Divine life through which all life is one — with the God who is the supernal fountain of life, light, and love. . . .

Higher and more important than the cultivation of man's outer ear, is the culture of that inner sense of harmony whereby the soul learns to perceive sweet accord in soundless things, and to discern within itself harmonies and discords. The importance of wakening the inner ear to this music of the soul can scarcely be exaggerated. Learning to hear it within, the child will strive to give it outer form and expression; and even if in such effort he is only partially successful, he will gain thereby the power to appreciate the more successful effort of others. Thus enriching his own life by the life of others, he solves the problem of development. How else were it possible within the quickly fleeting hours of mortal life to develop our being in all directions, to fathom its depths, scale its heights, measure its boundaries? What we are, what we would be, we must learn to recognize in the mirror of all other lives. By the effort of each, and the recognition of all, the Divine man is revealed in humanity. . . .

Against the bright light which shines on the smooth white wall is thrust a dark object, and straightway appears the form which so delights the child. This is the outward fact; what is the truth which through this fact is dimly hinted to the prophetic mind? Is it not the creative and transforming power of light, that power which brings form and color out of chaos, and makes the beauty which gladdens our hearts? Is it not more than this, — a foreshadowing, perhaps, of the spiritual fact that our darkest experiences may project themselves in forms that will delight and bless, if in our hearts shines the light of God? The sternest crags, the most forbidding chasms, are beautiful in the mellow sunshine; while the fairest landscape loses all charm, and indeed

ceases to be, when the light which created it is withdrawn. Is it not thus also with our lives? Yesterday, touched by the light of enthusiastic emotion, all our relationships seemed beautiful and blessed; to-day, when the glow of enthusiasm has faded, they oppress and repulse us. Only the conviction that it is the darkness within us which makes the darkness without, can restore the lost peace of our souls. Be it therefore, O mother, your sacred duty to make your darling early feel the working both of the outer and inner light. Let him see in one the symbol of the other, and tracing light and color to their source in the sun, may he learn to trace the beauty and meaning of his life to their source in God.

Translation of Susan E. Blow.

THE LAWS OF THE MIND

From 'The Letters of Froebel'

I am firmly convinced that all the phenomena of the child-world, those which delight us as well as those which grieve us, depend upon fixed laws as definite as those of the cosmos, the planetary system, and the operations of nature; and it is therefore possible to discover them and examine them. When once we know and have assimilated these laws, we shall be able powerfully to counteract any retrograde and faulty tendencies in the children, and to encourage, at the same time, all that is good and virtuous.

FOR THE CHILDREN

From 'The Letters of Froebel'

I wish you could have been here this evening, and seen the many beautiful and varied forms and lovely patterns which freely and spontaneously developed themselves from some systematic variations of a simple ground form, in stick-playing. No one would believe, without seeing it, how the child soul, the child life, develops when treated as a whole, and in the sense of forming a part of the great connected life of the world, by some skilled kindergarten teacher — nay, even by one who is only simple-hearted, thoughtful, and attentive; nor how it blooms into

delicious harmonies like a beautifully tinted flower. Oh, if I could only shout aloud with ten thousand lung-power the truth that I now tell you in silence! Then would I make the ears of a hundred thousand men ring with it! What keenness of sensation, what a soul, what a mind, what force of will and active energy, what dexterity and skill of muscular movement and of perception, and what calm and patience, will not all these things call out in the children!

How is it that parents are so blind and deaf, when they profess to be so eager to work for the welfare, the health, and peace of their children? No! I cannot understand it; and yet a whole generation has passed since this system first delivered its message, first called for educational amendment, first pointed out where the need for it lay, and showed how it could be satisfied.

If I were not afraid of being taken for an idiot or an escaped lunatic, I would run barefoot from one end of Germany to the other and cry aloud to all men: — "Set to work at once for your children's sake on some universally developing plan, aiming at unity of life purpose, and through that at joy and peace." But what good would it do? A Curtman and a Ramsauer, in their stupidity or maliciousness, make it their duty to stigmatize my work as sinful, when I am but quietly corresponding with just my own friends and sympathizers; for they say I am destroying all pleasure in life for the parents: "Who could be so silly as I, — amongst sane men who acknowledge that parents have a right to enjoy life, — I who perpetually call to these parents in tones of imperative demand, 'Come, let us live for our children!'" (Kommt, laszt uns unseren Kindern leben!)

MOTIVES

From 'The Education of Man.' By permission of Josephine Jarvis, the translator, and A. Lovell & Co., publishers

Only in the measure that we are thoroughly penetrated by the pure, spiritual, inward, human relations, and are faithful to them even in the smallest detail in life, do we attain to the complete knowledge and perception of the Divine-human relation; only in that measure do we anticipate them so deeply, vividly, and truly, that every yearning of our whole being is thereby satisfied, — at least receives its whole meaning, and is

changed from a constantly unfulfilled yearning to an immediately rewarded effort. . . .

How we degrade and lower the human nature which we should raise, how we weaken those whom we should strengthen, when we hold up to them an inducement to act virtuously, even though we place this inducement in another world! If we employ an outward incentive, though it be the most spiritual, to call forth better life, and leave undeveloped the inner, spontaneous, and independent power of representing pure humanity which rests in each man, we degrade our human nature.

But how wholly different every thing is, if man, especially in boyhood, is made to observe the reflex action of his conduct, not on his outward more or less agreeable position, but on his inner, spontaneous or fettered, clear or clouded, satisfied or dissatisfied condition of spirit and mind! The experiences which proceed from this observation will necessarily more and more awaken the inner sense of man: and then true sense, the greatest treasure of boy and man, comes into his life.

APHORISMS

I see in every child the possibility of a perfect man.

The child-soul is an ever-bubbling fountain in the world of humanity.

The plays of childhood are the heart-leaves of the whole future life.

Childish unconsciousness is rest in God.

From each object of nature and of life, there goes a path toward God.

Perfect human joy is also worship, for it is ordered by God.

The first groundwork of religious life is love — love to God and man — in the bosom of the family.

Childhood is the most important stage of the total development of man and of humanity.

Women must make of their educational calling a priestly office.

Isolation and exclusion destroy life; union and participation create life.

Without religious preparation in childhood, no true religion and no union with God is possible for men.

The tree germ bears within itself the nature of the whole tree; the human being bears in himself the nature of all humanity; and is not therefore humanity born anew in each child?

In the children lies the seed-corn of the future.

The lovingly cared for, and thereby steadily and strongly developed human life, also the cloudless child life, is of itself a Christ-like one.

In all things works one creative life, because the life of all things proceeds from one God.

Let us live with our children: so shall their lives bring peace and joy to us; so shall we begin to be and to become wise.

What boys and girls play in earliest childhood will become by-and-by a beautiful reality of serious life; for they expand into stronger and lovelier youthfulness by seeking on every side appropriate objects to verify the thoughts of their inmost souls.

This earliest age is the most important one for education, because the beginning decides the manner of progress and the end. If national order is to be recognized in later years as a benefit, childhood must first be accustomed to law and order, and therein find the means of freedom. Lawlessness and caprice must rule in no period of life, not even in that of the nursling.

The kindergarten is the free republic of childhood.

A deep feeling of the universal brotherhood of man,—what is it but a true sense of our close filial union with God?

Man must be able to fail, in order to be good and virtuous; and he must be able to become a slave in order to be truly free.

My teachers are the children themselves, with all their purity, their innocence, their unconsciousness, and their irresistible claims; and I follow them like a faithful, trustful scholar.

A story told at the right time is like a looking-glass for the mind.

I wish to cultivate men who stand rooted in nature, with their feet in God's earth, whose heads reach toward and look into the heavens; whose hearts unite the richly formed life of earth and nature, with the purity and peace of heaven,—God's earth and God's heaven.

FROISSART

(1337–1410?)

BY GEORGE M'LEAN HARPER

FROISSART is the artist of chivalry. On his pages are painted, with immortal brilliancy, the splendid shows, the coronations, weddings, tourneys, marches, feasts, and battles of the English and French knighthood just before the close of the Middle Ages. "I intend," he says in the Prologue of his chronicle, "to treat and record history and matter of great praise, to the end that the honorable emprises and noble adventures and deeds of arms, which have come about from the wars of France and England, may be notably enregistered and placed in perpetual memory, whereby chevaliers may take example to encourage them in well-doing."

FROISSART

Chivalry, in the popular understanding, is the fine flower of feudalism, its bloom of poetic and heroic life. But in reality it was artificial, having grown from an exaggerated respect for certain human qualities, at the expense of others fully as essential and indeed no less beautiful. Courage is good; but it is not rare, and the love of fighting for fighting's sake is made possible only by disregarding large areas of life to which war brings no harvest of happiness, and over which it does not even cast the glamor of romance. The works of civilized communities — agriculture, industry, commerce, art, learning, religion — were nearly at a standstill in the middle of the fourteenth century, when Europe was turned into a playground for steel-clad barbarians.

This perversion of nature could not last. The wretched Hundred Years' War had run but half its course when the misery and disgust among the real people, who thought and wrought, drove them to such despairing efforts as the Jacquerie in France and Wat Tyler's Rebellion in England. It was the English archers, as Froissart reluctantly

admits, and not the knights, who won the battle of Poitiers. Gunpowder and cannon, a few years later, doomed the man-at-arms, and the rise of strong monarchies crowded out the feudal system. The thunder of artillery which echoes faintly in the last pages of Froissart is like a parting salvo to all the pageantry the volume holds. From cannon-ball and musket-shot the glittering procession has found refuge there. Into the safe retreat of these illuminated parchments, all the banners and pennons, lances, crests, and tapestries, knights and horses under clanking mail, had time — and but just time — to withdraw. We find them there, fresh as when they hurried in, the colors bright, the trumpets blowing.

Jean Froissart was born at Valenciennes in Hainault, in 1337, the year of his birth almost coinciding with Chaucer's. He tells us in his long autobiographical poem, 'L'Espinette Amoureuse,' that he was fond of play when a boy, and delighted in dances, carols, and poems, and had a liking for all those who loved dogs and birds. In the school where he was sent, he says, there were little girls whom he tried to please by giving them rings of glass, and pins, and apples, and pears. It seemed to him a most worthy thing to acquire their favor, and he wondered when it would be his turn to fall really in love. Much of this poem, which narrates tediously the love affair that was not long in coming, is probably fictitious; but there is no doubt of the accuracy of his description of himself in the opening lines, as fond of pleasure, prone to gallantry, and susceptible to all the bright faces of romance. From love and arms, he says, we are often told that all joy and every honor flow. He informs us elsewhere that he was no sooner out of school than he began to write, putting into verse the wars of his time.

In 1361 he went to England, where Edward III. was reigning with Philippa his queen, a daughter of the Count of Hainault. His passport to the favor of his great countrywoman was a book, the result of these rhymings, covering the period from the battle of Poitiers, 1356, to the time of his voyage. This volume is not known to exist, nor any copy of it. The Queen made him a clerk of her chamber. He had abundant opportunity in England to gratify his curiosity and fill his note-book, for the court was full of French noblemen, lately come over as hostages for King Jean of France, who was captured at the battle of Poitiers.

In 1365 he took letters of recommendation from the Queen to David Bruce, King of Scotland, whom he followed for three months in his progress through that realm; spending a fortnight at the castle of William Douglas and making everywhere diligent inquiry about the recent war of 1345. In his delightful little poem 'The Debate between the Horse and the Greyhound,' beginning, "Froissart from

Scotland was returning,» we have a lifelike figure of the inquisitive young chronicler, pushing unweariedly from inn to inn on a tired horse and leading a footsore dog.

Between his thirtieth and his thirty-fourth year he was sometimes in England and sometimes in various parts of the Continent. In August 1369, while he was abroad, his patroness Queen Philippa died. She had encouraged him to continue his researches and writings, and he had presented her with a second volume, in prose, which has come down to us as a part of the chronicle. He admits that his work was an expansion of the chronicle of Jean le Bel, Canon of Saint Lambert at Liège, for he says:—«As all great rivers are made by the gathering together of many streams and springs, so the sciences also are extracted and compiled by many clerks: what one knows, the other does not.»

On hearing of the Queen's death, Froissart settled in his own country of Hainault. There he won favor from princes, as was his custom, by giving them manuscripts of his chronicle, which was growing apace. By the middle of 1373 we find him become a churchman and provided with a living, in which he remained ten years, compiling fresh history and correcting what he had already written and put in circulation. A little later, 1376 to 1383, he made a more thorough revision of his chronicle, going so far as to modify its spirit, which had been favorable to English character and policy, and make it more agreeable to partisans of France. Although Froissart was not a Frenchman, his writings are all in the French language, which was of course his native tongue.

About the beginning of 1384 he was made a canon of the Church, at Chimay, a small town near the French frontier, and in this region he observed the military movements then going on there, and recorded them immediately in Book ii. of his chronicle. Four years of quiet were however too much for his mobile and energetic spirit; and in 1388, hearing that the Count Gaston de Foix, in the Pyrenees, was a man likely to know many details of the English wars in Gascony and Guyenne, he set out to visit him, taking among other presents a book of his poetry and two couples of hounds. When he still had ten days to travel he met a gentleman of Foix, with whom he journeyed the rest of the way, beguiling the time with talk about the sieges the various towns upon their route had suffered.

«At the words which he spoke I was delighted, for they pleased me much, and right well did I retain them all; and as soon as I had dismounted at the hostelries along the road which we traveled together, I wrote them down, at evening as in the morning, to have a better record of them in times to come; for there is nothing so retentive as writing.»

Count Gaston received him hospitably, and filled his three months' sojourn with stories of great events. Then Froissart visited many towns of Provence and Languedoc. These peregrinations furnished much of the material for Book iii. Little more is known of his life, except with respect to a visit to England which he made in 1394, and which enabled him to collect material for a large part of Book iv., the last in the chronicle. He is supposed to have died at Chimay, later than 1400, and perhaps, as tradition asserts, in 1410.

It is an engaging picture, this, of a genial, sharp-eyed, somewhat worldly churchman, riding his gray horse over hill and dale in quest of knowledge. We can fancy him arriving at his inn of an evening, and at once asking the obsequious host what knight or other great person dwells in the neighborhood. He loses no time before calling at the castle, and is gladly admitted when he tells his well-known name. He is ready to pay for any historical information with a story from his own collection. He is welcome everywhere, and for his part does not regret the time thus spent, nor the money,—several fortunes, by his own count,—for he has the light heart of the true traveler. It is always sunshine where he goes. The clangor of arms and the blare of trumpets hover ever above the horizon. Around the corner of every hill sits a fair castle by a shining river. From town to town, from province to province, his love of listening draws him on. To realize the charm of journeying in those days, we must remember that the local customs and qualities were almost undisturbed by communication; two French cities only a score of miles apart would often differ from each other as much as Nuremberg does from Venice.

«And I tell you for a truth,» we read, «that to make these chronicles I have gone in my time much through the world, both to fulfill my pleasure by seeing the wonders of the earth, and to inquire about the arms and adventures that are written in this book.»

So to horse, good Canon of Chimay! Throw aside books; there is news of fighting in the South; after the battle, soldiers will talk. There have been deeds of courage and romance. Hasten thither, while the tale of them is new!

If he were not so celebrated as a chronicler, Froissart would be known as one of the last of the wandering minstrels. He had the roving foot; he lived by charming the rich into generosity with his recitals. And he wrote much poetry, which is little read, except where it has some autobiographical interest. We possess the long poems, 'L'Espinette Amoureuse,' 'Le Buisson de Jeunesse,' 'Le Dit du Florin,' and several shorter pieces, with fragments of his once famous versified romance 'Méliador.'

His great prose work, while professing to be a history, in distinction from the chronicles of previous writers, is however not an orderly narration, nor is it a philosophical treatment of political causes and effects. It is a collection of pictures and stories, without much unity except the constant purpose of exhibiting the prowess of knighthood. There is not much indication even of partisanship or patriotic feeling. Froissart generally gives due meed of praise to the best knight in every bout, the best battalion in every encounter, regardless of sides.

The subjects treated are so numerous and disparate that no general idea of them can be given. They cover the time from 1326 to 1394, and lead us through England, Scotland, Flanders, Hainault, France, Italy, Spain, and Northern Africa. Among the most interesting passages are the story of King Edward's campaign against the Scots; his march through France; the battle of Crécy; the siege of Calais; Wat Tyler's Rebellion, which Froissart the well-fed parasite treats with an odd and inconsistent mingling of horror and contempt; the Jacquerie, which he says was the work of peasant dogs, the scum of the earth; the battle of Poitiers, with a fine description of the Black Prince waiting at table on poor captured King Jean, and the rise and fall of Philip van Artevelde.

Froissart's chronicle used to be regarded as authoritative history. But as might have been expected from his mode of inquiry, it is full of geographical, chronological, and other errors. Getting his information by ear, he wrote proper names phonetically, or turned them into something resembling French. Thus Worcester becomes «Vaucestre,» Seymour «Simon,» Sutherland «Surlant,» Walter Tyler «Vautre Tuilier,» Edinburgh «Hedaimbourch,» Stirling «Eturmelin.» The persons from whom he got his material were generally partisans either of France or of England, and often told him their stories years after the events; so that although he tried to be impartial himself, and to offset one witness by another, he seldom heard a judicial account of a battle or a quarrel. He seems to have consulted few written records, though he might easily have seen the State papers of England and Hainault.

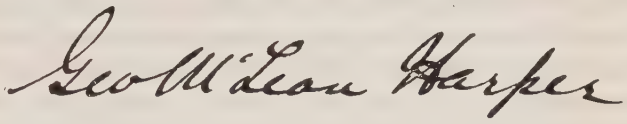
It is useless to blame him, however; for the writing of mere history was not his purpose. With all his fine devotion to his life work,—a devotion which is the more admirable when we consider his pleasure-loving nature,—with all his attention to fairness, his great concern was not so much to instruct as to delight, first himself, secondly the great people of his age, and lastly posterity, on whom he ever and anon cast a shrewd and longing glance. To please his contemporaries, he several times revised his work. Posterity has nearly always preferred what might be called the first edition, which is the most unconscious and entertaining, though the least precise.

But if we must deny him much of the value as a political historian which was once attributed to him, we may still regard him as a great authority for the general aspect of life in the fourteenth century. Manners, customs, morals, as well as armor and dress, are no doubt correctly portrayed in his book. We learn from it what was deemed virtue and what vice; we learn that although religion was sincerely professed by the upper classes, it was not very successfully practiced, and had amazingly little effect upon morals. We are struck, for instance, with the absence of imagination or sympathy which permitted people to witness the horrible tortures inflicted on prisoners and criminals, although their minds were frequently filled with visions of supernatural beings. Froissart unconsciously makes himself, too, a medium for studying human character in his time, by his negative morality, his complacent recording of crimes, his unconcerned mention of horrors. Yet from his bringing up as a poet, and his scholarly associations, and his connection with the Church, it is likely he was a gentler man than nine-tenths of the knights and squires and men-at-arms about him.

There is an indifference colder even than cynicism in his failure to remark on the sufferings of the poor, which were so awful in his age. It is the result of class prejudice, and seems deliberate. The burned village, the trampled grain-field, the cowering women, the starved children, the rotting corpses, the mangled forms of living and agonizing foot-soldiers,—all these consequences of war he sees and occasionally mentions, yet they hardly touch him. But he is forever mourning the death of stricken knights as if it were a woeful loss. Yet for all his association with the governing class, we never find ourselves thinking of him as anything but a commoner raised to fortune by genius and favor. He has not the distinction of Joinville, who was a nobleman in the conventional sense and also in the truest sense.

Froissart's merit, then, is not that he is a great political historian, nor even a great historian of the culture of his time. He did not see accurately enough to be the first, nor broadly and deeply and independently enough to be the second. But kindly Nature made him something else, and enabled him to win that name "which honoreth most and most endureth." She gave him the painter's eye, the poet's fancy, and it is as the artist of chivalry he lives to-day. His chronicle may be often false to historical fact, it may not display a broad and sympathetic intelligence or a generous impatience of conventionality, but it does please, it does enthrall. It is one of those books without moral intent, like the Arabian Nights, which the boys of all ages will persist in reading, and which men delight in if they love good pictures and good story-telling. No more lasting colors have come down to us from Venetian painters than those which rush

out from the words on his pages. His scenes do not take shape in our minds as etchings or engravings, but smile themselves into being, like oil-paintings. Sunlight, the glint of steel, red and yellow banners waving, white horses galloping over the sand, flashing armor, glittering spurs, the shining faces of eager men, fill with glory this great pictorial wonder-book of the Middle Ages.



THE INVASION OF FRANCE BY KING EDWARD III., AND THE BATTLE OF CRÉCY

From the 'Chronicles': Translation of John Bourchier, Lord Berners

How the King of England Rode Through Normandy

When the King of England arrived in the Hogue Saint-Vaast, the King issued out of his ship, and the first foot that he set on the ground he fell so rudely that the blood brast out of his nose. The knights that were about him took him up and said, "Sir, for God's sake enter again into your ship, and come not aland this day, for this is but an evil sign for us." Then the King answered quickly and said, "Wherefore? This is a good token for me, for the land desireth to have me." Of the which answer all his men were right joyful. So that day and night the King lodged on the sands, and in the mean time discharged the ships of their horses and other baggages; there the King made two marshals of his host, the one the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt and the other the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Arundel constable. And he ordained that the Earl of Huntingdon should keep the fleet of ships with a hundred men of arms and four hundred archers; and also he ordained three battles, one to go on his right hand, closing to the seaside, and the other on his left hand, and the King himself in the midst, and every night to lodge all in one field.

Thus they set forth as they were ordained, and they that went by the sea took all the ships that they found in their ways; and so long they went forth, what by sea and what by land, that they came to a good port and to a good town called Barfleur, the

which incontinent was won, for they within gave up for fear of death. Howbeit, for all that, the town was robbed, and much gold and silver there found, and rich jewels; there was found so much riches, that the boys and villains of the host set nothing by good furred gowns; they made all the men of the town to issue out and to go into the ships, because they would not suffer them to be behind them for fear of rebelling again. After the town of Barfleur was thus taken and robbed without brenning, then they spread abroad in the country and did what they list, for there was not to resist them. At last they came to a great and a rich town called Cherbourg; the town they won and robbed it, and brent part thereof, but into the castle they could not come, it was so strong and well furnished with men of war.

Of the Great Assembly that the French King Made to Resist the King of England

Thus by the Englishmen was brent, exiled, robbed, wasted, and pilled the good plentiful country of Normandy. Then the French King sent for the Lord John of Hainault, who came to him with a great number; also the King sent for other men of arms, dukes, earls, barons, knights, and squires, and assembled together the greatest number of people that had been seen in France a hundred year before. He sent for men into so far countries, that it was long or they came together, wherefore the King of England did what him list in the mean season. The French King heard well what he did, and sware and said how they should never return again unfought withal, and that such hurts and damages as they had done should be dearly revenged; wherefore he had sent letters to his friends in the Empire, to such as were farthest off, and also to the gentle King of Bohemia and to the Lord Charles his son, who from thenceforth was called King of Almaine; he was made King by the aid of his father and the French King, and had taken on him the arms of the Empire: the French King desired them to come to him with all their powers, to the intent to fight with the King of England, who brent and wasted his country. These Princes and Lords made them ready with great number of men of arms, of Almains, Bohemians, and Luxemburgers, and so came to the French King. Also King Philip sent to the Duke of Lorraine, who came to serve him with three hundred spears; also there came the Earl

[of] Salm in Saumois, the Earl of Sarrebruck, the Earl of Flanders, the Earl William of Namur, every man with a fair company.

Ye have heard herebefore of the order of the Englishmen; how they went in three battles, the marshals on the right hand and on the left, the King and the Prince of Wales his son in the midst. They rode but small journeys, and every day took their lodgings between noon and three of the clock, and found the country so fruitful that they needed not to make no provision for their host, but all only for wine; and yet they found reasonably sufficient thereof. It was no marvel, though, they of the country were afraid; for before that time they had never seen men of war, nor they wist not what war or battle meant. They fled away as far as they might hear speaking of the Englishmen, and left their houses well stuffed, and granges full of corn; they wist not how to save and keep it. The King of England and the Prince had in their battle a three thousand men of arms and six thousand archers, and a ten thousand men afoot, beside them that rode with the marshals. . . .

Then the King went toward Caen, the which was a greater town and full of drapery and other merchandise, and rich burgesses, noble ladies and damosels, and fair churches, and specially two great and rich abbeys, one of the Trinity, another of Saint Stephen; and on the one side of the town one of the fairest castles of all Normandy, and captain therein was Robert of Wargny, with three hundred Genoways, and in the town was the Earl of Eu and of Guines, Constable of France, and the Earl of Tancarville, with a good number of men of war. The King of England rode that day in good order and lodged all his battles together that night, a two leagues from Caen, in a town with a little haven called Austrehem, and thither came also all his navy of ships with the Earl of Huntingdon, who was governour of them.

The constable and other lords of France that night watched well the town of Caen, and in the morning armed them with all them of the town: then the constable ordained that none should issue out, but keep their defenses on the walls, gate, bridge, and river; and left the suburbs void, because they were not closed; for they thought they should have enough to do to defend the town, because it was not closed but with the river. They of the town said how they would issue out, for they were strong enough to fight with the King of England. When the constable saw their

good wills, he said, "In the name of God be it, ye shall not fight without me." Then they issued out in good order, and made good face to fight and to defend them and to put their lives in adventure.

Of the Battle of Caen, and How the Englishmen Took the Town

The same day the Englishmen rose early and appareled them ready to go to Caen.* The King heard mass before the sun-rising, and then took his horse, and the Prince his son, with Sir Godfrey of Harcourt, marshal and leader of the host, whose counsel the King much followed. Then they drew toward Caen with their battles in good array, and so approached the good town of Caen. When they of the town, who were ready in the field, saw these three battles coming in good order, with their banners and standards waving in the wind, and the archers, the which they had not been accustomed to see, they were sore afraid and fled away toward the town without any order or good array, for all that the constable could do; then the Englishmen pursued them eagerly. When the constable and the Earl Tancarville saw that, they took a gate at the entry and saved themselves and certain with them, for the Englishmen were entered into the town. Some of the knights and squires of France, such as knew the way to the castle, went thither, and the captain there received them all, for the castle was large. The Englishmen in the chase slew many, for they took none to mercy.

Then the constable and the Earl of Tancarville, being in the little tower at the bridge foot, looked along the street and saw their men slain without mercy; they doubted to fall in their hands. At last they saw an English knight with one eye, called Sir Thomas Holland, and a five or six other knights with him; they knew them, for they had seen them before in Pruce, in Granade, and in other viages. Then they called to Sir Thomas and said how they would yield themselves prisoners. Then Sir Thomas came thither with his company and mounted up into the gate, and there found the said lords with twenty-five knights with them, who yielded them to Sir Thomas; and he

*This was 26th July, 1346. Edward arrived at Poissy on 12th August; Philip of Valois left Paris on the 14th; the English crossed the Seine at Poissy on the 16th, and the Somme at Blanche-taque on the 24th.

took them for his prisoners and left company to keep them, and then mounted again on his horse and rode into the streets, and saved many lives of ladies, damosels, and cloisterers from defoiling,—for the soldiers were without mercy. It fell so well the same season for the Englishmen, that the river, which was able to bear ships, at that time was so low that men went in and out beside the bridge. They of the town were entered into their houses, and cast down into the street stones, timber, and iron, and slew and hurt more than five hundred Englishmen; wherewith the King was sore displeased. At night when he heard thereof, he commanded that the next day all should be put to the sword and the town brent; but then Sir Godfrey of Harcourt said:—"Dear sir, for God's sake assuage somewhat your courage, and let it suffice you that ye have done. Ye have yet a great voyage to do or ye come before Calais, whither ye purpose to go: and sir, in this town there is much people who will defend their houses, and it will cost many of your men their lives, or ye have all at your will; whereby peradventure ye shall not keep your purpose to Calais, the which should redound to your rack. Sir, save your people, for ye shall have need of them or this month pass; for I think verily your adversary King Philip will meet with you to fight, and ye shall find many strait passages and rencounters; wherefore your men, an ye had more, shall stand you in good stead: and sir, without any further slaying ye shall be lord of this town; men and women will put all that they have to your pleasure." Then the King said, "Sir Godfrey, you are our marshal; ordain everything as ye will." Then Sir Godfrey with his banner rode from street to street, and commanded in the King's name none to be so hardy to put fire in any house, to slay any person, nor to violate any woman. When they of the town heard that cry, they received the Englishmen into their houses and made them good cheer, and some opened their coffers and bade them take what them list, so they might be assured of their lives; howbeit there were done in the town many evil deeds, murders, and robberies. Thus the Englishmen were lords of the town three days and won great riches, the which they sent by barks and barges to Saint-Saviour by the river of Austrehem, a two leagues thence, whereas all their navy lay. Then the King sent the Earl of Huntingdon with two hundred men of arms and four hundred archers, with his navy and prisoners and riches that they had got, back again into England. And the King bought of Sir Thomas Holland the

Constable of France and the Earl of Tancarville, and paid for them twenty thousand nobles. . . .

The next day the King departed, brenning and wasting all before him, and at night lodged in a good village called Grandvilliers. The next day the King passed by Dargies; there was none to defend the castle, wherefore it was soon taken and brent. Then they went forth destroying the country all about, and so came to the castle of Poix, where there was a good town and two castles. There was nobody in them but two fair damosels, daughters to the Lord of Poix; they were soon taken, and had been violated, an two English knights had not been, Sir John Chandos and Sir Basset; they defended them and brought them to the King, who for his honor made them good cheer and demanded of them whither they would fainest go. They said, "To Corbie," and the King caused them to be brought thither without peril. That night the King lodged in the town of Poix. They of the town and of the castles spake that night with the marshals of the host, to save them and their town from brenning, and they to pay a certain sum of florins the next day as soon as the host was departed. This was granted them, and in the morning the King departed with all his host, except a certain that were left there to receive the money that they of the town had promised to pay. When they of the town saw the host depart and but a few left behind, then they said they would pay never a penny, and so ran out and set on the Englishmen, who defended themselves as well as they might and sent after the host for succor. When Sir Raynold Cobham and Sir Thomas Holland, who had the rule of the rear guard, heard thereof, they returned and cried, "Treason, treason!" and so came again to Poix-ward and found their companions still fighting with them of the town. Then anon they of the town were nigh all slain, and the town brent, and the two castles beaten down. Then they returned to the King's host, who was as then at Airaines and there lodged, and had commanded all manner of men on pain of death to do no hurt to no town of Arsyn,* for there the King was minded to lie a day or two to take advice how he might pass the river of Somme; for it was necessary for him to pass the river, as ye shall hear after.

* Probably a misunderstanding by Froissart of the English word «arson»: the king's command being not to burn the towns on the Somme, as he wanted them for shelter.

How the French King Followed the King of England in Beauvoisinois

Now let us speak of King Philip, who was at Saint-Denis and his people about him, and daily increased. Then on a day he departed and rode so long that he came to Coppegueule, a three leagues from Amiens, and there he tarried. The King of England, being at Airaines, wist not where for to pass the river of Somme, the which was large and deep, and all bridges were broken and the passages well kept. Then at the King's commandment his two marshals with a thousand men of arms and two thousand archers went along the river to find some passage, and passed by Longpré, and came to the bridge of Remy, the which was well kept with a great number of knights and squires and men of the country. The Englishmen alighted afoot and assailed the Frenchmen from the morning till it was noon; but the bridge was so well fortified and defended that the Englishmen departed without winning of anything. Then they went to a great town called Fountains, on the river of Somme, the which was clean robbed and brent, for it was not closed. Then they went to another town called Long-en-Ponthieu; they could not win the bridge, it was so well kept and defended. Then they departed and went to Picquigny, and found the town, the bridge, and the castle so well fortified that it was not likely to pass there; the French King had so well defended the passages, to the intent that the King of England should not pass the river of Somme, to fight with him at his advantage or else to famish him there.

When these two marshals had assayed in all places to find passage and could find none, they returned again to the King, and shewed how they could find no passage in no place. The same night the French King came to Amiens with more than a hundred thousand men. The King of England was right pensive, and the next morning heard mass before the sun-rising and then dislodged; and every man followed the marshals' banners, and so rode in the country of Vimeu approaching to the good town of Abbeville, and found a town thereby, whereunto was come much people of the country in trust of a little defense that was there; but the Englishmen anon won it, and all they that were within slain, and many taken of the town and of the country. The King took his lodging in a great hospital* that was there. The

* That is, a house of the Knights of St. John.

same day the French King departed from Amiens and came to Airaines about noon; and the Englishmen were departed thence in the morning. The Frenchmen found there great provision that the Englishmen had left behind them, because they departed in haste. There they found flesh ready on the broaches, bread and pasties in the ovens, wine in tuns and barrels, and the tables ready laid. There the French King lodged and tarried for his lords.

That night the King of England was lodged at Oisemont. At night when the two marshals were returned, who had that day overrun the country to the gates of Abbeville and to Saint-Valery and made a great skirmish there, then the King assembled together his council and made to be brought before him certain prisoners of the country of Ponthieu and of Vimeu. The King right courteously demanded of them if there were any among them that knew any passage beneath Abbeville, that he and his host might pass over the river of Somme: if he would shew him thereof, he should be quit of his ransom, and twenty of his company for his love. There was a varlet called Gobin Agace, who stepped forth and said to the King:—"Sir, I promise you on the jeopardy of my head I shall bring you to such a place, whereas ye and all your host shall pass the river of Somme without peril. There be certain places in the passage that ye shall pass twelve men afront two times between day and night; ye shall not go in the water to the knees. But when the flood cometh, the river then waxeth so great that no man can pass; but when the flood is gone, the which is two times between day and night, then the river is so low that it may be passed without danger both a-horseback and afoot. The passage is hard in the bottom, with white stones, so that all your carriage may go surely; therefore the passage is called Blanche-Taque. An ye make ready to depart betimes, ye may be there by the sun-rising." The King said, "If this be true that ye say, I quit thee thy ransom and all thy company, and moreover shall give thee a hundred nobles." Then the King commanded every man to be ready at the sound of the trumpet to depart.

Of the Battle of Blanche-Taque

The King of England slept not much that night, for at midnight he arose and sowned his trumpet; then incontinent they made ready carriages and all things, and at the breaking of the day they departed from the town of Oisemont and rode after the guiding of Gobin Agace, so that they came by the sun-rising to Blanche-Taque: but as then the flood was up, so that they might not pass, so the King tarried there till it was prime; then the ebb came.

The French King had his currours in the country, who brought him word of the demeanor of the Englishmen. Then he thought to close the King of England between Abbeville and the river of Somme, and so to fight with him at his pleasure. And when he was at Amiens he had ordained a great baron of Normandy, called Sir Godemar du Fay, to go and keep the passage of Blanche-Taque, where the Englishmen must pass or else in none other place. He had with him a thousand men of arms and six thousand afoot, with the Genoways; so they went by Saint-Riquier in Ponthieu and from thence to Crotoy, whereas the passage lay: and also he had with him a great number of men of the country, and also a great number of them of Montreuil, so that they were a twelve thousand men one and other.

When the English host was come thither, Sir Godemar du Fay arranged all his company to defend the passage. The King of England let not for all that; but when the flood was gone, he commanded his marshals to enter into the water in the name of God and St. George. Then they that were hardy and courageous entered on both parties, and many a man reversed. There were some of the Frenchmen of Artois and Picardy that were as glad to joust in the water as on the dry land.

The Frenchmen defended so well the passage at the issuing out of the water, that they had much to do. The Genoways did them great trouble with their cross-bows; on the other side the archers of England shot so wholly together, that the Frenchmen were fain to give place to the Englishmen. There was a sore battle, and many a noble feat of arms done on both sides. Finally the Englishmen passed over and assembled together in the field. The King and the Prince passed, and all the lords; then the Frenchmen kept none array, but departed, he that might

best. When Sir Godemar saw that discomfiture, he fled and saved himself; some fled to Abbeville and some to Saint-Riquiers. They that were there afoot could not flee, so that there were slain a great number of them of Abbeville, Montreuil, Rue, and of Saint-Riquiers; the chase endured more than a great league. And as yet all the Englishmen were not passed the river, and certain currours of the King of Bohemia and of Sir John of Hainault came on them that were behind, and took certain horses and carriages and slew divers, or they could take the passage.

The French King the same morning was departed from Airaines, trusting to have found the Englishmen between him and the river of Somme; but when he heard how that Sir Godemar du Fay and his company were discomfited, he tarried in the field and demanded of his marshals what was best to do. They said, "Sir, ye cannot pass the river but at the bridge of Abbeville, for the flood is come in at Blanche-Taque;" then he returned and lodged at Abbeville.

The King of England, when he was past the river, he thanked God, and so rode forth in like manner as he did before. Then he called Gobin Agace and did quit him his ransom and all his company, and gave him a hundred nobles and a good horse. And so the King rode forth fair and easily, and thought to have lodged in a great town called Noyelles; but when he knew that the town pertained to the Countess d'Aumale, sister to the Lord Robert of Artois,* the King assured the town and country as much as pertained to her, and so went forth: and his marshals rode to Crotoy on the seaside and brent the town, and found in the haven many ships and barks charged with wines of Poitou, pertaining to the merchants of Saintonge and of Rochelle; they brought the best thereof to the King's host. Then one of the marshals rode to the gates of Abbeville and from thence to Saint-Riquiers, and after to the town of Rue-Saint-Esprit. This was on a Friday, and both battles of the marshals returned to the King's host about noon and so lodged all together near to Cressy in Ponthieu.

The King of England was well informed how the French King followed after him to fight. Then he said to his company, "Let us take here some plot of ground, for we will go no farther till we have seen our enemies. I have good cause here to abide

*She was in fact his daughter.

them, for I am on the right heritage of the Queen my mother, the which land was given at her marriage: I will challenge it of mine adversary Philip of Valois." And because that he had not the eighth part in number of men as the French King had, therefore he commanded his marshals to chose a plot of ground somewhat for his advantage; and so they did, and thither the King and his host went. Then he sent his currours to Abbeville, to see if the French King drew that day into the field or not. They went forth and returned again, and said how they could see none appearance of his coming; then every man took their lodging for that day, and to be ready in the morning at the sound of the trumpet in the same place. This Friday the French King tarried still in Abbeville abiding for his company, and sent his two marshals to ride out to see the dealing of the Englishmen; and at night they returned, and said how the Englishmen were lodged in the fields. That night the French King made a supper to all the chief lords that were there with him, and after supper the King desired them to be friends each to other. The King looked for the Earl of Savoy, who should come to him with a thousand spears, for he had received wages for a three months of them at Troyes in Champagne.

Of the Order of the Englishmen at Cressy

On the Friday, as I said before, the King of England lay in the fields, for the country was plentiful of wines and other victual, and if need had been, they had provision following in carts and other carriages. That night the King made a supper to all his chief lords of his host and made them good cheer; and when they were all departed to take their rest, then the King entered into his oratory and kneeled down before the altar, praying God devoutly that if he fought the next day, that he might achieve the journey to His honor; then about midnight he laid him down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes and heard mass, and the Prince his son with him, and the most part of his company, were confessed and houseled; and after the mass said, he commanded every man to be armed and to draw to the field to the same place before appointed. Then the King caused a park to be made by the wood-side behind his host, and there was set all carts and carriages, and within the park were all their

horses, for every man was afoot; and into this park there was but one entry. Then he ordained three battles: In the first was the young Prince of Wales, with him the Earl of Warwick and Oxford, the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt, Sir Raynold Cobham, Sir Thomas Holland, the Lord Stafford, the Lord of Mohun, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Sir Bartholomew de Burghersh, Sir Robert Nevill, the Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Bourchier, the Lord de Latimer, and divers other knights and squires that I cannot name; they were an eight hundred men of arms and two thousand archers, and a thousand of other with the Welshmen; every lord drew to the field appointed under his own banner and pennon. In the second battle was the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Ros, the Lord Lucy, the Lord Willoughby, the Lord Basset, the Lord of Saint-Aubin, Sir Louis Tufton, the Lord of Multon, the Lord Lascelles and divers other, about an eight hundred men of arms and twelve hundred archers. The third battle had the King; he had seven hundred men of arms and two thousand archers. Then the King leapt on a hobby, with a white rod in his hand, one of his marshals on the one hand and the other on the other hand: he rode from rank to rank desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honor. He spake it so sweetly and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the seeing and hearing of him. And when he had thus visited all his battles, it was then nine of the day; then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and so they did at their leisure. And afterward they ordered again their battles; then every man lay down on the earth and by him his salet and bow, to be the more fresher when their enemies should come.

The Order of the Frenchmen at Cressy, and How they Beheld the Demeanor of the Englishmen

This Saturday the French King rose betimes and heard mass in Abbeville in his lodging in the abbey of St. Peter, and he departed after the sun-rising. When he was out of the town two leagues, approaching towards his enemies, some of his lords said to him, "Sir, it were good that ye ordered your battles, and let all your footmen pass somewhat on before, that they be not troubled with the horsemen." Then the King sent four

knights, the Moine [of] Bazeilles, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu, and the Lord d'Aubigny, to ride to aview the English host; and so they rode so near that they might well see part of their dealing. The Englishmen saw them well and knew well how they were come thither to aview them; they let them alone and made no countenance toward them, and let them return as they came. And when the French King saw these four knights return again, he tarried till they came to him and said, "Sirs, what tidings?" These four knights each of them looked on other, for there was none would speak before his companion; finally the King said to [the] Moine, who pertained to the King of Bohemia and had done in his days so much that he was reputed for one of the valiantest knights of the world, "Sir, speak you." Then he said:—"Sir, I shall speak, sith it pleaseth you, under the correction of my fellows. Sir, we have ridden and seen the behaving of your enemies: know ye for truth they are rested in three battles abiding for you. Sir, I will counsel you as for my part, saving your displeasure, that you and all your company rest here and lodge for this night; for or they that be behind of your company be come hither, and or your battles be set in good order, it will be very late, and your people be weary and out of array, and ye shall find your enemies fresh and ready to receive you. Early in the morning ye may order your battles at more leisure and advise your enemies at more deliberation, and to regard well what way ye will assail them; for, sir, surely they will abide you."

Then the King commanded that it should be so done. Then his two marshals one rode before, another behind, saying to every banner, "Tarry and abide here in the name of God and St. Denis." They that were foremost tarried, but they that were behind would not tarry, but rode forth, and said how they would in no wise abide till they were as far forward as the foremost; and when they before saw them come on behind, then they rode forward again, so that the King nor his marshals could not rule them. So they rode without order or good array, till they came in sight of their enemies; and as soon as the foremost saw them they reculed then aback without good array, whereof they behind had marvel and were abashed, and thought that the foremost company had been fighting. Then they might have had leisure and room to have gone forward, if they had list; some went forth, and some abode still. The commons, of

whom all the ways between Abbeville and Cressy were full, when they saw that they were near to their enemies, they took their swords and cried, "Down with them! let us slay them all." There is no man, though he were present at the journey, that could imagine or shew the truth of the evil order that was among the French party, and yet they were a marvelous great number. That I write in this book I learned it specially of the Englishmen, who well beheld their dealing; and also certain knights of Sir John of Hainault's, who was always about King Philip, shewed me as they knew.

Of the Battle of Cressy, August 26th, 1346

The Englishmen, who were in three battles lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily without any haste, and arranged their battles. The first, which was the Prince's battle, the archers there stood in manner of a herse and the men of arms in the bottom of the battle. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel with the second battle were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the Prince's battle, if need were.

The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order, for some came before and some came after, in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another. When the French King saw the Englishmen his blood changed, and said to his marshals, "Make the Genoways go on before, and begin the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis." There were of the Genoways' cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day a six leagues armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables, "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms: we have more need of rest." These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said, "A man is well at case to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also the same season there fell a great rain and a clipse with a terrible thunder, and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and

bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyen and on the Englishmen's backs. When the Genoways were assembled together and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still and stirred not for all that; then the Genoways again the second time made another leap and a fell cry, and stept forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot; thirdly, again they leapt and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stept forth one pace and let fly their arrows so wholly [together] and so thick, that it seemed snow. When the Genoways felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows, and did cut their strings and returned discomfited. When the French King saw them fly away, he said, "Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men of arms dash in among them and killed a great number of them; and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw thickest press: the sharp arrows ran into the men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoways, and when they were down, they could not relieve again; the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot with great knives, and they went in among the men of arms and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires; whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

The valiant King of Bohemia called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble Emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him, "Where is the Lord Charles my son?" His men said, "Sir, we cannot tell; we think he be fighting." Then he said, "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey: I require you bring me so far forward that I may strike one stroke with my sword." They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all their reins of their bridles each to other and set the King before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia his son, who wrote himself King of Almaine and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle; but when he saw

that the matter went awry on their party, he departed, I cannot tell you which way. The King his father was so far forward that he strake a stroke with his sword, yea, and more than four, and fought valiantly, and so did his company; and they adventured themselves so forward that they were there all slain, and the next day they were found in the place about the King, and all their horses tied each to other.

The Earl of Alençon came to the battle right ordinately and fought with the Englishmen, and the Earl of Flanders also on his part. These two lords with their companies coasted the English archers and came to the Prince's battle, and there fought valiantly long. The French King would fain have come thither, when he saw their banners, but there was a great hedge of archers before him. The same day the French King had given a great black courser to Sir John of Hainault, and he made the Lord Thierry of Senzeille to ride on him and to bear his banner. The same horse took the bridle in the teeth and brought him through all the currours of the Englishmen, and as he would have returned again, he fell in a great dike and was sore hurt, and had been there dead, an his page had not been, who followed him through all the battles and saw where his master lay in the dike, and had none other let but for his horse; for the Englishmen would not issue out of their battle for taking of any prisoner. Then the page alighted and relieved his master: then he went not back again the same way that they came; there was too many in his way.

This battle between Broye and Cressy this Saturday was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms done that came not to my knowledge. In the night divers knights and squires lost their masters, and sometime came on the Englishmen, who received them in such wise that they were ever nigh slain; for there was none taken to mercy nor to ransom, for so the Englishmen were determined.

In the morning the day of the battle certain Frenchmen and Almains perforce opened the archers of the Prince's battle, and came and fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succor the Prince's battle, the which was time, for they had as then much ado; and they with the Prince sent a messenger to the King, who was on a little windmill hill. Then the knight said to the King, "Sir, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Raynold

Cobham and other, such as be about the Prince your son, are fiercely fought withal and are sore handled; wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them; for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado." Then the King said, "Is my son dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?" "No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Well," said the King, "return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive: and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this journey be his and the honor thereof, and to them that be about him." Then the knight returned again to them and shewed the King's words, the which greatly encouraged them, and repoined in that they had sent to the King as they did.

Sir Godfrey of Harcourt would gladly that the Earl of Harcourt, his brother, might have been saved; for he heard say by them that saw his banner how that he was there in the field on the French party: but Sir Godfrey could not come to him betimes, for he was slain or he could come at him, and so was also the Earl of Aumale his nephew. In another place the Earl of Alençon and the Earl of Flanders fought valiantly, every lord under his own banner; but finally they could not resist against the puissance of the Englishmen, and so there they were also slain, and divers other knights and squires. Also the Earl Louis of Blois, nephew to the French King, and the Duke of Lorraine, fought under their banners; but at last they were closed in among a company of Englishmen and Welshmen, and there were slain for all their prowess. Also there was slain the Earl of Auxerre, the Earl of Saint-Pol, and many other.

In the evening the French King, who had left about him no more than a threescore persons, one and other, whereof Sir John of Hainault was one, who had remounted once the King, for his horse was slain with an arrow, then he said to the King, "Sir, depart hence, for it is time; lose not yourself willfully: if ye have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season." And so he took the King's horse by the bridle and led him away in a manner perforce. Then the King rode till he came to the castle of Broye. The gate was closed, because it was by that time dark: then the King called the captain, who came to the

walls and said, "Who is that calleth there this time of night?" Then the King said, "Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of France." The captain knew then it was the King, and opened the gate and let down the bridge. Then the King entered, and he had with him but five barons, Sir John of Hainault, Sir Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord d'Aubigny, and the Lord of Montsault. The King would not tarry there, but drank and departed thence about midnight, and so rode by such guides as knew the country till he came in the morning to Amiens, and there he rested.

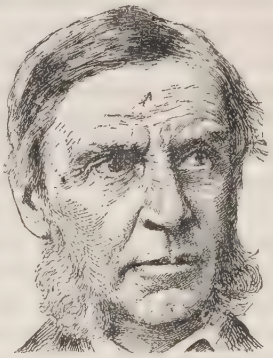
This Saturday the Englishmen never departed from their battles for chasing of any man, but kept still their field, and ever defended themselves against all such as came to assail them. This battle ended about evensong time.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

(1818–1894)

BY CHARLES FREDERICK JOHNSON

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, English historian and essayist, was born April 23d, 1818, and died October 20th, 1894. His father was a clergyman, and the son was sent to Westminster School and to Oriel College, Oxford. In 1842 he became a fellow of Exeter, and two years later he was ordained a deacon; an office which he did not formally lay down until many years later, although his earliest publications, 'Shadows of the Clouds' and 'Nemesis of Faith,' showed that he had come to hold — and what perhaps is more to the point, dared to express, — views hardly compatible with the character of a docile and unreasoning neophyte.



J. A. FROUDE

These books were severely censured by the authorities, and cost him — to the great benefit of the world — an appointment he had received of teacher in Tasmania. He resigned his fellowship and took up the profession of letters, writing much for Fraser and the Westminster, and becoming for a short period the editor of the former. His *magnum opus* is his 'History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada,' in twelve volumes, from 1856 to 1870. His other principal publications are — 'The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century' (1874); 'Cæsar' (1879); 'Bunyan' 1880); 'Thomas Carlyle (first forty years of his life)' (1882); 'Life in London' (1884); 'Short Studies on Great Subjects' (1882, four series); 'The Two Chiefs of Dunboy' (1889); 'The English in the West Indies' (1889); 'The Divorce of Catharine of Aragon' (1892); 'The Life and Letters of Erasmus' (1892); 'English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century' (1892); and 'The Council of Trent.' 'Shadows of the Clouds,' 'The Nemesis of Faith,' and 'The Two Chiefs of Dunboy' are in the form of fiction; and though they — especially the last — contain some charming descriptive passages, and evince some of Froude's power of character sketching, they serve on the whole to prove that he was not a novelist. The fortunes of his

group of people are of less absorbing interest to him than questions of social and racial ethics. There is nothing more annoying than to have an essayist stand behind a story-teller and interrupt him from time to time with acute philosophical comments on ultimate causes. The characters of Morty and Sylvester Sullivan are admirably contrasted Celtic types, but both they and the English Colonel Goring are a trifle stagy and stiff in their joints. The murders of the two chiefs, Morty Sullivan and Colonel Goring, are dramatically told; but Froude's deficient sense of humor, at least of that quality of humor which gives a subtle sense of congruity, results in an attempt to combine the elements of the tale and the didactic society in impossible proportions. He is an essayist and historian, not a novel-writer.

Froude stands before the English-reading public prominent in three characteristics: First, as a technical prose artist, in which regard he is entitled to be classed with Ruskin, Newman, and Pater; less enthusiastic and elaborately ornamental than the first, less musically and delicately fallacious than the second, and less self-conscious and phrase-caressing than the third, but carrying a solider burden of thought than all three. Second, as a historian of the modern school, which aims by reading the original records to produce an independent view of historical periods. Third, as the most clear-sighted and broad-minded of those whose position near the centre of the Oxford movement and intimacy with the principal actors gave them an insight into its inner nature.

There can be but one opinion of Froude as a master of English. In some of his early work there are traces of the manner of Macaulay in the succession of short assertive sentences, most of which an ordinary writer would group as limiting clauses about the main assertion. This method gives a false appearance of vigor and definiteness; it makes easy reading by relieving the mind from the necessity of weighing the modifying propositions: but it is entirely unadapted to nice modulations of thought. Froude very soon avoided the vices of Macaulayism, and attained a narrative style which must be regarded as the best in an age which has paid more attention than any other to the art of telling a story. In descriptive historical narrative he is unrivaled, because he is profoundly impressed not only with the dramatic qualities but with the real significance of a scene; unlike Macaulay, to whom the superficial theatrical elements appeal. A reading of Macaulay's description of the trial of Warren Hastings, and Froude's narrative of the killing of Thomas Becket or of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, will bring out at once Froude's radical superiority in both conception and execution.

This is not the place to debate the question of Froude's historical accuracy, further than to remark that he was an industrious reader

of historical documents, and by nature a seeker after the truth. If a profound conviction of the harmfulness of ecclesiasticism colored the light with which he illuminated the records of the past, we must remember that history is at best largely the impressions of historians; and that if it be true that Froude does present one side, it is the side on which the warnings to posterity are most distinctly inscribed. A reading of the controversy between Froude and Freeman in the calmer light of the present leads to the conclusion that the *suppressio veri* with which Froude was charged is not a *suggestio falsi*, but an artistic selection of the characteristic. He felt a certain contempt for the minute and meaningless fidelity to the record, which is not writing history but editing documents. He possessed, too, among his other literary powers, the rare one of being able to individualize the man whose life he studies and of presenting the character so as to be consistent and human. This power fills his history and sketch with rare personalities. Thomas Becket, Henry III., Henry VIII., Queen Catharine, Mary Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth, are more than historical portraits in the ordinary sense: they are conceptions of individuals, vivified by the artistic sense. Whether or not they are true to the originals as reflected in the contemporary documents, they are at least human possibilities, and therefore truer than the distorted automata that lie in state on the pages of some historians. A human character is so exceedingly complex and so delicately balanced with contradictory elements, that it is probable that no two persons ever estimate it exactly alike. Besides, prominent historical personages become in the popular imagination invested with exaggerated attributes, and it is not likely that men will ever agree even as to which of them was the hero and which the villain of the drama. It was to be expected that Froude should be violently assailed by those who accepted a traditional view of Henry VIII. and of Mary. It was inevitable that he should differ from them, because he had more than a view: he had a conception. His historical personages are certainly possibilities, because they are human, and the traditional figures are either monsters or saints; and humanity — at least Teutonic humanity — does not produce unadulterated saints nor unrelieved monsters.

While Froude's historical work has been criticized for lack of minute accuracy in details, his books on Carlyle have been criticized for the opposite fault of quoting too fully and literally; from letters and journals, matter never intended for the public, and of a nature not only to wound living persons but to create an erroneous impression of the writer. The habit of expressing himself in pithy and pungent personalities seems to have been with Carlyle a sort of intellectual exercise, and should not necessarily be taken as an index of morose ill-temper. A very delicate literary tact was necessary to his

literary executor, in selecting from the matter put in his hands that which would combine to make a true picture of a crude and powerful genius without making him appear to the ordinary reader a selfish, willful man. Froude's idea of the duty of an editor of contemporary biography seems to have been that it was limited to careful publication of all the available material as *mémoires pour servir*. Such miscellaneous printing may in the end serve truth, but at the time it arouses resentment. It resulted, however, in the production of a book far preferable to the non-committal, evasive, destructively laudatory biography of a public man, of which every year brings a new specimen. It is at least honest, if not tactful.

Froude's early connection with the Oxford movement and his work on the Lives of the Saints first called his attention to the study of historical documents, and to the large amount of fiction with which truth is diluted in them. His further researches among the authorities recently made accessible, for the history of the destruction of the monasteries, impressed on him the fact that an assumption of spiritual authority is as dangerous to those who assume it as to those over whom it is assumed, exactly as physical slavery is in the end as harmful to the masters as it is to the slaves. He saw that ecclesiasticism had been profoundly hostile to morals, and he judged the present by the past till he really believed that the precious fruits of the Reformation would be lost if the ritualists obtained control of the Church. He persuaded himself that under such influence —

> «Civilization would ebb, the great moral lights be extinguished,
> Over the world would creep an unintelligent darkness
> Under which men would be portioned anew 'twixt the priest and the soldier.»

It is perhaps too much to expect of a man of the imaginative temperament of Froude, to whom the abominations of the Church from the twelfth to the sixteenth century were as real as if he had witnessed them, to retain judicial calmness under the vituperation with which he was assailed; but his profound distrust of the mediæval Church certainly does give an air of partisanship to his strictures on its modern ineffectual revival. He forgot that great principles of justice and toleration are now so embodied in law and fixed in the hearts of the English-speaking people that society is protected, and the evils of spiritual tyranny are restricted to the few who are willing to abase their intellects to it; that the corroding evil of conventual life is minimized by healthy outside influences; and that the most advanced modern ritualist would prove too good a Christian to light an *auto da fé*. It was but natural that he should forget this, for he was a strong man in the centre of the conflict, and independence was the core of his being.

This strength of independence is shown by the fact that though young, and profoundly sensitive to the attraction of a character like Newman's, he was from the first able to resist the fascination which that remarkable man exerted over all with whom he came in contact. The pure spiritual nature possesses a mysterious power over young men, so great that they often yield to its counterfeit. Newman was the true priest, and Froude recognized his genius and that his soul was "an adumbration of the Divine." But he felt instinctively the radical unsoundness of Newman's thought, and "would not follow, though an angel led." Others fell off for prudential reasons; but Froude was indifferent to these, and obedient to a conviction the strength of which must be estimated by the depth of his feeling for character.

Froude was sometimes criticized for writing history under the influence of personal feeling. It is difficult to see how a readable history can be written except by one who at least takes an interest in the story; but whether capacity for feeling makes a man a less trustworthy historian, depends upon how far this emotional susceptibility is controlled by intellectual insight and just views of the laws under which society develops. That Froude was an absolutely perfect historian, no one would claim: he was too intensely human to be perfect. It is safe to say that the perfect historian will not exist until Shakespeare and Bacon reappear combined in one man. For the great historian must be both scholar and artist. As scholar he must possess, too, both the acquisitive and the organizing intellect. He must both gather facts and interpret them. He must have the artistic sense which selects from the vast mass of fact that which is significant. This power of artistic selection is of course influenced by his unconscious ideals, by his conception of the relative importance of the forces which move mankind, and of the ultimate goal of progress. His philosophy directs his art, and his art interprets in the light of his philosophy.

It may be admitted that Froude possesses a larger share of the artistic than of the philosophic qualities necessary to the great historian. At times his hatred of ecclesiasticism becomes almost a prejudice. In his writings on Irish and colonial questions he evinces the Englishman's love of the right, but sometimes, unfortunately, the Englishman's inability to do justice to other races in points which distinguish them from his own. In some expressions he seems to distrust democracy in much the same unreasoning way in which Mr. Ruskin distrusts machinery. He had imbibed something of Mr. Carlyle's belief in the "strong man"; though he, no more than Carlyle, can show how the strong, just ruler can be produced or selected. But a more serious deficiency in Froude's philosophy arises from his

imperfect conception of the method of evolution which governs all organizations, civil and religious, so that they continually throw off short-lived varieties and history becomes a continual giving way of the old order to the new. To fear, as Froude seems to, lest a survival may become a governing type, is as unreasonable as to fear that old men will live forever. Certainly he would have taken a juster, saner view of the English Reformation, had he been convinced that all the collisions between the moral laws and the rebellious wills of men, which are the burden of the years, are in the end obliterated in the slow onward movement of the race; but then perhaps his history would have lost in interest what it might have gained in philosophic breadth and balance. For it cannot be denied that feeling has given his narrative that most valuable quality — life.

The general recognition of Froude's power, and the growing conviction that he was far nearer right than the theological school he so cordially detested, was vindicated by his appointment as Professor of History at Oxford to succeed Freeman, one of the severest critics of his historical fairness. He lived to deliver but three courses of lectures, one of which has been published in that delightful volume 'The Life and Letters of Erasmus.' The others, 'English Seamen of the XVIth Century,' 'Lectures on the Council of Trent,' and the very able paper on Job in 'Short Studies on Great Subjects,' even if taken by themselves, would cause us to form a high opinion of the scope and range of Froude's powers. Those to whom brilliancy is synonymous with unsoundness may perhaps continue to call him merely a "brilliant writer"; but the general verdict will be that his brilliancy is the structural adornment of a well-fitted framework of thought.

Charles F. Johnson

THE GROWTH OF ENGLAND'S NAVY

From 'English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century'

JEAN PAUL the German poet said that God had given to France the empire of the land, to England the empire of the sea, and to his own country the empire of the air. The world has changed since Jean Paul's days. The wings of France have been clipped: the German Empire has become a solid thing: but England still holds her watery dominion; Britannia does still rule the waves, and in this proud position she has spread the English

race over the globe; she is peopling new Englands at the Antipodes; she has made her Queen Empress of India; and is in fact the very considerable phenomenon in the social and political world which all acknowledge her to be. And all this she has achieved in the course of three centuries, entirely in consequence of her predominance as an ocean power. Take away her merchant fleets, take away the navy that guards them,—her empire will come to an end, her colonies will fall off like leaves from a withered tree, and Britain will become once more an insignificant island in the North Sea, for the future students in Australian and New Zealand universities to discuss the fate of in their debating societies.

How the English navy came to hold so extraordinary a position is worth reflecting on. Much has been written on it, but little, as it seems to me, which touches the heart of the matter. We are shown the power of our country growing and expanding. But how it grew; why, after a sleep of so many hundred years, the genius of our Scandinavian forefathers suddenly sprang again into life,—of this we are left without explanation.

The beginning was undoubtedly the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. Down to that time the sea sovereignty belonged to the Spaniards, and had been fairly won by them. The conquest of Granada had stimulated and elevated the Spanish character. The subjects of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Charles V., and Philip II., were extraordinary men and accomplished extraordinary things. They stretched the limits of the known world; they conquered Mexico and Peru; they planted their colonies over the South-American continent; they took possession of the great West-Indian islands, and with so firm a grasp that Cuba at least will never lose the mark of the hand which seized it. They built their cities as if for eternity. They spread to the Indian Ocean, and gave their monarch's name to the Philippines. All this they accomplished in half a century, and as it were, they did it with a single hand; with the other they were fighting Moors and Turks, and protecting the coasts of the Mediterranean from the corsairs of Tunis and Constantinople.

They had risen on the crest of the wave, and with their proud *Non Sufficit Orbis* were looking for new worlds to conquer, at a time when the bark of the English water-dogs had scarcely been heard beyond their own fishing grounds, and the largest merchant vessel sailing from the port of London was scarce bigger

than a modern coasting collier. And yet within the space of a single ordinary life these insignificant islanders had struck the sceptre from the Spaniards' grasp and placed the ocean crown on the brow of their own sovereign. How did it come about? What Cadmus had sown dragons' teeth in the furrows of the sea, for the race to spring from who manned the ships of Queen Elizabeth, who carried the flag of their own country round the globe, and challenged and fought the Spaniards on their own coasts and in their own harbors?

The English sea power was the legitimate child of the Reformation. It grew, as I shall show you, directly out of the new despised Protestantism. Matthew Parker and Bishop Jewell, the judicious Hooker himself, excellent men as they were, would have written and preached to small purpose without Sir Francis Drake's cannon to play an accompaniment to their teaching. And again, Drake's cannon would not have roared so loudly and so widely, without seamen already trained in heart and hand to work his ships and level his artillery. It was to the superior seamanship, the superior quality of English ships and crews, that the Spaniards attributed their defeat. Where did these ships come from? Where and how did these mariners learn their trade? Historians talk enthusiastically of the national spirit of a people rising with a united heart to repel the invader, and so on. But national spirit could not extemporize a fleet, or produce trained officers and sailors to match the conquerors of Lepanto. One slight observation I must make here at starting, and certainly with no invidious purpose. It has been said confidently,—it has been repeated, I believe, by all modern writers,—that the Spanish invasion suspended in England the quarrels of creed, and united Protestants and Roman Catholics in defense of their Queen and country. They remind us especially that Lord Howard of Effingham, who was Elizabeth's admiral, was himself a Roman Catholic. But was it so? The Earl of Arundel, the head of the House of Howard, was a Roman Catholic, and he was in the Tower praying for the success of Medina Sidonia. Lord Howard of Effingham was no more a Roman Catholic than —I hope I am not taking away their character—than the present Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of London. He was a Catholic, but an English Catholic, as those reverend prelates are. Roman Catholic he could not possibly have been, nor any one who on that great occasion was found on the side of

Elizabeth. A Roman Catholic is one who acknowledges the Roman Bishop's authority. The Pope had excommunicated Elizabeth, had pronounced her deposed, had absolved her subjects from their allegiance and forbidden them to fight for her. No Englishman who fought on that great occasion for English liberty was, or could have been, in communion with Rome. Loose statements of this kind, lightly made, fall in with the modern humor. They are caught up, applauded, repeated, and pass unquestioned into history. It is time to correct them a little.

THE DEATH OF COLONEL GORING

From 'Two Chiefs of Dunboy'

FATALLY mistaking what was intended for a friendly warning, the colonel conceived that there was some one in the forge whom the smith wanted to conceal.

"I may return or not," he said; "but I must first have a word with these strangers of yours. We can meet as friends for once, with nothing to dispute over."

Minahan made no further attempt to prevent him from going in. If gentlemen chose to have their quarrels, he muttered between his teeth, it was no business of his.

Goring pushed open the door and entered. By the dim light — for the shutter that had been thrown back had been closed again, and the only light came from a window in the roof — he made out three figures standing together at the further end of the forge, in one of whom, though he tried to conceal himself, he instantly recognized his visitor of the previous evening.

"You here, my man?" he said. "You left my house two hours ago. Why are you not on your way home?"

Sylvester, seeing he was discovered, turned his face full round, and in a voice quietly insolent, replied, "I fell in with some friends of mine on the road. We had a little business together, and it is good luck that has brought your honor to us while we are talking, for the jintlemen here have a word or two they would like to be saying to ye, colonel, before ye leave them."

"To me!" said Goring, turning from Sylvester to the two figures, whose faces were still covered by their cloaks. "If these gentlemen are what I suppose them to be, I am glad to meet them, and will hear willingly what they may have to say."

« Perhaps less willingly than you think, Colonel Goring," said the taller of the two, who rose and stepped behind him to the door, which he closed and barred. Goring, looking at him with some surprise, saw that he was the person whom he had met on the mountains, and had afterwards seen at the funeral at Derreen. The third man rose from a bench on which he had been leaning, lifted his cap, and said:—

« There is an old proverb, sir, that short accounts make long friends. There can be no friendship between you and me, but the account between us is of very old standing. I have returned to Ireland, only for a short stay; I am about to leave it, never to come back. A gentleman and a soldier, like yourself, cannot wish that I should go while that account is still unsettled. Our fortunate meeting here this morning provides us with an opportunity."

It was Morty's voice that he heard, and Morty's face that he saw as he became accustomed to the gloom. He looked again at the pretended messenger from the carded curate, and he then remembered the old Sylvester who had brought the note from Lord Fitzmaurice to the agent from Kenmare. In an instant the meaning of the whole situation flashed across him. It was no casual re-encounter. He had been enticed into the place where he found himself, with some sinister and perhaps deadly purpose. A strange fatality had forced him again and again into collision with the man of whose ancestral lands he had come into possession. Once more, by a deliberate and treacherous contrivance, he and the chief of the O'Sullivans had been brought face to face together, and he was alone, without a friend within call of him; unless his tenant, who as he could now see had intended to give him warning, would interfere further in his defense. And of this he knew Ireland well enough to be aware that there was little hope.

He supposed that they intended to murder him. The door, at which he involuntarily glanced, was fastened by this time with iron bolts. He was a man of great personal strength and activity, but in such a situation neither would be likely to avail him. Long inured to danger, and ready at all moments to meet whatever peril might threaten him, he calmly faced his adversary and said:—

« This meeting is not accidental, as you would have me believe. You have contrived it. Explain yourself further."

"Colonel Goring," said Morty Sullivan, "you will recall the circumstances under which we last parted. Enemy as you are and always have been to me and mine, I will do you the justice to say that on that occasion you behaved like a gentleman and a man of courage. But our quarrel was not fought out. Persons present interfered between us. We are now alone, and can complete what was then left unfinished."

"Whether I did well or ill, sir," the colonel answered, "in giving you the satisfaction which you demanded of me at the time you speak of, I will not now say. But I tell you that the only relations which can exist between us at present are those between a magistrate and a criminal who has forfeited his life. If you mean to murder me, you can do it; you have me at advantage. You can thus add one more to the list of villainies with which you have stained an honorable name. If you mean that I owe you a reparation for personal injuries, such as the customs of Ireland allow one gentleman to require from another, this, as you well know, is not the way to ask for it. But I acknowledge no such right. When I last encountered you I but partly knew you. I now know you altogether. You have been a pirate on the high seas. Your letters of marque do not cover you, for you are a subject of the King, and have broken your allegiance. Such as you are, you stand outside the pale of honorable men, and I should degrade the uniform I wear if I were to stoop to measure arms with you."

The sallow olive of Morty's cheek turned livid. He clutched the bench before him, till the muscles of his hands stood out like knots of rope.

"You are in my power, colonel," he said: "do not tempt me too far. If my sins have been many, my wrongs are more. It must be this or worse. One word from me, and you are a dead man."

He laid four pistols on the smith's tool-chest. "Take a pair of them," he said. "They are loaded alike. Take which you please. Let us stand on the opposite sides of this hovel, and so make an end. If I fall, I swear on my soul you shall have no hurt from any of my people. My friend Connell is an officer of mine, but he holds a commission besides in the Irish Brigade. There is no better-born gentleman in Kerry. His presence here is your sufficient security. You shall return to Dunboy as safe from harm as if you had the Viceroy's body-guard about you, or

your own boat's crew that shot down my poor fellows at Glengariff. To this I pledge you my honor."

"Your honor!" said Goring; "your honor! And you tempted me here by a lying tale, sent by the lips of yonder skulking rascal. That alone, sir, were there nothing else, would have sufficed to show what you are."

A significant click caught the ear of both the speakers. Looking round, they saw Sylvester had cocked a pistol.

"Drop that," said Morty, "or by God! kinsman of mine though you be, I will drive a bullet through the brain of you. Enough of this, sir," he said, turning to Goring. "Time passes, and this scene must end. I would have arranged it otherwise, but you yourself know that by this way alone I could have brought you to the meeting. Take the pistols, I say, or by the bones of my ancestors that lie buried under Dunboy Castle yonder, I will call in my men from outside, and they shall strip you bare, and score such marks on you as the quartermaster leaves on the slaves that you hire to fight your battles. Prince Charles will laugh when I tell him in Paris how I served one at least of the hounds that chased him at Culloden."

The forge in which this scene was going on was perfectly familiar to Goring, for he had himself designed it and built it. There was the ordinary broad open front to the road, constructed of timber, which was completely shut. The rest of the building was of stone, and in the wall at the back there was a small door leading into a field, and thence into the country. Could this door be opened, there was a chance, though but a faint one, of escape. A bar lay across, but of no great thickness. The staple into which it ran was slight. A vigorous blow might shatter both.

Sylvester caught the direction of Goring's eye, caught its meaning, and threw himself in the way. The colonel snatched a heavy hammer which stood against the wall. With the suddenness of an electric flash he struck Sylvester on the shoulder, broke his collar-bone, and hurled him back senseless, doubled over the anvil. A second stroke, catching the bar in the middle, shattered it in two, and the door hung upon the latch. Morty and Connell, neither of whom had intended foul play, hesitated, and in another moment Goring would have been free and away. Connell, recovering himself, sprang forward and closed with him. The colonel, who had been the most accomplished wrestler of

his regiment, whirled him round, flung him with a heavy fall on the floor, and had his hand on the latch when, half stunned as he was, Connell recovered his feet, drew a skene, and rushed at Colonel Goring again. So sudden it all was, so swift the struggle, and so dim the light, that from the other end it was hard to see what was happening. Wrenching the skene out of Connell's hands, and with the hot spirit of battle in him, Colonel Goring was on the point of driving it into his assailant's side.

"Shoot, Morty! shoot, or I am a dead man!" Connell cried.

Morty, startled and uncertain what to do, had mechanically snatched up a pistol when Sylvester was struck down. He raised his hand at Connell's cry. It shook from excitement, and locked together as the two figures were, he was as likely to hit friend as foe. Again Connell called, and Morty fired and missed; and the mark of the bullet is still shown in the wall of the smithy as a sacred reminiscence of a fight for Irish liberty. The second shot went true to its mark. Connell had been beaten down, though unwounded, and Goring's tall form stood out above him in clear view. This time Morty's hand did not fail him. A shiver passed through Goring's limbs. His arms dropped. He staggered back against the door, and the door yielded, and he fell upon the ground outside. But it was not to rise and fly. The ball had struck him clean above the ear, and buried itself in the brain. He was dead.

SCIENTIFIC METHOD APPLIED TO HISTORY

From 'Short Studies on Great Subjects'

HISTORICAL facts can only be verified by the skeptical and the inquiring, and skepticism and inquiry nip like a black frost the eager credulity in which legendary biographies took their rise. You can watch such stories as they grew in the congenial soil of belief. The great saints of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, who converted Europe to Christianity, were as modest and unpretending as true, genuine men always are. They claimed no miraculous powers for themselves. Miracles might have been worked in the days of their fathers. They for their own parts relied on nothing but the natural powers of persuasion and example. Their companions, who knew them personally in life, were only a little more extravagant. Miracles and portents

vary in an inverse ratio with the distance of time. St. Patrick is absolutely silent about his own conjuring performances. He told his followers, perhaps, that he had been moved by his good angel to devote himself to the conversion of Ireland. The angel of metaphor becomes in the next generation an actual seraph. On a rock in the county of Down there is, or was, a singular mark, representing rudely the outline of a foot. From that rock, where the young Patrick was feeding his master's sheep, a writer of the sixth century tells us that the angel Victor sprang back to heaven after delivering his message, and left behind him the imprinted witness of his august visit. Another hundred years pass, and legends from Hegesippus are imported into the life of the Irish apostle. St. Patrick and the Druid enchanter contend before King Leogaire on Tara Hill, as Simon Magus and St. Peter contended before the Emperor Nero. Again a century, and we are in a world of wonders where every human lineament is lost. St. Patrick, when a boy of twelve, lights a fire with icicles; when he comes to Ireland he floats thither upon an altar-stone which Pope Celestine had blessed for him. He conjures a Welsh marauder into a wolf, makes a goat cry out in the stomach of a thief who had stolen him, and restores dead men to life, not once or twice but twenty times. The wonders with which the atmosphere is charged gravitate towards the largest concrete figure which is moving in the middle of them, till at last, as Gibbon says, the sixty-six lives of St. Patrick which were extant in the twelfth century must have contained at least as many thousand lies. And yet of conscious lying there was very little; perhaps nothing at all. The biographers wrote in good faith and were industrious collectors of material, only their notions of probability were radically different from ours. The more marvelous a story, the less credit we give to it; warned by experience of carelessness, credulity, and fraud, we disbelieve everything for which we cannot find contemporary evidence, and from the value of that evidence we subtract whatever may be due to prevalent opinion or superstition. To the mediæval writer, the more stupendous the miracle the more likely it was to be true; he believed everything which he could not prove to be false, and proof was not external testimony, but inherent fitness.

So much for the second period of what is called human history. In the first or mythological there is no historical groundwork at all. In the next or heroic we have accounts of real

persons, but handed down to us by writers to whom the past was a world of marvels, whose delight was to dwell upon the mighty works which had been done in the old times, whose object was to elevate into superhuman proportions the figures of the illustrious men who had distinguished themselves as apostles or warriors. They thus appear to us like their portraits in stained-glass windows, represented rather in a transcendental condition of beatitude than in the modest and checkered colors of real life. We see them not as they were, but as they appeared to an adoring imagination, and in a costume of which we can only affirm with certainty that it was never worn by any child of Adam on this plain, prosaic earth. For facts as facts there is as yet no appreciation; they are shifted to and fro, dropped out of sight, or magnified, or transferred from owner to owner,—manipulated to suit or decorate a preconceived and brilliant idea. We are still in the domain of poetry, where the canons of the art require fidelity to general principles, and allow free play to fancy in details. The Virgins of Raphael are no less beautiful as paintings, no less masterpieces of workmanship, though in no single feature either of face or form or costume they resemble the historical mother of Christ, or even resemble one another.

At the next stage we pass with the chroniclers into history proper. The chronicler is not a poet like his predecessor. He does not shape out consistent pictures with a beginning, a middle, and an end. He is a narrator of events, and he connects them together on a chronological string. He professes to be relating facts. He is not idealizing, he is not singing the praises of the heroes of the sword or the crosier; he means to be true in the literal and commonplace sense of that ambiguous word. And yet in his earlier phases, take him in what part of the world we please,—take him in ancient Egypt or Assyria, in Greece or in Rome, or in modern Europe,—he is but a step in advance of his predecessor. He is excellent company. He never moralizes, never bores you with philosophy of history or political economy. He never speculates about causes. But on the other hand, he is uncritical. He takes unsuspectingly the materials which he finds ready to his hand,—the national ballads, the romances, and the biographies. He transfers to his pages whatever catches his fancy. The more picturesque an anecdote, the more unhesitatingly he writes it down, though in the same proportion it is the less likely to be authentic. Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf;

Curtius jumping into the gulf; our English Alfred spoiling the cakes; or Bruce watching the leap of the spider,—stories of this kind he relates with the same simplicity with which he records the birth in his own day, in some outlandish village, of a child with two heads, or the appearance of the sea-serpent or the flying dragon. Thus the chronicle, however charming, is often nothing but poetry taken literally and translated into prose. It grows, however, and improves insensibly with the growth of the nation. Like the drama, it develops from poor beginnings into the loftiest art, and becomes at last perhaps the very best kind of historical writing which has yet been produced. Herodotus and Livy, Froissart and Hall and Holinshed, are as great in their own departments as Sophocles or Terence or Shakespeare. We are not yet entirely clear of portents and prodigies. Superstition clings to us as our shadow, and is to be found in the wisest as well as the weakest. The Romans, the most practical people that ever lived,—a people so pre-eminently effective that they have printed their character indelibly into the constitution of Europe,—these Romans, at the very time they were making themselves the world's masters, allowed themselves to be influenced in the most important affairs of State by a want of appetite in the sacred chickens, or the color of the entrails of a calf. Take him at his best, man is a great fool. It is likely enough that we ourselves habitually say and practice things which a thousand years hence will seem not a jot less absurd. Cato tells us that the Roman augurs could not look one another in the face without laughing; and I have heard that bishops in some parts of the world betray sometimes analogous misgivings.

In able and candid minds, however, stuff of this kind is tolerably harmless, and was never more innocent than in the case of the first great historian of Greece. Herodotus was a man of vast natural powers. Inspired by a splendid subject, and born at the most favorable time, he grew to manhood surrounded by the heroes of Marathon and Salamis and Platæa. The wonders of Egypt and Assyria were for the first time thrown open to the inspection of strangers. The gloss of novelty was not yet worn off, and the impressions falling fresh on an eager, cultivated, but essentially simple and healthy mind, there were qualities and conditions combined which produced one of the most delightful books which was ever written. He was an intense patriot; and he was unvexed with theories, political or moral. His philosophy

was like Shakespeare's,—a calm, intelligent insight into human things. He had no views of his own, which the fortunes of Greece or other countries were to be manipulated to illustrate. The world as he saw it was a well-made, altogether promising and interesting world; and his object was to relate what he had seen and what he had heard and learnt, faithfully and accurately. His temperament was rather believing than skeptical; but he was not idly credulous. He can be critical when occasion requires. He distinguishes always between what he had seen with his own eyes and what others told him. He uses his judgment freely, and sets his readers on their guard against uncertain evidence. And there is not a book existing which contains in the same space so much important truth,—truth which survives the sharpest test that modern discoveries can apply to it.

The same may be said in a slightly less degree of Livy and of the best of the late European chroniclers: you have the same freshness, the same vivid perception of external life, the same absence of what philosophers call subjectivity,—the projection into the narrative of the writer's own personality, his opinions, thoughts, and theories. Still, in all of them, however vivid, however vigorous the representation, there is a vein of fiction largely and perhaps consciously intermingled. In a modern work of history, when a statesman is introduced as making a speech, the writer at any rate supposes that such a speech was actually made. He has found an account of it somewhere either in detail or at least in outline or epitome. The boldest fabricator would not venture to introduce an entire and complete invention. This was not the case with the older authors. Thucydides tells us frankly that the speeches which he interweaves with his narrative were his own composition. They were intended as dramatic representations of the opinions of the factions and parties with which Greece was divided, and they were assigned to this person or to that, as he supposed them to be internally suitable. Herodotus had set Thucydides the example, and it was universally followed. No speech given by any old historian can be accepted as literally true unless there is a specific intimation to that effect. Deception was neither practiced nor pretended. It was a convenient method of exhibiting characters and situations, and it was therefore adopted without hesitation or reserve.

THE DEATH OF THOMAS BECKET

From 'Short Studies on Great Subjects'

The knights were introduced. They advanced. The archbishop neither spoke nor looked at them, but continued talking to a monk who was next him. He himself was sitting on a bed. The rest of the party present were on the floor. The knights seated themselves in the same manner, and for a few moments there was silence. Then Becket's black, restless eye glanced from one to the other. He slightly noticed Tracy; and Fitzurse said a few unrecorded sentences to him, which ended with "God help you!" To Becket's friends the words sounded like insolence. They may have meant no more than pity for the deliberate fool who was forcing destruction upon himself.

Becket's face flushed. Fitzurse went on, "We bring you the commands of the King beyond the sea; will you hear us in public or in private?" Becket said he cared not. "In private, then," said Fitzurse. The monks thought afterwards that Fitzurse had meant to kill the archbishop where he sat. If the knights had entered the palace, thronged as it was with men, with any such intention, they would scarcely have left their swords behind them. The room was cleared, and a short altercation followed, of which nothing is known save that it ended speedily in high words on both sides. Becket called in his clergy again, his lay servants being excluded, and bade Fitzurse go on. "Be it so," Sir Reginald said. "Listen, then, to what the King says. When the peace was made, he put aside all his complaints against you. He allowed you to return, as you desired, free to your see. You have now added contempt to your other offenses. You have broken the treaty. You have allowed your pride to tempt you to defy your lord and master to your own sorrow. You have censured the bishops by whose administration the Prince was crowned. You have pronounced an anathema against the King's ministers, by whose advice he is guided in the management of the empire. You have made it plain that if you could you would take the Prince's crown from him. Your plots and contrivances to attain your ends are notorious to all men. Say, then, will you attend us to the King's presence, and there answer for yourself? For this we are sent."

The archbishop declared that he had never wished any hurt to the Prince. The King had no occasion to be displeased if

crowds came about him in the towns and cities, after having been so long deprived of his presence. If he had done any wrong he would make satisfaction, but he protested against being suspected of intentions which had never entered his mind.

Fitzurse did not enter into an altercation with him, but continued: — "The King commands further that you and your clerks repair without delay to the young King's presence, and swear allegiance, and promise to amend your faults."

The archbishop's temper was fast rising. "I will do whatever may be reasonable," he said, "but I tell you plainly, the King shall have no oaths from me, nor from any one of my clergy. There has been too much perjury already. I have absolved many, with God's help, who had perjured themselves. I will absolve the rest when he permits."

"I understand you to say that you will not obey," said Fitzurse, and went on in the same tone: — "The King commands you to absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated without his permission" (*absque licentiâ suâ*).

"The Pope sentenced the bishops," the archbishop said. "If you are not pleased, you must go to him. The affair is none of mine."

Fitzurse said it had been done at his instigation, which he did not deny; but he proceeded to reassert that the King had given his permission. He had complained at the time of the peace of the injury which he had suffered in the coronation, and the King had told him that he might obtain from the Pope any satisfaction for which he liked to ask.

If this was all the consent which the King had given, the pretense of his authority was inexcusable. Fitzurse could scarce hear the archbishop out with patience. "Ay, ay!" said he; "will you make the King out to be a traitor, then? The King gave you leave to excommunicate the bishops when they were acting by his own order! It is more than we can bear to listen to such monstrous accusations."

John of Salisbury tried to check the archbishop's imprudent tongue, and whispered to him to speak to the knights in private; but when the passion was on him, no mule was more ungovernable than Becket. Drawing to a conclusion, Fitzurse said to him: — "Since you refuse to do any one of those things which the King requires of you, his final commands are that you and your clergy shall forthwith depart out of this realm and out of

his dominions, never more to return. You have broken the peace, and the King cannot trust you again."

Becket answered wildly that he would not go — never again would he leave England. Nothing but death should now part him from his church. Stung by the reproach of ill-faith, he poured out the catalogue of his own injuries He had been promised restoration, and instead of restoration he had been robbed and insulted. Ranulf de Broc had laid an embargo on his wine. Robert de Broc had cut off his mule's tail; and now the knights had come to menace him.

De Morville said that if he had suffered any wrong he had only to appeal to the Council, and justice would be done.

Becket did not wish for the Council's justice. "I have complained enough," he said; "so many wrongs are daily heaped upon me that I could not find messengers to carry the tale of them. I am refused access to the court. Neither one king nor the other will do me right. I will endure it no more. I will use my own powers as archbishop, and no child of man shall prevent me."

"You will lay the realm under interdict, then, and excommunicate the whole of us?" said Fitzurse.

"So God help me," said one of the others, "he shall not do that He has excommunicated over-many already. We have borne too long with him."

The knights sprang to their feet, twisting their gloves and swinging their arms. The archbishop rose. In the general noise words could no longer be accurately heard. At length the knights moved to leave the room, and addressing the archbishop's attendants, said, "In the King's name we command you to see that this man does not escape"

"Do you think I shall fly, then?" cried the archbishop. "Neither for the King nor for any living man will I fly. You cannot be more ready to kill me than I am to die. . . . Here you will find me," he shouted, following them to the door as they went out, and calling after them Some of his friends thought that he had asked De Morville to come back and speak quietly with him, but it was not so. He returned to his seat, still excited and complaining.

"My lord," said John of Salisbury to him, "it is strange that you will never be advised. What occasion was there for you to go after these men and exasperate them with your bitter speeches?

You would have done better, surely, by being quiet and giving them a milder answer. They mean no good, and you only commit yourself."

The archbishop sighed, and said, "I have done with advice. I know what I have before me."

It was four o'clock when the knights entered. It was now nearly five; and unless there were lights the room must have been almost dark. Beyond the archbishop's chamber was an ante-room, beyond the ante-room the hall. The knights, passing through the hall into the quadrangle, and thence to the lodge, called their men to arms. The great gate was closed. A mounted guard was stationed outside, with orders to allow no one to go out or in. The knights threw off their cloaks and buckled on their swords. This was the work of a few minutes. From the cathedral tower the vesper bell was beginning to sound. The archbishop had seated himself to recover from the agitation of the preceding scene, when a breathless monk rushed in to say that the knights were arming. "Who cares? Let them arm," was all that the archbishop said. His clergy was less indifferent. If the archbishop was ready for death, they were not. The door from the hall into the court was closed and barred, and a short respite was thus secured. The intention of the knights, it may be presumed, was to seize the archbishop and carry him off to Saltwood or to De Morville's castle at Knaresborough, or perhaps to Normandy. Coming back to execute their purpose, they found themselves stopped by the hall door. To burst it open would require time; the ante-room between the hall and the archbishop's apartments opened by an oriel window and an outside stair into a garden. Robert de Broc, who knew the house well, led the way to it in the dark. The steps were broken, but a ladder was standing against the window, by which the knights mounted, and the crash of the falling casement told the fluttered group about the archbishop that their enemies were upon them. There was still a moment. The party who entered by the window, instead of turning into the archbishop's room, first went into the hall to open the door and admit their comrades. From the archbishop's room a second passage, little used, opened into the northwest corner of the cloister, and from the cloister there was a way into the north transept of the cathedral. The cry was "To the church! To the church!" There at least there would be immediate safety.

The archbishop had told the knights that they would find him where they left him. He did not choose to show fear; or he was afraid, as some thought, of losing his martyrdom. He would not move. The bell had ceased. They reminded him that vespers had begun, and that he ought to be in the cathedral. Half yielding, half resisting, his friends swept him down the passage into the cloister. His cross had been forgotten in the haste. He refused to stir till it was fetched and carried before him as usual. Then only, himself incapable of fear, and rebuking the terror of the rest, he advanced deliberately to the door into the south transept. His train was scattered behind him, all along the cloister from the passage leading out of the palace. As he entered the church, cries were heard, from which it became plain that the knights had broken into the archbishop's room, had found the passage, and were following him. Almost immediately Fitzurse, Tracy, De Morville, and Le Breton were discerned in the dim light, coming through the cloister in their armor, with drawn swords, and axes in their left hands. A company of men-at-arms was behind them. In front they were driving before them a frightened flock of monks.

From the middle of the transept in which the archbishop was standing, a single pillar rose into the roof. On the eastern side of it opened a chapel of St. Benedict, in which were the tombs of several of the old primates. On the west, running of course parallel to the nave, was a Lady chapel. Behind the pillar, steps led up into the choir, where voices were already singing vespers. A faint light may have been reflected into the transept from the choir tapers, and candles may perhaps have been burning before the altars in the two chapels; of light from without through the windows at that hour there could have been none. Seeing the knights coming on, the clergy who had entered with the archbishop closed the door and barred it. "What do you fear?" he cried in a clear, loud voice. "Out of the way, you coward! the Church of God must not be made a fortress." He stepped back and reopened the door with his own hands, to let in the trembling wretches who had been shut out among the wolves. They rushed past him, and scattered in the hiding-places of the vast sanctuary, in the crypt, in the galleries, or behind the tombs. All, or almost all, even of his closest friends,—William of Canterbury, Benedict, John of Salisbury himself,—forsook him to shift for themselves, admitting frankly that they were unworthy

of martyrdom. The archbishop was left alone with his chaplain Fitzstephen, Robert of Merton his old master, and Edward Grim; the stranger from Cambridge,—or perhaps with Grim only, who says that he was the only one who stayed, and was the only one certainly who showed any sign of courage. A cry had been raised in the choir that armed men were breaking into the cathedral. The vespers ceased; the few monks assembled left their seats and rushed to the edge of the transept, looking wildly into the darkness.

The archbishop was on the fourth step beyond the central pillar ascending into the choir, when the knights came in. The outline of his figure may have been just visible to them, if light fell upon it from candles in the Lady chapel. Fitzurse passed to the right of the pillar, De Morville, Tracy, and Le Breton to the left. Robert de Broc, and Hugh Mauclerc, another apostate priest, remained at the door by which they entered. A voice cried, "Where is the traitor? Where is Thomas Becket?" There was silence; such a name could not be acknowledged. "Where is the archbishop?" Fitzurse shouted. "I am here," the archbishop replied, descending the steps, and meeting the knights full in the face. "What do you want with me? I am not afraid of your swords. I will not do what is unjust." The knights closed round him. "Absolve the persons whom you have excommunicated," they said, "and take off the suspensions." "They have made no satisfaction," he answered; "I will not." "Then you shall die as you have deserved," they said.

They had not meant to kill him—certainly not at that time and in that place. One of them touched him on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, and hissed in his ears, "Fly, or you are a dead man." There was still time, with a few steps he would have been lost in the gloom of the cathedral, and could have concealed him in any one of a hundred hiding-places. But he was careless of life, and he felt that his time was come. "I am ready to die," he said. "May the Church through my blood obtain peace and liberty! I charge you in the name of God that you hurt no one here but me."

The people from the town were now pouring into the cathedral; De Morville was keeping them back with difficulty at the head of the steps from the choir, and there was danger of a rescue. Fitzurse seized him, meaning to drag him off as a prisoner. He had been calm so far; his pride rose at the indignity of an

arrest. "Touch me not, thou abominable wretch!" he said, wrenching his cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. "Off, thou pander, thou!" Le Breton and Fitzurse grasped him again, and tried to force him upon Tracy's back. He grappled with Tracy and flung him to the ground, and then stood with his back against the pillar, Edward Grim supporting him. Fitzurse, stung by the foul epithet which Becket had thrown at him, swept his sword over him and dashed off his cap. Tracy, rising from the pavement, struck direct at his head. Grim raised his arm and caught the blow. The arm fell broken, and the one friend found faithful sank back disabled against the wall. The sword with its remaining force wounded the archbishop above the forehead, and the blood trickled down his face. Standing firmly, with his hands clasped, he bent his neck for the death-stroke, saying in a low voice, "I am prepared to die for Christ and for his Church." These were his last words. Tracy again struck him. He fell forward upon his knees and hands. In that position Le Breton dealt him a blow which severed the scalp from the head and broke the sword against the stone, saying, "Take that for my Lord William." De Broc or Mauclerc — the needless ferocity was attributed to both of them — strode forward from the cloister door, set his foot on the neck of the dead lion, and spread the brains upon the pavement with his sword's point. "We may go," he said; "the traitor is dead, and will trouble us no more."

Such was the murder of Becket, the echoes of which are still heard across seven centuries of time, and which, be the final judgment upon it what it may, has its place among the most enduring incidents of English history. Was Becket a martyr, or was he justly executed as a traitor to his sovereign? Even in that supreme moment of terror and wonder, opinions were divided among his own monks. That very night Grim heard one of them say, "He is no martyr, he is justly served." Another said — scarcely feeling, perhaps, the meaning of the words, — "He wished to be king and more than king. Let him be king, let him be king." Whether the cause for which he died was to prevail, or whether the sacrifice had been in vain, hung on the answer which would be given to this momentous question. In a few days or weeks an answer came in a form to which in that age no rejoinder was possible; and the only uncertainty which remained at Canterbury was whether it was lawful to use the ordinary prayers for the repose of the dead man's soul, or whether,

in consequence of the astounding miracles which were instantly worked by his remains, the Pope's judgment ought not to be anticipated, and the archbishop ought not to be at once adored as a saint in heaven.

CHARACTER OF HENRY VIII.

From the 'History of England'

PROTESTANTS and Catholics united to condemn a government under which both had suffered; and a point on which enemies were agreed was assumed to be proved. When I commenced the examination of the records, I brought with me the inherited impression, from which I had neither any thought nor any expectation that I should be disabused. I found that it melted between my hands, and with it disappeared that other fact, so difficult to credit, yet as it had appeared so impossible to deny, that English Parliaments, English judges, English clergy, statesmen whose beneficent legislature survives among the most valued of our institutions, prelates who were the founders and martyrs of the English Church, were the cowardly accomplices of abominable atrocities, and had disgraced themselves with a sycophancy which the Roman Senate imperfectly approached when it fawned on Nero.

Henry had many faults. They have been exhibited in the progress of the narrative: I need not return to them. But his position was one of unexampled difficulty; and by the work which he accomplished, and the conditions, internal and external, under which his task was allotted to him, he, like every other man, ought to be judged. He was inconsistent: he can bear the reproach of it. He ended by accepting and approving what he had commenced with persecuting; yet it was with the honest inconsistency which distinguishes the conduct of most men of practical ability in times of change, and even by virtue of which they obtain their success. If at the commencement of the movement he had regarded the eucharist as a "remembrance," he must either have concealed his convictions or he would have forfeited his throne; if he had been a stationary bigot, the Reformation might have waited for a century, and would have been conquered only by an internecine war.

But as the nation moved the King moved, leading it, but not outrunning it; checking those who went too fast, dragging

forward those who lagged behind. The conservatives, all that was sound and good among them, trusted him because he so long continued to share their conservatism; when he threw it aside he was not reproached with breach of confidence, because his own advance had accompanied theirs.

Protestants have exclaimed against the Six Articles Bill; Romanists against the Act of Supremacy. Philosophers complain that the prejudices of the people were needlessly violated, that opinions should have been allowed to be free, and the reform of religion have been left to be accomplished by reason. Yet, however cruel was the Six Articles Bill, the governing classes even among the laity were unanimous in its favor. The King was not converted by a sudden miracle; he believed the traditions in which he had been trained; his eyes, like the eyes of others, opened but slowly; and unquestionably, had he conquered for himself in their fullness the modern principles of toleration, he could not have governed by them a nation which was itself intolerant. Perhaps, of all living Englishmen who shared Henry's faith, there was not one so little desirous in himself of enforcing it by violence. His personal exertions were ever to mitigate the action of the law, while its letter was sustained; and England at its worst was a harbor of refuge to the Protestants, compared to the Netherlands, to France, to Spain, or even to Scotland.

That the Romanists should have regarded him as a tyrant is natural; and were it true that English subjects owed fealty to the Pope, their feeling was just. But however desirable it may be to leave religious opinion unfettered, it is certain that if England was legitimately free, she could tolerate no difference of opinion on a question of allegiance, so long as Europe was conspiring to bring her back into slavery. So long as the English Romanists refused to admit without mental reservation that, if foreign enemies invaded this country in the Pope's name, their place must be at the side of their own sovereign, "religion" might palliate the moral guilt of their treason, but it could not exempt them from its punishment.

But these matters have been discussed in the details of this history, where alone they can be understood.

Beyond and besides the Reformation, the constitution of these islands now rests in large measure on foundations laid in this reign. Henry brought Ireland within the reach of English civilization. He absorbed Wales and the Palatinates into the general English system. He it was who raised the House of Commons

from the narrow duty of voting supplies, and of passing without discussion the measures of the Privy Council, and converted them into the first power in the State under the Crown. When he ascended the throne, so little did the Commons care for their privileges that their attendance at the sessions of Parliament was enforced by a law. They woke into life in 1529, and they became the right hand of the King to subdue the resistance of the House of Lords, and to force upon them a course of legislation which from their hearts they detested. Other kings in times of difficulty summoned their "great councils," composed of peers, or prelates, or municipal officials, or any persons whom they pleased to nominate. Henry VIII. broke through the ancient practice, and ever threw himself on the representatives of the people. By the Reformation and by the power which he forced upon them, he had so interwoven the House of Commons with the highest business of the State that the peers thenceforward sunk to be their shadow.

Something, too, ought to be said of his individual exertions in the details of State administration. In his earlier life, though active and assiduous, he found leisure for elegant accomplishments, for splendid amusements, for relaxations careless, extravagant, sometimes questionable. As his life drew onwards, his lighter tastes disappeared, and the whole energy of his intellect was pressed into the business of the commonwealth. Those who have examined the printed State papers may form some impression of his industry from the documents which are his own composition, and the letters which he wrote and received: but only persons who have seen the original manuscripts, who have observed the traces of his pen in side-notes and corrections, and the handwritings of his secretaries in diplomatic commissions, in drafts of Acts of Parliament, in expositions and formularies, in articles of faith, in proclamations, in the countless multitude of documents of all sorts, secular or ecclesiastical, which contain the real history of this extraordinary reign,—only they can realize the extent of labor to which he sacrificed himself, and which brought his life to a premature close. His personal faults were great, and he shared, besides them, in the errors of his age; but far deeper blemishes would be but as scars upon the features of a sovereign who in trying times sustained nobly the honor of the English name, and carried the commonwealth securely through the hardest crisis in its history.

ON A SIDING AT A RAILWAY STATION

From 'Short Studies on Great Subjects'

Some years ago I was traveling by railway, no matter whence or whither. I was in a second-class carriage. We had been long on the road, and had still some distance before us, when one evening our journey was brought unexpectedly to an end by the train running into a siding. The guards opened the doors, we were told that we could proceed no further, and were required to alight. The passengers were numerous, and of all ranks and sorts. There were third class, second, first, with saloon carriages for several great persons of high distinction. We had ministers of State, judges on circuit, directors, leading men of business, idle young men of family who were out amusing themselves, an archbishop, several ladies, and a duke and duchess with their suite. These favored travelers had Pullman cars to themselves, and occupied as much room as was allotted to scores of plebeians. I had amused myself for several days in observing the luxurious appurtenances by which they were protected against discomfort,—the piles of cushions and cloaks, the baskets of dainties, the novels and magazines to pass away the time, and the profound attention which they met with from the conductors and station-masters on the line. The rest of us were a miscellaneous crowd,—commercial people, lawyers, artists, men of letters, tourists moving about for pleasure or because they had nothing to do; and in third-class carriages, artisans and laborers in search of work, women looking for husbands or for service, or beggars flying from starvation in one part of the world to find it follow them like their shadows, let them go where they pleased. All these were huddled together, feeding hardly on such poor provisions as they carried with them or could pick up at the stopping-places. No more consideration was shown them than if they had been so many cattle. But they were merry enough: songs and sounds of laughter came from their windows, and notwithstanding all their conveniences, the languid-looking fine people in the large compartments seemed to me to get through their journey with less enjoyment after all than their poor fellow travelers. These last appeared to be of tougher texture, to care less for being jolted and shaken, to be better humored and kinder to one another. They had found life go hard with them wherever

they had been, and not being accustomed to have everything which they wished for, they were less selfish and more considerate.

The intimation that our journey was for the present at an end came on most of us as an unpleasant surprise. The grandees got out in a high state of indignation. They called for their servants, but their servants did not hear them, or laughed and passed on. The conductors had forgotten to be obsequious. All classes on the platform were suddenly on a level. A beggar woman hustled the duchess, as she was standing astonished because her maid had left her to carry her own bag. The patricians were pushed about among the crowd with no more concern than if they had been common mortals. They demanded loudly to see the station-master. The minister complained angrily of the delay; an important negotiation would be imperiled by his detention, and he threatened the company with the displeasure of his department. A consequential youth who had just heard of the death of his elder brother was flying home to take his inheritance. A great lady had secured, as she had hoped, a brilliant match for her daughter; her work over, she had been at the baths to recover from the dissipation of the season; difficulty had arisen unlooked for, and unless she was at hand to remove it the worst consequences might be feared. A banker declared that the credit of a leading commercial house might fail, unless he could be at home on the day fixed for his return; he alone could save it. A solicitor had the evidence in his portmanteau which would determine the succession to the lands and title of an ancient family. An elderly gentleman was in despair about his young wife, whom he had left at home; he had made a will by which she was to lose his fortune if she married again after his death, but the will was lying in his desk unsigned. The archbishop was on his way to a synod, where the great question was to be discussed whether gas might be used at the altar instead of candles. The altar candles were blessed before they were used, and the doubt was whether gas could be blessed. The right reverend prelate conceived that if the gas tubes were made in the shape of candles the difficulty could be got over, but he feared that without his moderating influence the majority might come to a rash decision.

All these persons were clamoring over their various anxieties with the most naïve frankness, the truth coming freely out,

whatever it might be. One distinguished-looking lady in deep mourning, with a sad, gentle face, alone was resigned and hopeful. It seemed that her husband had been stopped not long before at the same station. She thought it possible that she might meet him again.

The station-master listened to the complaints with composed indifference. He told the loudest that they need not alarm themselves. The State would survive the absence of the minister. The minister, in fact, was not thinking of the State at all, but of the party triumph which he expected; and the peerage which was to be his reward, the station-master said, would now be of no use to him. The youth had a second brother who would succeed instead of him, and the tenants would not be inconvenienced by the change. The fine lady's daughter would marry to her own liking instead of her mother's, and would be all the happier for it. The commercial house was already insolvent, and the longer it lasted the more innocent people would be ruined by it. The boy whom the lawyer intended to make into a rich baronet was now working industriously at school, and would grow up a useful man. If a great estate fell in to him he would be idle and dissolute. The old man might congratulate himself that he had escaped so soon from the scrape into which he had fallen. His wife would marry an adventurer, and would suffer worse from inheriting his fortune. The archbishop was commended for his anxiety. His solution of the candle problem was no doubt an excellent one; but his clergy were now provided with a harmless subject to quarrel over, and if it was adopted they might fall out over something else which might be seriously mischievous.

"Do you mean, then, that you are not going to send us forward at all?" the minister inquired sternly.

"You will see," the station-master answered with a curious short laugh. I observed that he looked more gently at the lady in mourning. She had said nothing, but he knew what was in her mind, and though he held out no hope in words that her wish would be gratified, he smiled sadly, and the irony passed out of his face.

The crowd meanwhile were standing about the platform, whistling tunes or amusing themselves, not ill-naturedly at the distress of their grand companions. Something considerable was happening. But they had so long experienced the ups and downs of things that they were prepared for what fortune might send.

They had not expected to find a Paradise where they were going, and one place might be as good as another. They had nothing belonging to them except the clothes they stood in and their bits of skill in their different trades. Wherever men were, there would be need of cobblers, and tailors, and smiths, and carpenters. If not, they might fall on their feet somehow, if there was work to be done of any sort.

Presently a bell rang, a door was flung open, and we were ordered into a waiting-room, where we were told that our luggage was to be examined. It was a large, barely furnished apartment, like the *salle d'attente* at the Northern Railway Station at Paris. A rail ran across, behind which we were all penned; opposite to us was the usual long table, on which were piled boxes, bags, and portmanteaus, and behind them stood a row of officials, in a plain uniform with gold bands round their caps, and the dry peremptory manner which passengers accustomed to deference so particularly dislike. At their backs was a screen extending across the room, reaching half-way to the ceiling; in the rear of it there was apparently an office.

We each looked to see that our particular belongings were safe, but we were surprised to find that we could recognize none of them. Packages there were in plenty, alleged to be the property of the passengers who had come in by the train. They were arranged in the three classes,—first, second, and third,—but the proportions were inverted: most of it was labeled as the luggage of the travelers in fustian, who had brought nothing with them but what they carried in their hands; a moderate heap stood where the second-class luggage should have been, and some of superior quality; but none of us could make out the shapes of our own trunks. As to the grand ladies and gentlemen, the innumerable articles which I had seen put as theirs into the van were nowhere to be found. A few shawls and cloaks lay upon the planks, and that was all. There was a loud outcry; but the officials were accustomed to it, and took no notice. The station-master, who was still in charge of us, said briefly that the saloon luggage would be sent forward in the next train. The late owners would have no more use for it, and it would be delivered to their friends.

The late owners! Were we no longer actual owners, then? My individual loss was not great, and besides, it might be made up to me; for I saw my name on a strange box on the table,

and being of curious disposition, the singularity of the adventure made it interesting to me. The consternation of the rest was indescribable. The minister supposed that he had fallen among communists, who disbelieved in property, and was beginning a speech on the elementary conditions of society; when silence was called, and the third-class passengers were ordered to advance, that their boxes might be opened. Each man had his own carefully docketed. The lids flew off, and within, instead of clothes, and shoes, and dressing apparatus, and money, and jewels, and such-like, were simply samples of the work which he had done in his life. There was an account-book also, in which were entered the number of days which he had worked, the number and size of the fields, etc., which he had drained and inclosed and plowed, the crops which he had reaped, the walls which he had built, the metal which he had dug out and smelted and fashioned into articles of use to mankind, the leather which he had tanned, the clothes which he had woven,—all entered with punctual exactness; and on the opposite page, the wages which he had received, and the share which had been allotted to him of the good things which he had helped to create.

Besides his work, so specifically called, there were his actions,—his affection for his parents or his wife and children, his self-denials, his charities, his purity, his truth, his honesty; or it might be ugly catalogues of sins and oaths and drunkenness and brutality. But inquiry into action was reserved for a second investigation before a higher commissioner. The first examination was confined to the literal work done by each man for the general good,—how much he had contributed, and how much society had done for him in return; and no one, it seemed, could be allowed to go any further without a certificate of having passed this test satisfactorily. With the workmen, the balance in most instances was found enormously in their favor. The state of the case was so clear that the scrutiny was rapidly got over, and they and their luggage were passed in to the higher court. A few were found whose boxes were empty, who had done nothing useful all their lives, and had subsisted by begging and stealing. These were ordered to stand aside till the rest of us had been disposed of.

The saloon passengers were taken next. Most of them, who had nothing at all to show, were called up together and were asked what they had to say for themselves. A well-dressed

gentleman, who spoke for the rest, said that the whole investigation was a mystery to him. He and his friends had been born to good fortunes, and had found themselves, on entering upon life, amply provided for. They had never been told that work was required of them, either work with their hands or work with their heads,—in fact, work of any kind. It was right of course for the poor to work, because they could not honestly live otherwise. For themselves, they had spent their time in amusements, generally innocent. They had paid for everything which they had consumed. They had stolen nothing, taken nothing from any man by violence or fraud. They had kept the Commandments, all ten of them, from the time when they were old enough to understand them. The speaker, at least, declared that he had no breach of any Commandment on his own conscience, and he believed that he might say as much of his companions. They were superior people, who had been always looked up to and well spoken of; and to call upon them to show what they had done was against reason and equity.

"Gentlemen," said the chief official, "we have heard this many times; yet as often as it is repeated we feel fresh astonishment. You have been in a world where work is the condition of life. Not a meal can be had by any man that some one has not worked to produce. Those who work deserve to eat; those who do not work deserve to starve. There are but three ways of living: by working, by stealing, or by begging. Those who have not lived by the first have lived by one of the other two. And no matter how superior you think yourselves, you will not pass here till you have something of your own to produce. You have had your wages beforehand—ample wages, as you acknowledge yourselves. What have you to show?"

"Wages!" the speaker said: "we are not hired servants; we received no wages. What we spent was our own. All the orders we received were that we were not to do wrong. We have done no wrong. I appeal to the higher court."

But the appeal could not be received. To all who presented themselves with empty boxes, no matter who they were, or how excellent their characters appeared to one another, there was the irrevocable answer—"No admittance, till you come better furnished." All who were in this condition, the duke and duchess among them, were ordered to stand aside with the thieves. The duchess declared that she had given the finest parties in the

season, and as it was universally agreed that they had been the most tedious, and that no one had found any pleasure there, a momentary doubt rose whether they might not have answered some useful purpose in disgusting people with such modes of entertainment; but no evidence of this was forthcoming: the world had attended them because the world had nothing else to do, and she and her guests had been alike unprofitable. Thus the large majority of the saloon passengers was disposed of. The minister, the archbishop, the lawyer, the banker, and others who although they had no material work credited to them had yet been active and laborious in their different callings, were passed to the superior judges.

Our turn came next,—ours of the second class,—and a motley gathering we were. Busy we must all have been, from the multitude of articles which we found assigned to us: manufacturers with their wares, solicitors with their law-suits, doctors and clergymen with the bodies and souls which they had saved or lost, authors with their books, painters and sculptors with their pictures and statues. But the hard test was applied to all that we had produced,—the wages which we had received on one side, and the value of our exertions to mankind on the other,—and imposing as our performances looked when laid out to be examined, we had been paid, most of us, out of all proportion to what we were found to have deserved. I was reminded of a large compartment in the Paris Exhibition, where an active gentleman, wishing to show the state of English literature, had collected copies of every book, review, pamphlet, or newspaper which had been published in a single year. The bulk was overwhelming, but the figures were only decimal points, and the worth of the whole was a fraction above zero. A few of us were turned back summarily among the thieves and the fine gentlemen and ladies: speculators who had done nothing but handle money which had clung to their fingers in passing through them, divines who had preached a morality which they did not practice, and fluent orators who had made speeches which they knew to be nonsense; philosophers who had spun out of moonshine systems of the universe, distinguished pleaders who had defeated justice while they established points of law, writers of books upon subjects of which they knew enough to mislead their readers, purveyors of luxuries which had added nothing to human health or strength, physicians and apothecaries who had

pretended to knowledge which they knew that they did not possess, — these all, as the contents of their boxes bore witness against them, were thrust back into the rejected herd.

There were some whose account stood better, as having at least produced something of real merit, but they were cast on the point of wages: modest excellence had come badly off; the plausible and unscrupulous had thriven and grown rich. It was tragical, and evidently a surprise to most of us, to see how mendacious we had been: how we had sanded our sugar, watered our milk, scamped our carpentering and mason's work, literally and metaphorically; how in all things we had been thinking less of producing good work than of the profit which we could make out of it; how we had sold ourselves to tell lies and act them, because the public found lies pleasant and truth expensive and troublesome. Some of us were manifest rogues, who had bought cheap and sold dear, had used false measures and weights, had made cotton pass for wool, and hemp for silk, and tin for silver. The American peddler happened to be in the party, who had put a rind upon a grindstone and had sold it as a cheese. These were promptly sifted out and placed with their fellows; only persons whose services were on the whole greater than the pay which they had received were allowed their certificates. When my own box was opened, I perceived that though the wages had been small, the work done seemed smaller still; and I was surprised to find myself among those who had passed.

The whistle of a train was heard at this moment, coming in upon the main line. It was to go in half an hour, and those who had been turned back were told that they were to proceed by it to the place where they had been originally going. They looked infinitely relieved at the news; but before they started, a few questions had to be put to them, and a few alterations made which were to affect their future. They were asked to explain how they had come to be such worthless creatures. They gave many answers, which came mainly to the same thing. Circumstances had been against them. It was all owing to circumstances. They had been badly brought up. They had been placed in situations where it had been impossible for them to do better. The rich people repeated that they had never been informed that any work was expected of them. Their wants had all been provided for, and it was unfair to expect that they should have exerted themselves of their own accord when they had no motive

for working. If they had only been born poor, all would have gone well with them. The cheating tradesman declared that the first duty of a shopkeeper, according to all received principles, was to make money and better his condition. It was the buyer's business to see to the quality of the articles which he purchased; the shopkeeper was entitled to sell his wares at the highest price which he could get for them. So, at least, it was believed and taught by the recognized authorities on the subject. The orators, preachers, newspaper writers, novel-writers, etc., etc., of whom there were a great many, appealed to the crowds who came to listen to them, or bought and read their productions. *Tout le monde*, it was said, was wiser than the wisest single sage. They had given the world what the world wished for and approved; they had worked at supplying it with all their might, and it was extremely hard to blame them for guiding themselves by the world's judgment. The thieves and vagabonds argued that they had been brought into existence without their consent being asked: they had not wished for it; although they had not been without their pleasures, they regarded existence on the whole as a nuisance which they would gladly have been spared. Being alive, however, they had to keep alive; and for all that they could see, they had as full a right to the good things which the world contained as anybody else, provided they could get them. They were called thieves. Law and language were made by the property-owners, who were their natural enemies. If society had given them the means of living honestly they would have found it easy to be honest. Society had done nothing for them — why should they do anything for society?

So, in their various ways, those who had been "plucked" defended themselves. They were all delighted to hear that they were to have another chance; and I was amused to observe that though some of them had pretended that they had not wished to be born, and had rather not have been born, not one of them protested against being sent back. All they asked was that they should be put in a new position, and that the adverse influences should be taken off. I expected that among these adverse influences they would have mentioned the faults of their own dispositions. My own opinion had been that half the misdoings of men came from congenital defects of character which they had brought with them into the world, and that constitutional courage, right-mindedness, and practical ability were as much gifts

of nature or circumstance as the accidents of fortune. A change in this respect was of more consequence than in any other. But with themselves they were all apparently satisfied, and they required only an improvement in their surroundings. The alterations were rapidly made. The duchess was sent to begin her life again in a laborer's cottage. She was to attend the village school and rise thence into a housemaid. The fine gentleman was made a plowboy. The authors and preachers were to become mechanics, and bound apprentices to carpenters and blacksmiths. A philosopher who, having had a good fortune and unbroken health, had insisted that the world was as good as it could be made, was to be born blind and paralytic, and to find his way through life under the new conditions. The thieves and cheats, who pretended that their misdemeanors were due to poverty, were to find themselves, when they arrived in the world again, in palaces surrounded with luxury. The cup of Lethe was sent round. The past became a blank. They were hurried into the train; the engine screamed and flew away with them.

"They will be all here again in a few years," the station-master said, "and it will be the same story over again. I have had these very people in my hands a dozen times. They have been tried in all positions, and there is still nothing to show, and nothing but complaints of circumstances. For my part, I would put them out altogether." "How long is it to last?" I asked. "Well," he said, "it does not depend on me. No one passes here who cannot prove that he has lived to some purpose. Some of the worst I have known made at last into pigs and geese, to be fatted up and eaten, and made of use that way. Others have become asses, condemned to carry burdens, to be beaten with sticks, and to breed asses like themselves for a hundred generations. All animated creatures tend to take the shape at last which suits their character."

The train was scarcely out of sight when again the bell rang. The scene changed as at a theatre. The screen was rolled back, and we who were left found ourselves in the presence of four grave-looking persons, like the board of examiners whom we remembered at college. We were called up one by one. The work which had passed the first ordeal was again looked into, and the quality of it compared with the talent or faculty of the producer, to see how far he had done his best,—whether anywhere he had done worse than he might have done and knew

how to have done; while besides, in a separate collection, were the vices, the sins, the selfishnesses and ill-humors, with — in the other scale — the acts of personal duty, of love and kindness and charity, which had increased the happiness or lightened the sorrows of those connected with him. These last, I observed, had generally been forgotten by the owner, who saw them appear with surprise, and even repudiated them with protest. In the work, of course, both material and moral, there was every gradation both of kind and merit. But while nothing was absolutely worthless, everything, even the highest achievements of the greatest artist or the greatest saint, fell short of absolute perfection. Each of us saw our own performances, from our first ignorant beginnings to what we regarded as our greatest triumph; and it was easy to trace how much of our faults were due to natural deficiencies and the necessary failures of inexperience, and how much to self-will or vanity or idleness. Some taint of mean motives, too, — some desire of reward, desire of praise or honor or wealth, some foolish self-satisfaction, when satisfaction ought not to have been felt, — was to be seen infecting everything, even the very best which was presented for scrutiny.

So plain was this that one of us, an earnest, impressive-looking person, whose own work bore inspection better than that of most of us, exclaimed passionately that so far as he was concerned the examiners might spare their labor. From his earliest years he had known what he ought to do, and in no instance had he ever completely done it. He had struggled; he had conquered his grosser faults: but the farther he had gone, and the better he had been able to do, his knowledge had still grown faster than his power of acting upon it; and every additional day that he had lived, his shortcomings had become more miserably plain to him. Even if he could have reached perfection at last, he could not undo the past, and the faults of his youth would bear witness against him and call for his condemnation. Therefore, he said, he abhorred himself. He had no merit which could entitle him to look for favor. He had labored on to the end, but he had labored with a full knowledge that the best which he could offer would be unworthy of acceptance. He had been told, and he believed, that a high Spirit not subject to infirmity had done his work for him, and done it perfectly, and that if he abandoned all claim on his own account, he might be accepted

for the sake of what another had done. This, he trusted, was true, and it was his sole dependence. In the so-called good actions with which he seemed to be credited, there was nothing that was really good; there was not one which was altogether what it ought to have been.

He was evidently sincere, and what he said was undoubtedly true—true of him and true of every one. Even in the vehemence of his self-abandonment a trace lingered of the taint which he was confessing, for he was a polemical divine; he had spent his life and gained a reputation in maintaining this particular doctrine. He believed it, but he had not forgotten that he had been himself its champion.

The examiner looked kindly at him, but answered:—

"We do not expect impossibilities; and we do not blame you when you have not accomplished what is beyond your strength. Only those who are themselves perfect can do anything perfectly. Human beings are born ignorant and helpless. They bring into the world with them a disposition to seek what is pleasant to themselves, and what is pleasant is not always right. They learn to live as they learn everything else. At first they cannot do rightly at all. They improve under teaching and practice. The best only arrive at excellence. We do not find fault with the painter on account of his first bad copies, if they were as good as could be looked for at his age. Every craftsman acquires his art by degrees. He begins badly; he cannot help it; and it is the same with life. You learn to walk by falling down. You learn to live by going wrong and experiencing the consequences of it. We do not record against a man 'the sins of his youth' if he has been honestly trying to improve himself. We do not require the same self-control in a child as in a man. We do not require the same attainments from all. Some are well taught, some are ill taught, some are not taught at all. Some have naturally good dispositions, some have naturally bad dispositions. Not one has had power 'to fulfill the law,' as you call it, completely. Therefore it is no crime in him if he fails. We reckon as faults those only which arise from idleness, willfulness, selfishness, and deliberate preference of evil to good. Each is judged according to what he has received."

I was amused to observe how pleased the archbishop looked while the examiner was speaking. He had himself been engaged in controversy with this gentleman on the share of "good works"

in justifying a man; and if the examiner had not taken his side in the discussion, he had at least demolished his adversary. The archbishop had been the more disinterested in the line which he had taken, as his own "works," though in several large folios, weighed extremely little; and indeed, had it not been for passages in his early life,—he had starved himself at college that he might not be a burden upon his widowed mother,—I do not know but that he might have been sent back into the world to serve as a parish clerk.

For myself, there were questions which I was longing to ask, and I was trying to collect my courage to speak. I wanted chiefly to know what the examiner meant by "natural disposition." Was it that a man might be born with a natural capacity for becoming a saint, as another man with a capacity to become a great artist or musician, and that each of us could only grow to the limits of his natural powers? And again, were idleness, willfulness, selfishness, etc., etc., natural dispositions? for in that case—

But at the moment the bell rang again, and my own name was called. There was no occasion to ask who I was. In every instance the identity of the person, his history, small or large, and all that he had said or done, was placed before the court so clearly that there was no need for extorting a confession. There stood the catalogue inexorably impartial, the bad actions in a schedule painfully large, the few good actions veined with personal motives which spoilt the best of them. In the way of work there was nothing to be shown but certain books and other writings, and these were spread out to be tested. A fluid was poured on the pages, the effect of which was to obliterate entirely every untrue proposition, and to make every partially true proposition grow faint in proportion to the false element which entered into it. Alas! chapter after chapter vanished away, leaving the paper clean, as if no compositor had ever labored in setting type for it. Pale and illegible became the fine-sounding paragraphs on which I had secretly prided myself. A few passages, however, survived here and there at long intervals. They were those on which I had labored least, and had almost forgotten; or those, as I observed in one or two instances, which had been selected for special reprobation in the weekly journals. Something stood to my credit, and the worst charge, of willfully and intentionally setting down what I did not believe to be true, was not alleged against me. Ignorance, prejudice, carelessness; sins of infirmity,—culpable

indeed, but not culpable in the last degree; the water in the ink, the commonplaces, the ineffectual sentiments — these, to my unspeakable comfort, I perceived were my heaviest crimes. Had I been accused of absolute worthlessness, I should have pleaded guilty in the state of humiliation to which I was reduced; but things were better than they might have been. I was flattering myself that when it came to the wages question, the balance would be in my favor: so many years of labor — such and such cheques received from my publisher. Here at least I held myself safe, and I was in good hope that I might scrape through.

The examiner was good-natured in his manner. A reviewer who had been listening for my condemnation was beginning to look disgusted, when suddenly one of the walls of the court became transparent, and there appeared an interminable vista of creatures — creatures of all kinds from land and water, reaching away into the extreme distance. They were those which in the course of my life I had devoured, either in part or whole, to sustain my unconscionable carcass. There they stood in lines with solemn and reproachful faces,— oxen and calves, sheep and lambs, deer, hares, rabbits, turkeys, ducks, chickens, pheasants, grouse, and partridges, down to the larks and sparrows and blackbirds which I had shot when a boy and made into puddings. Every one of them had come up to bear witness against their murderer; out of sea and river had come the trout and salmon, the soles and turbots, the ling and cod, the whiting and mackerel, the smelts and whitebait, the oysters, the crabs, the lobsters, the shrimps. They seemed literally to be in millions, and I had eaten them all. I talked of wages. These had been my wages. At this enormous cost had my existence been maintained. A stag spoke for the rest: "We all," he said, "were sacrificed to keep this cormorant in being, and to enable him to produce the miserable bits of printed paper which are all that he has to show for himself. Our lives were dear to us. In meadow and wood, in air and water, we wandered harmless and innocent, enjoying the pleasant sunlight, the light of heaven and the sparkling waves. We were not worth much; we have no pretensions to high qualities. If the person who stands here to answer for himself can affirm that his value in the universe was equivalent to the value of all of us who were sacrificed to feed him, we have no more to say. Let it be so pronounced. We shall look at our numbers, and we shall wonder at the judgment, though we shall

withdraw our complaint. But for ourselves we say freely that we have long watched him,—him and his fellows,—and we have failed to see in what the superiority of the human creature lies. We know him only as the most cunning, the most destructive, and unhappily the longest lived of all carnivorous beasts. His delight is in killing. Even when his hunger is satisfied, he kills us for his mere amusement."

The oxen lowed approval, the sheep bleated, the birds screamed, the fishes flapped their tails. I, for myself, stood mute and self-condemned. What answer but one was possible? Had I been myself on the bench I could not have hesitated. The fatal sentence of condemnation was evidently about to be uttered, when the scene became indistinct, there was a confused noise, a change of condition, a sound of running feet and of many voices. I awoke. I was again in the railway carriage; the door was thrown open; porters entered to take our things. We stepped out upon the platform. We were at the terminus for which we had been originally destined. Carriages and cabs were waiting; tall powdered footmen flew to the assistance of the duke and duchess. The station-master was standing hat in hand, and obsequiously bowing; the minister's private secretary had come to meet his right honorable chief with the red dispatch box, knowing the impatience with which it was waited for. The duke shook hands with the archbishop before he drove away. "Dine with us to-morrow?" he said. "I have had a very singular dream. You shall be my Daniel and interpret it for me." The archbishop regretted infinitely that he must deny himself the honor; his presence was required at the Conference. "I too have dreamt," he said; "but with your Grace and me the realities of this world are too serious to leave us leisure for the freaks of imagination."

HENRY B. FULLER

(1859–)

NEW ENGLAND blood reveals itself in certain characteristics of Mr. Henry B. Fuller's fiction, though his grandfather took root in Chicago even after its incorporation in 1840. Born in the "windy city," of prosperous merchant stock, he is of the intellectual race of Margaret Fuller; and the saying of one of his characters, "Get the right kind of New England face, and you can't do much better," shows his liking for the transplanted qualities which began the good fortunes of the Great West.

Family councils decreed that he should fill an important inherited place in the business world; but temperament was too strong for predestination. He might have been an architect, he might have been a musician, had he not turned out a novelist. But a creative artist he was constrained by nature to become. His first story, unacknowledged at first, and entitled 'The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani,' attracted little notice until it fell by chance under the eye of Professor Norton of Cambridge, who sent it with a kindly word to Lowell. This fine critic wrote a cordial letter of praise to the author, and the book was republished by the Century Company of New York in 1892 and widely read. 'The Chatelaine of La Trinité,' his next venture, appeared as a serial in the Century Magazine during the same year. Both of these stories have a European background; in both a certain remoteness and romantic quality predominates, and both have little in common with this workaday world.

To the amazement of his public, Mr. Fuller's next book — published as a serial in Harper's Weekly, during the summer of the World's Fair, and called 'The Cliff-Dwellers' — pictured Chicago in its most sordid and utilitarian aspect. King Money sat on the throne, and the whole community paid tribute. The intensity of the struggle for existence, the push of competition, the relentlessness of the realism of the book, left the reader almost breathless at the end, uncertain whether to admire the force of the story-teller or to lament his mercilessness.

In 1895 appeared 'With the Procession,' another picture of Chicago social life, but painted with a more kindly touch. The artist still delineates what he sees, but he sees more truly, because more sympathetically. The theme of the story is admirable, and it is carried out with a half humorous and wholly serious thoroughness. This

theme is the total reconstruction of the social concepts of an old-fashioned, rich, stolid, commercial Chicago family, in obedience to the decree of the modernized younger son and daughters. The process is more or less tragic, though it is set forth with an artistic lightness of touch. Among his later publications are: ‹The Puppet Booth,› dramatic pieces (1896); ‹From the Other Side,› short stories (1898); ‹The Last Refuge› (1900); ‹Under the Skylights› (1901); ‹Waldo Trench and Others› (1908). In these later stories he seems to be asking himself, in most serious words, what is to be the social outcome of the great industrial civilization of the time, and to demand of his readers that they too shall fall to thinking.

AT THE HEAD OF THE MARCH

From ‹With the Procession.› Copyright 1894 by Henry B. Fuller, and reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York

«WELL, here goes!» said Jane half aloud, with her foot on the lowest of the glistening granite steps. The steps led up to the ponderous pillared arches of a grandiose and massive porch; above the porch a sturdy and rugged balustrade half intercepted the rough-faced glitter of a vast and variegated façade; and higher still, the morning sun shattered its beams over a tumult of angular roofs and towering chimneys.

«It *is* swell, I declare!» said Jane, with her eye on the wrought-iron work of the outer doors, and the jewels and bevels of the inner ones.

«Where is the thingamajig, anyway?» she inquired of herself. She was searching for the door-bell, and she fell back on her own rustic lingo in order to ward off the incipient panic caused by this overwhelming splendor. «Oh, here it is! There!» She gave a push. «And now I'm in for it.» She had decided to take the richest and best known and most fashionable woman on her list to start with; the worst over at the beginning, she thought, the rest would follow easily enough.

«I suppose the 'maid' will wear a cap and a silver tray,» she observed further. «Or will it be a gold one, with diamonds around the edge?»

The door-knob turned from within. «Is Mrs. Bates —» she began.

The door opened half-way. A grave, smooth-shaven man appeared; his chin and upper lip had the mottled smudge that

shows in so many of those conscientious portraits of the olden time.

"Gracious me!" said the startled Jane to herself.

She dropped her disconcerted vision to the door-mat. Then she saw that the man wore knee-breeches and black-silk stockings.

"Heaven be merciful!" was her inward cry. "It's a footman, as I live. I've been reading about them all my life, and now I've met one. But I never suspected that there was really anything of the kind in *this* town!"

She left the contemplation of the servant's pumps and stockings, and began to grapple fiercely with the catch of her hand-bag.

The man in the meanwhile studied her with a searching gravity, and as it seemed, with some disapproval. The splendor of the front that his master presented to the world had indeed intimidated poor Jane; but there were many others upon whom it had no deterring effect at all. Some of these brought art-books in monthly parts; others brought polish for the piano legs. Many of them were quite as prepossessing in appearance as Jane was; some of them were much less plain and dowdy; few of them were so recklessly indiscreet as to betray themselves at the threshold by exhibiting a black leather bag.

"There!" remarked Jane to the footman, "I knew I should get at it eventually." She smiled at him with a friendly good-will: she acknowledged him as a human being, and she hoped to propitiate him into the concession that she herself was nothing less.

The man took her card, which was fortunately as correct as the most discreet and contemporaneous stationer could fashion. He decided that he was running no risk with his mistress, and "Miss Jane Marshall" was permitted to pass the gate.

She was ushered into a small reception-room. The hard-wood floor was partly covered by a meagre Persian rug. There was a plain sofa of forbidding angles, and a scantily upholstered chair which insisted upon nobody's remaining longer than necessary. But through the narrow door Jane caught branching vistas of room after room heaped up with the pillage of a sacked and ravaged globe, and a stairway which led with a wide sweep to regions of unimaginable glories above.

"Did you ever!" exclaimed Jane. It was of the footman that she was speaking; he in fact loomed up, to the practical eclipse

of all this luxury and display. "Only eighty years from the Massacre, and hardly eight hundred feet from the Monument!"

Presently she heard a tapping and a rustling without. She thought that she might lean a few inches to one side with no risk of being detected in an impropriety, and she was rewarded by seeing the splendid vacuity of the grand stairway finally filled — filled more completely, more amply, than she could have imagined possible through the passage of one person merely. A woman of fifty or more was descending with a slow and somewhat ponderous stateliness. She wore an elaborate morning-gown with a broad plait down the back, and an immensity of superfluous material in the sleeves. Her person was broad, her bosom ample, and her voluminous gray hair was tossed and fretted about the temples after the fashion of a marquise of the old régime. Jane set her jaw and clamped her knotty fingers to the two edges of her inhospitable chair.

"I don't care if she *is* so rich," she muttered, "and so famous, and so fashionable, and so terribly handsome; she can't bear *me* down."

The woman reached the bottom step, and took a turn that for a moment carried her out of sight. At the same time the sound of her footsteps was silenced by one of the big rugs that covered the floor of the wide and roomy hall. But Jane had had a glimpse, and she knew with whom she was to deal: with one of the big, the broad, the great, the triumphant; with one of a Roman amplitude and vigor, an Indian keenness and sagacity, an American ambition and determination; with one who baffles circumstance and almost masters fate — with one of the conquerors, in short.

"I don't hear her," thought the expectant girl, in some trepidation; "but all the same, she's got to cross that bare space just outside the door before — yes, there's her step! And here she is herself!"

Mrs. Bates appeared in the doorway. She had a strong nose of the lofty Roman type; her bosom heaved with breaths deep, but quiet and regular. She had a pair of large, full blue eyes, and these she now fixed on Jane with an expression of rather cold questioning.

"Miss Marshall?" Her voice was firm, smooth, even, rich, deep. She advanced a foot or two within the room and remained standing there. . . .

"My father," Jane began again, in the same tone, "is David Marshall. He is very well known, I believe, in Chicago. We have lived here a great many years. It seems to me that there ought to —"

"David Marshall?" repeated Mrs. Bates, gently. "Ah, I *do* know David Marshall — yes," she said; "or did — a good many years ago." She looked up into Jane's face now with a completely altered expression. Her glance was curious and searching, but it was very kindly. "And you are David Marshall's daughter?" She smiled indulgently at Jane's outburst of spunk. "Really — David Marshall's daughter?"

"Yes," answered Jane, with a gruff brevity. She was far from ready to be placated yet.

"David Marshall's daughter! Then, my dear child, why not have said so in the first place, without lugging in everybody and everything else you could think of? Hasn't your father ever spoken of me? And how is he, anyway? I haven't seen him — to really speak to him — for fifteen years. It may be even more."

She seemed to have laid hands on a heavy bar, to have wrenched it from its holds, to have flung it aside from the footpath, and to be inviting Jane to advance without let or hindrance.

But Jane stood there with pique in her breast, and her long thin arms laid rigid against her sides. "Let her 'dear child' me, if she wants to; she sha'n't bring me around in any such way as that."

All this, however, availed little against Mrs. Bates's new manner. The citadel so closely sealed to charity was throwing itself wide open to memory. The portcullis was dropped, and the late enemy was invited to advance as a friend.

Nay, urged. Mrs. Bates presently seized Jane's unwilling hands. She gathered those poor, stiff, knotted fingers into two crackling bundles within her own plump and warm palms, squeezed them forcibly, and looked into Jane's face with all imaginable kindness. "I had just that temper once myself," she said.

The sluice gates of caution and reserve were opening wide; the streams of tenderness and sympathy were bubbling and fretting to take their course.

"And your father is well? And you are living in the same old place? Oh, this terrible town! You can't keep your old

friends; you can hardly know your new ones. We are only a mile or two apart, and yet it is the same as if it were a hundred."

Jane yielded up her hands half unwillingly. She could not, in spite of herself, remain completely unrelenting, but she was determined not to permit herself to be patronized. "Yes, we live in the same old place. And in the same old way," she added — in the spirit of concession.

Mrs. Bates studied her face intently. "Do you look like him — like your father?"

"No," answered Jane. "Not so very much. Nor like any of the rest of the family." The statue was beginning to melt. "I'm unique." And another drop fell.

"Don't slander yourself." She tapped Jane lightly on the shoulder.

Jane looked at her with a protesting, or at least a questioning, seriousness. It had the usual effect of a wild stare. "I wasn't meaning to," she said, shortly, and began to congeal again. She also shrugged her shoulder; she was not quite ready yet to be tapped and patted.

"But don't remain standing, child," Mrs. Bates proceeded, genially. She motioned Jane back to her chair, and herself advanced to the roomier sofa. "Or no; this little pen is like a refrigerator to-day; it's so hard, every fall, to get the steam heat running as it should. Come; it ought to be warmer in the music-room."

"The fact is," she proceeded, as they passed through the hall, "that I have a spare hour on my hands this morning — the first in a month. My music teacher has just sent word that she is down with a cold. You shall have as much of that hour as you wish. So tell me all about your plans; I dare say I can scrape together a few pennies for Jane Marshall."

"Her music teacher!" thought Jane. She was not yet so far appeased nor so far forgetful of her own initial awkwardness as to refrain from searching out the joints in the other's armor. "What does a woman of fifty-five want to be taking music lessons for?"

The music-room was a lofty and spacious apartment done completely in hard-woods; its paneled walls and ceilings rang with a magnificent sonority as the two pairs of feet moved across the mirror-like marquetry of the floor.

To one side stood a concert-grand; its case was so unique and so luxurious that even Jane was conscious of its having been made by special order and from a special design. Close at hand stood a tall music-stand in style to correspond. It was laden with handsomely bound scores of all the German classics and the usual operas of the French and Italian schools. These were all ranged in precise order; nothing there seemed to have been disturbed for a year past. "My! isn't it grand!" sighed Jane. She already felt herself succumbing beneath these accumulated splendors.

Mrs. Bates carelessly seated herself on the piano stool, with her back to the instrument. "I don't suppose," she observed, casually, "that I have sat down here for a month."

"What!" cried Jane, with a stare. "If I had such a lovely room as this I should play in it every day."

"Dear me," rejoined Mrs. Bates, "what pleasure could I get from practicing in this great barn of a place, that isn't half full until you've got seventy or eighty people in it? Or on this big sprawling thing?"—thrusting out her elbow backward towards the shimmering cover of the keyboard.

"So then," said Jane to herself, "it's all for show. I knew it was. I don't believe she can play a single note."

"What do you suppose happened to me last winter?" Mrs. Bates went on. "I had the greatest set-back of my life. I asked to join the Amateur Musical Club. They wouldn't let me in."

"Why not?"

"Well, I played before their committee, and then the secretary wrote me a note. It was a nice enough note, of course, but I knew what it meant. I see now well enough that my fingers *were* rather stiffer than I realized, and that my 'Twinkling Sprays' and 'Fluttering Zephyrs' were not quite up to date. They wanted Grieg and Lassen and Chopin. 'Very well,' said I, 'just wait.' Now, I never knuckle under. I never give up. So I sent right out for a teacher. I practiced scales an hour a day for weeks and months. Granger thought I was crazy. I tackled Grieg and Lassen and Chopin,—yes, and Tschaikowsky, too. I'm going to play for that committee next month. Let me see if they'll dare to vote me out again!"

"Oh, *that's* it!" thought Jane. She was beginning to feel desirous of meting out exact and even-handed justice. She found it impossible to withhold respect from so much grit and determination.

"But your father liked those old-time things, and so did all the other young men." Mrs. Bates creased and folded the end of one of her long sleeves, and seemed lapsing into a retrospective mood. "Why, some evenings they used to sit two deep around the room to hear me do the 'Battle of Prague.' Do you know the 'Java March'?" she asked suddenly.

"I'm afraid not," Jane was obliged to confess.

"Your father always had a great fondness for that. I don't know," she went on, after a short pause, "whether you understand that your father was one of my old beaux — at least, I always counted him with the rest. I was a gay girl in my day, and I wanted to make the list as long as I could; so I counted in the quiet ones as well as the noisy ones. Your father was one of the quiet ones."

"So I should have imagined," said Jane. Her maiden delicacy was just a shade affrighted at the turn the talk was taking.

"When I was playing he would sit there by the hour and never say a word. My banner piece was really a fantasia on 'Sonnambula' — a new thing here; I was the first one in town to have it. There were thirteen pages, and there was always a rush to see who should turn them. Your father didn't often enter the rush, but I really liked his way of turning the best of any. He never turned too soon or too late; he never bothered me by shifting his feet every second or two, nor by talking to me at the hard places. In fact, he was the only one who could do it right."

"Yes," said Jane, with an appreciative sigh; "that's pa — all over."

Mrs. Bates was twisting her long sleeves around her wrists. Presently she shivered slightly. "Well, really," she said, "I don't see that this place is much warmer than the other; let's try the library."

In this room our antique and Spartan Jane was made to feel the need of yet stronger props to hold her up against the overbearing weight of latter-day magnificence. She found herself surrounded now by a sombre and solid splendor. Stamped hangings of Cordova leather lined the walls, around whose bases ran a low range of ornate bookcases, constructed with the utmost taste and skill of the cabinet-maker's art. In the centre of the room a wide and substantial table was set with all the paraphernalia of correspondence, and the leathery abysses of three or

four vast easy-chairs invited the reader to bookish self-abandonment.

"How glorious!" cried Jane, as her eyes ranged over the ranks and rows of formal and costly bindings. It all seemed doubly glorious after that poor sole book-case of theirs at home — a huge black-walnut thing like a wardrobe, and with a couple of drawers at the bottom, receptacles that seemed less adapted to pamphlets than to goloshes. "How grand!" Jane was not exigent as regarded music, but her whole being went forth towards books. "Dickens and Thackeray and Bulwer and Hume and Gibbon, and Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' and — "

"And twenty or thirty yards of Scott," Mrs. Bates broke in genially; "and enough Encyclopædia Britannica to reach around the corner and back again. Sets — sets — sets."

"What a lovely chair to sit and study in!" cried Jane, not at all abashed by her hostess's comments. "What a grand table to sit and write papers at!" Writing papers was one of Jane's chief interests.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Bates with a quiet toleration, as she glanced towards the shining inkstand and the immaculate blotting-pad. "But really, I don't suppose I've written two lines at that table since it was put there. And as for all these books, Heaven only knows where the keys are to get at them with. *I* can't do anything with them; why, some of them weigh five or six pounds!"

Jane shriveled and shivered under this. She regretted doubly that she had been betrayed into such an unstinted expression of her honest interest. "All for show and display," she muttered, as she bowed her head to search out new titles; "bought by the pound and stacked by the cord; doing nobody any good — their owners least of all." She resolved to admire openly nothing more whatever.

Mrs. Bates sank into one of the big chairs and motioned Jane towards another. "Your father was a great reader," she said, with a resumption of her retrospective expression. "He was very fond of books — especially poetry. He often read aloud to me; when he thought I was likely to be alone, he would bring his Shakespeare over. I believe I could give you even now, if I was put to it, Antony's address to the Romans. Yes; and almost all of Hamlet's soliloquies, too."

Jane was preparing to make a stand against this woman; and here apparently was the opportunity. "Do you mean to tell

me," she inquired, with something approaching sternness, "that my father — *my father* — was ever fond of poetry and — and music, and — and all that sort of thing?"

"Certainly. Why not? I remember your father as a high-minded young man, with a great deal of good taste; I always thought him much above the average. And that Shakespeare of his — I recall it perfectly. It was a chubby little book bound in brown leather, with an embossed stamp, and print a great deal too fine for *my* eyes. He always had to do the reading; and he read very pleasantly." She scanned Jane closely. "Perhaps you have never done your father justice."

Jane felt herself driven to defense — even to apology. "The fact is," she said, "pa is so quiet; he never says much of anything. I'm about the only one of the family who knows him very well, and I guess *I* don't know him any too well." She felt, though, that Mrs. Bates had no right to defend her father against his own daughter; no, nor any need.

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Bates slowly. She crossed over to the radiator and began working at the valve. "I *told* Granger I knew he'd be sorry if he didn't put in furnace flues too. I really can't ask you to take your things off down here; let's go upstairs — that's the only warm place I can think of."

She paused in the hall. "Wouldn't you like to see the rest of the rooms before you go up?"

"Yes — I don't mind," responded Jane. She was determined to encourage no ostentatious pride; so she made her acceptance as indifferent as she felt good manners would allow.

Mrs. Bates crossed over the hall and paused in a wide doorway. "This," she indicated, in a tone slightly suggestive of the cicerone, "is the — well, the Grand Salon; at least, that's what the newspapers have decided to call it. Do you care anything for Louis Quinze?"

Jane found herself on the threshold of a long and glittering apartment; it was full of the ornate and complicated embellishments of the eighteenth century — an exhibition of decorative whip-cracking. Grilles, panels, mirror frames, all glimmered in green and gold, and a row of lustres, each multitudinously candled, hung from the lofty ceiling.

Jane felt herself on firmer ground here than in the library, whose general air of distinction, with no definite detail by way of guide-post, had rather baffled her.

"Hem!" she observed critically, as her eyes roamed over the spacious splendor of the place; "quite an epitome of the whole rococo period; done, too, with a French grace and a German thoroughness. Almost a real *jardin d'hiver*, in fact. Very handsome indeed."

Mrs. Bates pricked up her ears; she had not expected quite such a response as this. "You are posted on these things, then?"

"Well," said Jane, "I belong to an art class. We study the different periods in architecture and decoration."

"Do you? I belong to just such a class myself — and to three or four others. I'm studying and learning right along; I never want to stand still. You were surprised, I saw, about my music lessons. It *is* a little singular, I admit — my beginning as a teacher and ending as a pupil. You know, of course, that I *was* a school-teacher? Yes, I had a little class down on Wabash Avenue near Hubbard Court, in a church basement. I began to be useful as early as I could. We lived in a little bit of a house a couple of blocks north of there; you know those old-fashioned frame cottages — one of them. In the early days pa was a carpenter — a boss carpenter, to do him full justice; the town was growing, and after a while he began to do first-rate. But at the beginning ma did her own work, and I helped her. I swept and dusted, and wiped the dishes. She taught me to sew, too; I trimmed all my own hats till long after I was married."

Mrs. Bates leaned carelessly against the tortured framework of a tapestried *causeuse*. The light from the lofty windows shattered on the prisms of her glittering chandeliers, and diffused itself over the paneled Loves and Graces around her.

"When I got to be eighteen I thought I was old enough to branch out and do something for myself — I've always tried to hold up my own end. My little school went first-rate. There was only one drawback — another school next door, full of great rowdy boys. They would climb the fence and make faces at my scholars; yes, and sometimes they would throw stones. But that wasn't the worst: the other school taught book-keeping. Now, I never was one of the kind to lag behind, and I used to lie awake nights wondering how I could catch up with the rival institution. Well, I hustled around, and finally I got hold of two or three children who were old enough for accounts, and I set them to work on single entry. I don't know whether they learned

anything, but *I* did — enough to keep Granger's books for the first year after we started out."

Jane smiled broadly; it was useless to set a stoic face against such confidences as these.

"We were married at the most fashionable church in town — right there in Court-house Square; and ma gave us a reception, or something like it, in her little front room. We weren't so very stylish ourselves, but we had some awfully stylish neighbors — all those Terrace Row people, just around the corner. 'We'll get there too, sometime,' I said to Granger. 'This is going to be a big town, and we have a good show to be big people in it. Don't let's start in life like beggars going to the back door for cold victuals; let's march right up the front steps and ring the bell *like* somebody.' So, as I say, we were married at the best church in town; we thought it safe enough to discount the future."

"Good for you," said Jane, who was finding her true self in the thick of these intimate revelations; "you guessed right."

"Well, we worked along fairly for a year or two, and finally I said to Granger: — 'Now, what's the use of inventing things and taking them to those companies and making everybody rich but yourself? You pick out some one road, and get on the inside of that, and stick there, and — ' The fact is," she broke off suddenly, "you can't judge at all of this room in the daytime. You must see it lighted and filled with people. You ought to have been here at the *bal poudré* I gave last season — lots of pretty girls in laces and brocades, and powder on their hair. It was a lovely sight. . . . Come; we've had enough of this." Mrs. Bates turned a careless back upon all her Louis Quinze splendor. "The next thing will be something else."

Jane's guide passed swiftly into another large and imposing apartment. "This I call the Sala de los Embajadores; here is where I receive my distinguished guests."

"Good!" cried Jane, who knew Irving's 'Alhambra' by heart. "Only it isn't Moorish; it's Baroque — and a very good example."

The room had a heavy paneled ceiling of dark wood, with a cartouche in each panel; stacks of seventeenth-century armor stood in the corners, half a dozen large Aubusson tapestries hung on the walls, and a vast fireplace, flanked by huge Atlantes and crowned by a heavy pediment, broken and curled, almost filled one whole side. "That fireplace is Baroque all over."

"See here," said Mrs. Bates, suddenly, "are you the woman who read about the 'Decadence of the Renaissance Forms' at the last Fortnightly?"

"I'm the woman," responded Jane modestly.

"I don't know why I didn't recognize you before. But you sat in an awfully bad light, for one thing. Besides, I had so much on my mind that day. Our dear little Reginald was coming down with something — or so we thought. And the bonnet I was forced to wear — well, it just made me blue. You didn't notice it?"

"I was too flustered to notice anything. It was my first time there."

"Well, it was a good paper, although I couldn't half pay attention to it; it gave me several new notions. All my decorations, then — you think them corrupt and degraded?"

"Well," returned Jane, at once soothing and judicial, "all these later forms are interesting from a historical and sociological point of view. And lots of people find them beautiful, too, for that matter." Jane slid over these big words with a practiced ease.

"They impressed my notables, any way," retorted Mrs. Bates. "We entertained a good deal during the Fair — it was expected, of course, from people of our position. We had princes and counts and honorables without end. I remember how delighted I was with my first prince — a Russian. H'm! later in the season Russian princes were as plentiful as blackberries: you stepped on one at every turn. We had some of the English too. One of their young men visited us at Geneva during the summer. I never quite made out who invited him; I have half an idea that he invited himself. He was a great trial. Queer about the English, isn't it? How can people who are so clever and capable in practical things ever be such insolent tom-fools in social things? Well, we might just stick our noses in the picture gallery for a minute.

"We're almost beginners in this branch of industry," she expounded, as she stood beside Jane in the centre of the room under the coldly diffused glare of the skylight. "In my young days it was all Bierstadt and De Haas; there wasn't supposed to be anything beyond. But as soon as I began to hear about the Millet and the Barbizon crowd, I saw there was. Well, I set to work, as usual. I studied and learned. I *want* to learn. I

want to move; I want to keep right up with the times and the people. I got books and photographs, and I went to all the galleries. I read the artists' biographies and took in all the loan collections. Now I'm loaning, too. Some of these things are going to the Art Institute next week — that Daubigny, for one. It's little, but it's good: there couldn't be anything more like him, could there?

"We haven't got any Millet yet, but that morning thing over there is a Corot — at least we think so. I was going to ask one of the French commissioners about it last summer, but my nerve gave out at the last minute. Mr. Bates bought it on his own responsibility. I let him go ahead; for after all, people of our position would naturally be expected to have a Corot. I don't care to tell you what he paid for it." . . .

"There's some more high art," said Mrs. Bates, with a wave of her hand towards the opposite wall. "Carolus Duran; fifty thousand francs; and he wouldn't let me pick out my own costume either. . . .

"And now," she said, "let's go up-stairs." Jane followed her, too dazed to speak or even to smile.

Mrs. Bates hastened forward light-footedly. "Conservatory — *that's* Moorish," she indicated casually; "nothing in it but orchids and things. Come along." Jane followed — dumbly, humbly.

Mrs. Bates paused on the lower step of her great stairway. A huge vase of Japanese bronze flanked either newel, and a Turkish lantern depended above her head. The bright green of a dwarf palm peeped over the balustrade, and a tempered light strained down through the painted window on the landing-stage.

"There!" she said, "you've seen it all." She stood there in a kind of impassioned splendor, her jeweled fingers shut tightly, and her fists thrown out and apart so as to show the veins and cords of her wrists. "*We* did it, we two — just Granger and I. Nothing but our own hands and hearts and hopes, and each other. We have fought the fight — a fair field and no favor — and we have come out ahead. And we shall stay there too; keep up with the procession is my motto, and head it if you can. I *do* head it, and I feel that I'm where I belong. When I can't foot it with the rest, let me drop by the wayside and the crows have me. But they'll never get me — never! There's ten more good years in me yet; and if we were to slip to the bottom to-morrow we should work back to the top again before we

finish. When I led the grand march at the Charity Ball I was accused of taking a vainglorious part in a vainglorious show. Well, who would look better in such a rôle than I, or who has earned a better right to play it? There, child! ain't that success? ain't that glory? ain't that poetry?—h'm," she broke off suddenly, "I'm glad Jimmy wasn't by to hear that! He's always taking up his poor mother."

"Jimmy? Is he humble-minded, do you mean?"

"Humble-minded? one of my boys humble-minded? No indeed; he's grammatical, that's all: he prefers 'isn't.' Come up."

Mrs. Bates hurried her guest over the stairway and through several halls and passages, and introduced her finally into a large and spacious room done in white and gold. In the glittering electrolier wires mingled with pipes, and bulbs with globes. To one side stood a massive brass bedstead full-panoplied in coverlet and pillow-cases, and the mirror of the dressing-case reflected a formal row of silver-backed brushes and combs.

"My bedroom," said Mrs. Bates. "How does it strike you?"

"Why," stammered Jane, "it's all very fine, but—"

"Oh, yes; I know what they say about it—I've heard them a dozen times: 'It's very big and handsome and all, but not a bit home-like. *I* shouldn't want to sleep here.' Is that the idea?"

"About," said Jane.

"Sleep here!" echoed Mrs. Bates. "I *don't* sleep here. I'd as soon think of sleeping out on the prairie. That bed isn't to *sleep* in; it's for the women to lay their hats and cloaks on. Lay yours there now."

Jane obeyed. She worked herself out of her old blue sack, and disposed it, neatly folded, on the brocaded coverlet. Then she took off her mussy little turban and placed it on the sack. "What a strange woman," she murmured to herself. "She doesn't get any music out of her piano; she doesn't get any reading out of her books; she doesn't even get any sleep out of her bed." Jane smoothed down her hair and awaited the next stage of her adventure.

"This is the way." Mrs. Bates led her through a narrow side door. . . . "This is my office." She traversed the "office," passed into a room beyond, pushed Jane ahead of her, and shut the door. . . .

The door closed with a light click, and Jane looked about her with a great and sudden surprise. Poor stupid, stumbling child! —she understood at last in what spirit she had been received and on what footing she had been placed.

She found herself in a small, cramped, low-ceiled room which was filled with worn and antiquated furniture. There was a ponderous old mahogany bureau, with the veneering cracked and peeled, and a bed to correspond. There was a shabby little writing-desk, whose let-down lid was lined with faded and blotted green baize. On the floor there was an old Brussels carpet, antique as to pattern, and wholly threadbare as to surface. The walls were covered with an old-time paper whose plaintive primitiveness ran in slender pink stripes alternating with narrow green vines. In one corner stood a small upright piano whose top was littered with loose sheets of old music, and on one wall hung a set of thin black-walnut shelves strung together with cords and loaded with a variety of well-worn volumes. In the grate was a coal fire.

Mrs. Bates sat down on the foot of the bed, and motioned Jane to a small rocker that had been re-seated with a bit of old rugging.

"And now," she said, cheerily, "let's get to business. Sue Bates, at your service."

"Oh, no," gasped Jane, who felt, however dumbly and mistily, that this was an epoch in her life. "Not here; not to-day."

"Why not? Go ahead; tell me all about the charity that isn't a charity. You'd better; this is the last room—there's nothing beyond." Her eyes were twinkling, but immensely kind.

"I know it," stammered Jane. "I knew it in a second." She felt too that not a dozen persons had ever penetrated to this little chamber. "How good you are to me!"

Presently, under some compulsion, she was making an exposition of her small plan. Mrs. Bates was made to understand how some of the old Dearborn Seminary girls were trying to start a sort of club-room in some convenient down-town building for typewriters and saleswomen and others employed in business. There was to be a room where they could get lunch, or bring their own to eat, if they preferred; also a parlor where they could fill up their noon hour with talk or reading or music; it was the expectation to have a piano and a few books and magazines.

"I remembered Lottie as one of the girls who went with us there, down on old Dearborn Place, and I thought perhaps I could interest Lottie's mother," concluded Jane.

"And so you can," said Lottie's mother, promptly. "I'll have Miss Peters — but don't you find it a little warm here? Just pass me that hair-brush."

Mrs. Bates had stepped to her single little window. "Isn't it a gem?" she asked. "I had it made to order; one of the old-fashioned sort, you see — two sash, with six little panes in each. No weights and cords, but simple catches at the side. It opens to just two widths; if I want anything different, I have to contrive it for myself. Sometimes I use a hair-brush and sometimes a paper-cutter." . . .

She dropped her voice.

"Did you ever have a private secretary?"

"Me?" called Jane. "I'm my own."

"Keep it that way," said Mrs. Bates, impressively. "Don't ever change — no matter how many engagements and appointments and letters and dates you come to have. You'll never spend a happy day afterwards. Tutors are bad enough — but thank goodness, my boys are past that age. And men-servants are bad enough — every time I want to stir in my own house I seem to have a footman on each toe and a butler standing on my train; however, people in our position — well, Granger insists, you know." . . .

"And now business is over," she continued. "Do you like my posies?" She nodded towards the window where, thanks to the hair-brush, a row of flowers in a long narrow box blew about in the draft.

"Asters?"

"No, no, no! But I hoped you'd guess asters. They're chrysanthemums — you see, fashion will penetrate even here. But they're the smallest and simplest I could find. What do I care for orchids and American beauties, and all those other expensive things under glass? How much does it please me to have two great big formal beds of gladiolus and foliage in the front yard, one on each side of the steps? Still, in our position, I suppose it can't be helped. No; what I want is a bed of portulaca, and some cypress vines running up strings to the top of a pole. As soon as I get poor enough to afford it I'm going to have a lot of phlox and London-pride and bachelor's-buttons out

there in the back yard, and the girls can run their clothes-lines somewhere else."

"It's hard to keep flowers in the city," said Jane.

"I know it is. At our old house we had such a nice little rose-bush in the front yard. I hated so to leave it behind—one of those little yellow brier-roses. No, it wasn't yellow; it was just—'yaller.' And it always scratched my nose when I tried to smell it. But oh, child"—wistfully—"if I could only smell it now!"

"Couldn't you have transplanted it?" asked Jane, sympathetically.

"I went back the very next day after we moved out, with a peach basket and fire shovel. But my poor bush was buried under seven feet of yellow sand. To-day there's seven stories of brick and mortar. So all I've got from the old place is just this furniture of ma's and the wall-paper."

"The wall-paper?"

"Not the identical same, of course. It's like what I had in my bedroom when I was a girl. I remembered the pattern, and tried everywhere to match it. At first I just tried on Twenty-second street. Then I went down-town. Then I tried all the little places away out on the West Side. Then I had the pattern put down on paper and I made a tour of the country. I went to Belvidere, and to Beloit, and to Janesville, and to lots of other places between here and Geneva. And finally—"

"Well, what—finally?"

"Finally, I sent down East and had eight or ten rolls made to order. I chased harder than anybody ever chased for a Raphael, and I spent more than if I had hung the room with Gobelins; but—"

She stroked the narrow strips of pink and green with a fond hand, and cast on Jane a look which pleaded indulgence. "Isn't it just too quaintly ugly for anything?"

"It isn't any such thing," cried Jane. "It's just as sweet as it can be! I only wish mine was like it."

SARAH MARGARET FULLER

(MARCHIONESS OSSOLI)

(1810–1850)

"MARGARET was one of the few persons who looked upon life as an art, and every person not merely as an artist, but as a work of art," wrote Emerson. "She looked upon herself as a living statue, which should always stand on a polished pedestal, with right accessories, and under the most fitting lights. She would have been glad to have everybody so live and act. She was annoyed when they did not, and when they did not regard her from the point of view which alone did justice to her. . . . It is certain that her friends excused in her, because she had a right to it, a tone which they would have reckoned intolerable in any other." In the coolest way she said to her friends:—

MARGARET FULLER

"I take my natural position always: and the more I see, the more I feel that it is regal. Without throne, sceptre, or guards, still a queen. . . . In near eight years' experience I have learned as much as others would in eighty, from my great talent at explanation. . . . But in truth I have not much to say; for since I have had leisure to look at myself, I find that so far from being an original genius, I have not yet learned to think to any depth; and that the utmost I have done in life has been to form my character to a certain consistency, cultivate my tastes, and learn to tell the truth with a little better grace than I did at first. When I look at my papers I feel as if I had never had a thought that was worthy the attention of any but myself; and 'tis only when on talking with people I find I tell them what they did not know, that my confidence at all returns. . . . A woman of tact and brilliancy, like me, has an undue advantage in conversation with men. They are astonished at our instincts. They do not see where we got our knowledge; and while they tramp on in their clumsy way, we wheel and fly, and dart hither and thither, and seize with ready eye all the weak points, like Saladin in the desert. It is quite another thing when we come to write, and without suggestion from another mind, to declare the positive amount of thought that is in us. . . . Then gentlemen are surprised that I write

no better, because I talk so well. I have served a long apprenticeship to the one, none to the other. I shall write better, but never, I think, so well as I talk; for then I feel inspired. . . . For all the tides of life that flow within me, I am dumb and ineffectual when it comes to casting my thought into a form. No old one suits me. If I could invent one, it seems to me the pleasure of creation would make it possible for me to write. What shall I do, dear friend? I want force to be either a genius or a character. One should be either private or public. I love best to be a woman; but womanhood is at present too straitly bounded to give me scope. At hours, I live truly as a woman; at others, I should stifle.»

All these naïve confessions were made, it must be remembered, either in her journal, or in letters to her nearest friends, and without fear of misinterpretation.

This complex, self-conscious, but able woman was born in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, in 1810, in the house of her father, Timothy Fuller, a lawyer. Her mother, it is reported, was a mild, self-effacing lover of flower-bulbs and gardens, of a character to supplement, and never combat, a husband who exercised all the domestic dictation which Puritan habits and the marital law encouraged.

«He thought to gain time by bringing forward the intellect as early as possible,» wrote Margaret in her autobiographical sketch. «Thus I had tasks given me, as many and as various as the hours would allow, and on subjects beyond my age; with the additional disadvantage of reciting to him in the evening after he returned from his office. As he was subject to many interruptions, I was often kept up till very late, and as he was a severe teacher, both from his habits of mind and his ambition for me, my feelings were kept on the stretch till the recitations were over. Thus, frequently, I was sent to bed several hours too late, with nerves unnaturally stimulated. The consequence was a premature development of the brain that made me a 'youthful prodigy' by day, and by night a victim of spectral illusions, nightmare, and somnambulism, which at the time prevented the harmonious development of my bodily powers and checked my growth, while later they induced continual headache, weakness, and nervous affections of all kinds. . . . I was taught Latin and English grammar at the same time, and began to read Latin at six years old, after which, for some years, I read it daily. . . . Of the Greek language I knew only enough to feel that the sounds told the same story as the mythology; that the law of life in that land was beauty, as in Rome it was stern composure. . . . With these books I passed my days. The great amount of study exacted of me soon ceased to be a burden, and reading became a habit and a passion. The force of feeling which under other circumstances might have ripened thought, was turned to learn the thoughts of others.»

By the time she entered mature womanhood, Margaret had made herself acquainted with the masterpieces of German, French, and Italian literatures. It was later that she became familiar with the

great literature of her own tongue. Her father died in 1835, and in 1836 she went to Boston to teach languages.

«I still,» wrote Emerson (1851), «remember the first half-hour of Margaret's conversation. She was then twenty-six years old. She had a face and a frame that would indicate fullness and tenacity of life. She was rather under the middle height; her complexion was fair, with strong, fair hair. She was then, as always, carefully and becomingly dressed, and of ladylike self-possession. For the rest, her appearance had nothing prepossessing. Her extreme plainness,—a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids,—the nasal tone of her voice,—all repelled; and I said to myself, 'We shall never get far.' It is to be said that Margaret made a disagreeable first impression on most persons, including those who became afterwards her best friends, to such an extreme that they did not wish to be in the same room with her. This was partly the effect of her manners, which expressed an overweening sense of power, and slight esteem of others, and partly the prejudice of her fame. She had a dangerous reputation for satire, in addition to her great scholarship. The men thought she carried too many guns, and the women did not like one who despised them.»

In 1839 Margaret began her famous «Conversations» in Boston, continuing these for five winters. «Their theory was not high-flown but eminently sensible,» writes Mr. Higginson, «being based expressly on the ground stated in her circular; that the chief disadvantage of women in regard to study was in not being called upon, like men, to reproduce in some way what they had learned. As a substitute for this she proposed to try the uses of conversation, to be conducted in a somewhat systematic way under efficient leadership.» In 1839 she published her translation of Eckermann's 'Conversations with Goethe,' and in 1842 of the 'Correspondence of Fräulein Günerode and Bettine von Arnim.' The year 1839 had seen the full growth of New England transcendentalism, which was a reaction against Puritanism and a declaration in vague phrases of God in man and of the indwelling of the spirit in each soul,—an admixture of Platonism, Oriental pantheism, and the latest German idealism, with a reminiscence of the stoicism of Seneca and Epictetus. In 1840 The Dial was founded to be the expression of these ideas, with Margaret as editor and Emerson and George Ripley as aids. To this quarterly she gave two years of hard work and self-sacrifice.

Another outcome of the transcendental movement, the community of Brook Farm, was to her, says Mr. Higginson, «simply an experiment which had enlisted some of her dearest friends; and later, she found [there] a sort of cloister for occasional withdrawal from her classes and her conversations. This was all: she was not a stockholder, nor a member, nor an advocate of the enterprise; and even 'Miss Fuller's cow,' which Hawthorne tried so hard to milk, was a being as wholly imaginary as [Hawthorne's] Zenobia.»

Her 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century' (1844) led Horace Greeley to offer her a place in the literary department of the New York Tribune. It is her praise that she was able to impart a purely literary interest to a daily journal, and to make its critical judgment authoritative. The best of her contributions to that journal were published, with articles from the Dial and other periodicals, under the title of 'Papers on Art and Literature' (1846).

In that year she paid the visit to Europe of which she had dreamed and written; and her letters to her friends at home are now, perhaps, the most readable of her remains. Taking up her residence in Italy in 1847, and sympathizing passionately with Mazzini and his republican ideas, she met and married the Marquis Giovanni Angelo Ossoli. Her husband was seven years her junior, but his letters written while he was serving as a soldier at Rome, and she was absent with their baby in the country, reveal the ardor of his love for her. During the siege of Rome by the French, Mazzini put in her charge the hospital of the Trinity of the Pilgrims. "At the very moment when Lowell was satirizing her in his 'Fables for Critics,'" says Mr. Higginson, "she was leading such a life as no American woman had led in this century before." Her Southern nature and her longing for action and love had found expression. In May 1850 she sailed with her husband and son from Leghorn for America. But the vessel was wrecked off Fire Island within a day's sail of home and friends, and, save the body of her child and a trunk of water-soaked papers, the sea swallowed up all remnants of the happiness of her later life.

The position which Margaret Fuller held in the small world of letters about her is not explained by her writings. She seems to have possessed great personal magnetism. She was strong, she had intellectual grasp and poise, possibly at times she had the tact she so much admired, she had unusual knowledge, and above all a keen self-consciousness. Her nature was too Southern in its passions, just as it was too large in intellectual vigor, for the environment in which she was born. She was in fact stifled until she escaped from her egotism and self-consciousness, and from the pale New England life and movement, to find a larger existence in her Italian lover and husband, and their child. And then she died.

The affectionate admiration which she aroused in her friends has found expression in three notable biographies: 'Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli,' by her brother; 'Margaret Fuller Ossoli,' by Thomas Wentworth Higginson ('American Men of Letters Series'); and 'Margaret Fuller (Marchesa Ossoli)' by Julia Ward Howe ('Eminent Women Series').

GEORGE SAND

To Elizabeth Hoar

From 'Memoirs': Paris, ——, 1847

You wished to hear of George Sand, or as they say in Paris, "Madame Sand." I find that all we had heard of her was true in the outline; I had supposed it might be exaggerated. . . .

It is the custom to go and call on those to whom you bring letters, and push yourself upon their notice; thus you must go quite ignorant whether they are disposed to be cordial. My name is always murdered by the foreign servants who announce me. I speak very bad French; only lately have I had sufficient command of it to infuse some of my natural spirit in my discourse. This has been a great trial to me, who am eloquent and free in my own tongue, to be forced to feel my thoughts struggling in vain for utterance.

The servant who admitted me was in the picturesque costume of a peasant, and as Madame Sand afterwards told me, her goddaughter, whom she had brought from her province. She announced me as "Madame Salère," and returned into the anteroom to tell me, "Madame says she does not know you." I began to think I was doomed to rebuff among the crowd who deserve it. However, to make assurance sure, I said, "Ask if she has received a letter from me." As I spoke Madame Sand opened the door, and stood looking at me an instant. Our eyes met. I never shall forget her look at that moment. The doorway made a frame for her figure; she is large but well formed. She was dressed in a robe of dark-violet silk, with a black mantle on her shoulders, her beautiful hair dressed with the greatest taste; her whole appearance and attitude, in its simple and ladylike dignity, presented an almost ludicrous contrast to the vulgar caricature idea of George Sand. Her face is a very little like the portraits, but much finer; the upper part of the forehead and eyes are beautiful, the lower strong and masculine, expressive of a hardy temperament and strong passions, but not in the least coarse; the complexion olive, and the air of the whole head Spanish (as indeed she was born at Madrid, and is only on one side of French blood). All these I saw at a glance; but what fixed my attention was the expression of *goodness*, nobleness, and

power that pervaded the whole,—the truly human heart and nature that shone in the eyes. As our eyes met, she said, "C'est vous," and held out her hand. I took it, and went into her little study; we sat down a moment; then I said, "Il me fait de bien de vous voir," and I am sure I said it with my whole heart, for it made me very happy to see such a woman, so large and so developed in character, and everything that *is* good in it so *really* good. I loved, shall always love her.

She looked away, and said, "Ah! vous m'avez écrit une lettre charmante." This was all the preliminary of our talk, which then went on as if we had always known one another. . . . Her way of talking is just like her writing,—lively, picturesque, with an undertone of deep feeling, and the same happiness in striking the nail on the head every now and then with a blow. . . . I heartily enjoyed the sense of so rich, so prolific, so ardent a genius. I liked the woman in her, too, very much; I never liked a woman better. . . . For the rest, she holds her place in the literary and social world of France like a man, and seems full of energy and courage in it. I suppose she has suffered much, but she has also enjoyed and done much.

AMERICANS ABROAD IN EUROPE

From 'At Home and Abroad'

THE American in Europe, if a thinking mind, can only become more American. In some respects it is a great pleasure to be here. Although we have an independent political existence, our position toward Europe as to literature and the arts is still that of a colony, and one feels the same joy here that is experienced by the colonist in returning to the parent home. What was but picture to us becomes reality; remote allusions and derivations trouble no more; we see the pattern of the stuff, and understand the whole tapestry. There is a gradual clearing up on many points, and many baseless notions and crude fancies are dropped. Even the post-haste passage of the business American through the great cities, escorted by cheating couriers and ignorant *valets de place*, unable to hold intercourse with the natives of the country, and passing all his leisure hours with his countrymen, who know no more than himself, clears his mind of some mistakes,—lifts some mists from his horizon.

There are three species: First, the servile American,—a being utterly shallow, thoughtless, worthless. He comes abroad to spend his money and indulge his tastes. His object in Europe is to have fashionable clothes, good foreign cookery, to know some titled persons, and furnish himself with coffee-house gossip, by retailing which among those less traveled and as uninformed as himself he can win importance at home. I look with unspeakable contempt on this class,—a class which has all the thoughtlessness and partiality of the exclusive classes in Europe, without any of their refinement, or the chivalric feeling which still sparkles among them here and there. However, though these willing serfs in a free age do some little hurt, and cause some annoyance at present, they cannot continue long; our country is fated to a grand independent existence, and as its laws develop, these parasites of a bygone period must wither and drop away.

Then there is the conceited American, instinctively bristling and proud of—he knows not what. He does not see, not he! that the history of humanity, for many centuries, is likely to have produced results it requires some training, some devotion, to appreciate and profit by. With his great clumsy hands, only fitted to work on a steam-engine, he seizes the old Cremona violin, makes it shriek with anguish in his grasp, and then declares he thought it was all humbug before he came, and now he knows it; that there is not really any music in these old things; that the frogs in one of our swamps make much finer, for they are young and alive. To him the etiquettes of courts and camps, the ritual of the Church, seem simply silly,—and no wonder, profoundly ignorant as he is of their origin and meaning. Just so the legends which are the subjects of pictures, the profound myths which are represented in the antique marbles, amaze and revolt him; as, indeed, such things need to be judged of by another standard than that of the Connecticut Blue Laws. He criticizes severely pictures, feeling quite sure that his natural senses are better means of judgment than the rules of connoisseurs,—not feeling that to see such objects mental vision as well as fleshly eyes are needed, and that something is aimed at in art beyond the imitation of the commonest forms of nature. This is Jonathan in the sprawling state, the booby truant, not yet aspiring enough to be a good schoolboy. Yet in his folly there is a meaning; add thought and culture to his independence, and he will be a man of might: he is not a creature without hope, like the thick-skinned dandy of the class first specified.

The artists form a class by themselves. Yet among them, though seeking special aims by special means, may also be found the lineaments of these two classes, as well as of the third, of which I am now to speak.

This is that of the thinking American,—a man who, recognizing the immense advantage of being born to a new world and on a virgin soil, yet does not wish one seed from the past to be lost. He is anxious to gather and carry back with him every plant that will bear a new climate and new culture. Some will dwindle; others will attain a bloom and stature unknown before. He wishes to gather them clean, free from noxious insects, and to give them a fair trial in his new world. And that he may know the conditions under which he may best place them in that new world, he does not neglect to study their history in this.

The history of our planet in some moments seems so painfully mean and little,—such terrible bafflings and failures to compensate some brilliant successes; such a crushing of the mass of men beneath the feet of a few, and these too often the least worthy; such a small drop of honey to each cup of gall, and in many cases so mingled that it is never one moment in life purely tasted; above all, so little achieved for humanity as a whole, such tides of war and pestilence intervening to blot out the traces of each triumph,—that no wonder if the strongest soul sometimes pauses aghast; no wonder if the many indolently console themselves with gross joys and frivolous prizes. Yes! those men *are* worthy of admiration, who can carry this cross faithfully through fifty years; it is a great while for all the agonies that beset a lover of good, a lover of men; it makes a soul worthy of a speedier ascent, a more productive ministry in the next sphere. Blessed are they who ever keep that portion of pure, generous love with which they began life! How blessed those who have deepened the fountains, and have enough to spare for the thirst of others! Some such there are; and feeling that, with all the excuses for failure, still only the sight of those who triumph gives a meaning to life or makes its pangs endurable, we must arise and follow.

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF CARLYLE

Letter to R. W. Emerson

From 'Memoirs': Paris, ——, 1846

I enjoyed the time extremely [in London]. I find myself much in my element in European society. It does not indeed come up to my ideal, but so many of the incumbrances are cleared away that used to weary me in America, that I can enjoy a freer play of faculty, and feel, if not like a bird in the air, at least as easy as a fish in water. . . .

Of the people I saw in London, you will wish me to speak first of the Carlyles. Mr. Carlyle came to see me at once, and appointed an evening to be passed at their house. That first time I was delighted with him. He was in a very sweet humor,—full of wit and pathos, without being overbearing or oppressive. I was quite carried away with the rich flow of his discourse; and the hearty, noble earnestness of his personal being brought back the charm which once was upon his writing, before I wearied of it. I admired his Scotch, his way of singing his great full sentences, so that each one was like the stanza of a narrative ballad. He let me talk, now and then, enough to free my lungs and change my position, so that I did not get tired. That evening he talked of the present state of things in England, giving light, witty sketches of the men of the day, fanatics and others, and some sweet, homely stories he told of things he had known of the Scotch peasantry. Of you he spoke with hearty kindness; and he told with beautiful feeling a story of some poor farmer or artisan in the country, who on Sunday lays aside the cark and care of that dirty English world, and sits reading the 'Essays' and looking upon the sea. . . .

The second time, Mr. Carlyle had a dinner party, at which was a witty, French, flippant sort of a man, named Lewes, author of a 'History of Philosophy,' and now writing a life of Goethe, a task for which he must be as unfit as irreligion and sparkling shallowness can make him. But he told stories admirably, and was allowed sometimes to interrupt Carlyle a little,—of which one was glad, for that night he was in his acrid mood; and though much more brilliant than on the former evening, grew wearisome to me, who disclaimed and rejected almost everything he said. . . .

Accustomed to the infinite wit and exuberant richness of his writings, his talk is still an amazement and a splendor scarcely to be faced with steady eyes. He does not converse, only harangues. It is the usual misfortune of such marked men,—happily not one invariable or inevitable,—that they cannot allow other minds room to breathe and show themselves in their atmosphere, and thus miss the refreshment and instruction which the greatest never cease to need from the experience of the humblest. Carlyle allows no one a chance, but bears down all opposition, not only by his wit and onset of words, resistless in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority,—raising his voice and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sound. This is not in the least from unwillingness to allow freedom to others. On the contrary, no man would more enjoy a manly resistance in his thoughts. But it is the impulse of a mind accustomed to follow out its own impulse, as the hawk its prey, and which knows not how to stop in the chase.

Carlyle indeed is arrogant and overbearing; but in his arrogance there is no littleness, no self-love. It is the heroic arrogance of some old Scandinavian conqueror; it is his nature, and the untamable impulse that has given him power to crush the dragons. He sings rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroical, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up, near the beginning, some singular epithet which serves as a *refrain* when his song is full, or with which, as with a knitting-needle, he catches up the stitches, if he has chanced now and then to let fall a row. For the higher kinds of poetry he has no sense, and his talk on that subject is delightfully and gorgeously absurd. He sometimes stops a minute to laugh at it himself, then begins anew with fresh vigor; for all the spirits he is driving before him as Fata Morgana, ugly masks, in fact, if he can but make them turn about; but he laughs that they seem to others such dainty Ariels. His talk, like his books, is full of pictures; his critical strokes masterly. Allow for his point of view, and his survey is admirable. He is a large subject. I cannot speak more or wiselier of him now, nor needs it; his works are true, to blame and praise him,—the Siegfried of England, great and powerful, if not quite invulnerable, and of a might rather to destroy evil than legislate for good.

THOMAS FULLER

(1608–1661)

THE fragrance which surrounds the writings of Thomas Fuller seems blended of his wit, his quaint worldliness, his sweet and happy spirit. The after-glow of the dazzling day of Shakespeare and his brotherhood rests upon the pages of this divine. In Fuller the world-spirit of the Elizabethan dramatists becomes urbanity, the mellow humor of the dweller in the town. Too well satisfied with the kindly comforts of life to agonize over humanity and the eternal problems of existence, Fuller, although a Church of England clergyman, was no less a cavalier at heart than the most jaunty follower of King Charles. He had not the intensity of nature which characterizes the theologian by the grace of God. His 'Holy and Profane State,' his 'Good Thoughts in Bad Times,' and 'Good Thoughts in Worse Times,' evidence a comfortable and reasonable reliance on the Unseen; but they will not be read for their spiritual insight so much as for their well-seasoned and delightful English. That quaint and fragrant style of his lends charm even to those passages in which his thought is commonplace.

THOMAS FULLER

It is in Thomas Fuller the historian and biographer, that posterity recognizes a man of marked intellectual power. His scholarship is exhibited in such a work as the 'Church History of Britain'; his peculiar faculty for happy description in the 'Worthies of England.' Fuller was fitted by temperament and training to be a recorder of his own country and countrymen. His life was spent upon his island; his love was fastened upon its places and its people. Born the same year as Milton, 1608 the son of a clergyman of the same name as his own, he was from boyhood both a scholar and an observer of men and things. His education at Cambridge fostered his love of books.

His subsequent incumbency of various comfortable livings afforded him opportunities for close acquaintance with the English world of his day, and especially with its «gentry.» By birth, education, and inclination, Fuller was an aristocrat. During the civil war he took the side of King Charles, to whose stately life and mournful death he has devoted the last volume of his great work, the 'History of

the Church of Britain.' Under the Protectorate, the genial priest and man of the world found himself in an alien atmosphere. Like many others in Anglican orders, he was "silenced" by the sour Puritan authorities, but was permitted to preach again in London by the grace of Cromwell. He was subsequently appointed chaplain to Charles II., but did not live long after the Restoration, dying of a fever in 1661.

An early instance of modern scholarship is found in the histories written by Thomas Fuller. Being by nature an antiquarian, he was not inclined to find his material at second hand. He went back always to the earliest sources for his historical data. It is this fact which gives their permanent value to the 'History of the Church of Britain' and to the 'History of the Holy War.' These works bear witness to wide and patient research, to a thorough sifting of material. The antiquarian spirit displayed in them loses some of its scholarly dignity, and takes on the social humor of the gossip, in the 'Worthies of England.' Fuller's other writings may be of more intrinsic value, but it is through the 'Worthies' that he is remembered and loved. The book is rich in charm. It is as quaint as an ancient flower garden, where blooms of every sort grow in lavish tangle. He considers the counties of England, one by one, telling of their physical characteristics, of their legends, of their proverbs, of the princely children born in them, of the other "Worthies" — scholars, soldiers, and saints — who have shed lustre upon them. Fuller gathered his material for this variegated record from every quarter of his beloved little island. As a chaplain in the Cavalier army, he had many opportunities of visiting places and studying their people. As an incumbent of country parishes, he would listen to the ramblings of the old women of the hamlets, for the sake of discovering in their talk some tradition of the country-side, or some quaint bit of folk-lore. He writes of the strange, gay, sad lives of princely families as familiarly as he writes of the villagers and townsfolk. Sometimes an exquisite tenderness lies like light upon his record, as in this, of the little Princess Anne, daughter to Charles I.: —

> She was a very pregnant lady above her years, and died in her infancy, when not fully four years old. Being minded by those about her to call upon God even when the pangs of death were upon her, "I am not able," saith she, "to say my long prayer" (meaning the Lord's Prayer), "but I will say my short one, 'Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.'" This done, the little lamb gave up the ghost.

Because of passages like these, Thomas Fuller will always be numbered among those writers who, irrespective of their rank in the world of letters, awaken a deep and lasting affection in the hearts of their readers.

THE KING'S CHILDREN

From 'The Worthies of England'

KATHERINE, fourth daughter to Charles the First and Queen Mary, was born at Whitehall (the Queen mother then being at St. James), and survived not above half an hour after her baptizing; so that it is charity to mention her, whose memory is likely to be lost, so short her continuance in this life,—the rather because her name is not entered, as it ought, into the register of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; as indeed none of the King's children, save Prince Charles, though they were born in that parish. And hereupon a story depends.

I am credibly informed that at the birth of every child of kings born at Whitehall or St. James's, full five pounds were ever faithfully paid to some unfaithful receivers thereof, to record the names of such children in the register of St. Martin's. But the money being embezzled (we know by some, God knows by whom), no memorial is entered of them. Sad that bounty should betray any to baseness, and that which was intended to make them the more solemnly remembered should occasion that they should be more silently forgotten! Say not, "Let the children of mean persons be written down in registers: kings' children are registers to themselves;" or, "All England is a register to them;" for sure I am, this common confidence hath been the cause that we have been so often at a loss about the nativities and other properties of those of royal extraction.

A LEARNED LADY

From 'The Worthies of England'

MARGARET MORE.—Excuse me, reader, for placing a lady among men and learned statesmen. The reason is because of her unfeigned affection to her father, from whom she would not willingly be parted (and from me shall not be), either living or dead.

She was born in Bucklersburie in London at her father's house therein, and attained to that skill in all learning and languages that she became the miracle of her age. Foreigners

took such notice thereof that Erasmus hath dedicated some epistles unto her. No woman that could speak so well did speak so little; whose secrecy was such, that her father intrusted her with his most important affairs.

Such was her skill in the Fathers that she corrected a depraved place in Cyprian; for where it was corruptly written "Nisi vos sinceritas" she amended it "Nervos sinceritas." Yea, she translated Eusebius out of Greek; but it was never printed, because J. Christopherson had done it so exactly before.

She was married to William Roper of Eltham in Kent, Esquire, one of a bountiful heart and plentiful estate. When her father's head was set up on London Bridge, it being suspected it would be cast into the Thames to make room for divers others (then suffering for denying the King's supremacy), she bought the head and kept it for a relic (which some called affection, others religion, others superstition in her), for which she was questioned before the Council, and for some short time imprisoned until she had buried it; and how long she herself survived afterwards is to me unknown.

HENRY DE ESSEX, STANDARD-BEARER TO HENRY II.

From 'The Worthies of England'

It happened in the reign of this King, there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire in Coleshall, between the English and Welsh, wherein this Henry de Essex, *animum et signum simul abjecit*,—betwixt traitor and coward,—cast away both his courage and banner together, occasioning a great overthrow of English. But he that had the baseness to do, had the boldness to deny, the doing of so foul a fact, until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a knight, eye-witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the King, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going, into a convent, hid his head in a cowl, under which, between shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life.

THE GOOD SCHOOLMASTER

From 'The Holy and Profane State'

THERE is scarcely any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself. . . .

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they were books, and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all — saving some few exceptions — to these general rules: —

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presages much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that running with snails — so they count the rest of their schoolfellows — they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh! a good rod would finely take them napping!

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such

afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas Orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with if they be diligent. The schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself, who beats Nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts, which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour Nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

ON BOOKS

From 'The Holy and Profane State'

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armory. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them — built merely for uniformity — are without chimneys, and more without fires.

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables

and contents. These, like city cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

LONDON

From 'The Worthies of England'

It is the second city in Christendom for greatness, and the first for good government. There is no civilized part of the world but it has heard thereof, though many with this mistake: that they conceive London to be the country and England but the city therein.

Some have suspected the declining of the lustre thereof, because of late it vergeth so much westward, increasing in buildings, Covent Garden, etc. But by their favor (to disprove their fear) it will be found to burnish round about with new structures daily added thereunto.

It oweth its greatness under God's divine providence to the well-conditioned river of Thames, which doth not (as some tyrant rivers of Europe) abuse its strength in a destructive way, but employeth its greatness in goodness, to be beneficial to commerce, by the reciprocation of the tide therein. Hence it was that when King James, offended with the city, threatened to remove his court to another place, the Lord Mayor (boldly enough) returned that "he might remove his court at his pleasure, but could not remove the river Thames."

Erasmus will have London so called from Lindus, a city of Rhodes; averring a great resemblance betwixt the languages and customs of the Britons and Grecians. But Mr. Camden (who no doubt knew of it) honoreth not this his etymology with the least mention thereof. As improbable in my apprehension is the deduction from Lud's-Town,—town being a Saxon, not British termination; and that it was so termed from Lan Dian, a temple of Diana (standing where now St. Paul's doth), is most likely in my opinion.

MISCELLANEOUS SAYINGS

It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in; yea, they which play with the Devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword; and from making of sport they come to doing of mischief.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

Learning has gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.

The lion is not so fierce as painted.

. . . Their heads sometimes so little that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room.

Often the cock-loft is empty in those whom nature hath built many stories high.

The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.

. . . One that will not plead that cause wherein his tongue must be confuted by his conscience.

But our captain counts the image of God — nevertheless his image — cut in ebony as if done in ivory; and in the blackest Moors he sees the representation of the King of Heaven.

ÉMILE GABORIAU

(1835–1873)

To speak of the detective novel is to speak of Gaboriau. He cannot be called the father of it; but the French novelist made his field so peculiarly his own, developed its type of human nature so painstakingly, created so distinctive a reputation associated with it, that it is doubtful whether any one can be said to have outrivaled him.

Born at Saujon, in the Department of the Charente-Inférieure, in 1835, Gaboriau drifted from school into the cavalry service; then into three or four less picturesque methods of keeping body and soul together; and finally, by a kind of literary accident, he became the private secretary of the Parisian novelist Paul Féval. His first successful story ran as a continued one in a journal called Le Pays. It was 'The Lerouge Affair,' but it did not even under newspaper circumstances find any considerable favor until it caught the eye of the astute Millaud, the founder of the Petit Journal. Millaud recognized in the fiction a new note in detective-novel making. He transferred it to another journal, Le Soleil. There it made an instant and tremendous success.

From that moment Gaboriau's career was determined and fortunate. In rapid succession followed 'The Crime of Orcival' (1867); 'File No. 113' (1867); the elaborate 'Slaves of Paris' (1869); 'M. Lecoq' (1869),—in which title appears the name of the moving spirit of almost all the other stories; 'The Infernal Life' (1870); and four or five others. All these stories have been translated into almost every modern language that has a reading public. They brought Gaboriau a large income during his lifetime, and they are still valuable literary properties. Their author died in Paris, his health broken in consequence of incessant overwork, in September 1873.

Gaboriau elevated the detective story to something like a superior plane in popular fiction. It is a question whether he did not say in a large measure the strongest word in it, and to all intents and purposes the last word. His books all have a certain resemblance, in that we start into a complex drama with a riddle of crime. The unfolding always brings us sooner or later to a dramatic family secret, of which the original crime has only been an outside detail. The

secret is the mainspring of the book, and about the middle of it the reader finds himself chiefly absorbed by it. Indeed, Gaboriau's novels have often been spoken of as "told backward." Most of the novels too gain their movement from one source — the wonderful shrewdness and audacity of a certain M. Lecoq of the Paris detective service. M. Lecoq was really an exaggeration of the well-known and wonderfully able Paris detective, M. Vidocq; and there are dozens of episodes in the course of Vidocq's brilliant professional career which Gaboriau did not dress up so very much in introducing them into his stories. There is an individuality to each novel, in spite of the family likeness. Occasionally, like Dickens, the author attacked abuses with effect; as in 'The Infernal Life' and 'The Slaves of Paris,' and other books where he has set forth the merciless system of private blackmailing in Paris with little exaggeration.

As to literary manner, Gaboriau was not a writer of the first order, even as a French popular novelist. But he knew how to write; and there is a correctness of diction and a nervous vivacity that is much to his credit, considering the rapidity with which he produced his work, and the fact that he had no sufficient early training for his profession. He is seldom slipshod, and he is never really negligent. He has been criticized for making his dénouements too simple, if one regards them as a whole process; but his details are full of variety, and the reader of Gaboriau never is troubled to keep his attention on the author's pages, even in the case of those stories that are not of the first class among his works. Perhaps the best of all the novels is one of the shorter ones, 'File No. 113.'

THE IMPOSTOR AND THE BANKER'S WIFE: THE ROBBERY

From 'File No. 113'

Raoul Spencer, supposed to be Raoul de Clameran, began to triumph over his instincts of revolt. He ran to the door and rang the bell. It opened.

"Is my aunt at home?" he asked the footman.

"Madame is alone in the boudoir next her room," replied the servant.

Raoul ascended.

Clameran had said to Raoul, "Above all, be careful about your entrance; your appearance must express everything, and thus you will avoid impossible explanations."

The suggestion was useless.

When Raoul entered the little reception-room, his pale face and wild eyes frightened Madame Fauvel, who cried:—

"Raoul! What has happened to you?"

The sound of her gentle voice produced upon the young vagrant the effect of an electric shock. He trembled from head to foot: yet his mind was clear; Louis had not been mistaken in him. Raoul continued his rôle as if on the stage, and as assurance came to him his knavery crushed his better nature.

"Mother, the misfortune which has come to me," he replied, "is the last one."

Madame Fauvel had never seen him like this. Trembling with emotion, she rose and stood before him, with her tender face near his. She fixed in a steady gaze the power of her will, as if she meant to read the depths of his soul.

"What is it?" she insisted. "Raoul, my son, tell me."

He pushed her gently away.

"What has happened," he replied in a choked voice which pierced the heart of Madame Fauvel, "proves that I am unworthy of you, unworthy of my noble and generous father."

She moved her head in protestation.

"Ah!" he continued, "I know and judge myself. No one could reproach my own infamous conduct so cruelly as my own conscience. I was not born wicked, but I am a miserable fool. I have hours when, as if in a vertigo, I do not know what I am doing. Ah! I should not have been like this, mother, if you had been with me in my childhood. But brought up among strangers, and left to myself without any guides but my own instincts, I am at the mercy of my own passions. Possessing nothing, not even my stolen name, I am vain and devoured by ambition. Poor and without resources but your help, I have the tastes and vices of a millionaire's son. Alas! when I recovered you, the harm was done. Your affection, your maternal tenderness which have given me my only days of happiness, could not save me. I who have suffered so much, who have endured so many privations, who have known hunger, have been spoiled by this new luxury with which you have surrounded me. I threw myself into pleasure as a drunkard rushes for the strong drink of which he has been deprived."

Raoul expressed himself with such intense conviction and assurance that Madame Fauvel did not interrupt.

Mute and terrified, she dared not question him, fearful of learning some horrible news.

He however continued:—"Yes, I have been a fool. Happiness has passed by me, and I did not know enough to stretch out my hand to take it. I have rejected an exquisite reality for the pursuit of a phantom. I, who should have spent my life by your side and sought constantly for new proofs of my love and gratitude, I, a dark shadow, give you a cruel stab, cause you sorrow, and render you the most unfortunate of beings. Ah! what a brute I have been! For the sake of a creature whom I should despise, I have thrown to the wind a fortune whose every piece of gold has cost you a tear! With you lies happiness. I know it too late."

He stopped, overcome by the thought of his evil conduct, ready to burst into tears.

"It is never too late to repent, my son," murmured Madame Fauvel, "and redeem your wrong."

"Ah, if I could!" cried Raoul; "but no, it is too late. Who knows how long my good resolutions will last? It is not only to-day that I have condemned myself without pity. Seized by remorse at each new failure, I have sworn to regain my self-respect. Alas! to what has my periodical repentance amounted? At the first new temptation I forget my remorse and my oaths. You consider me a man: I am only an unstable child. I am weak and cowardly, and you are not strong enough to dominate my weakness and control my vacillating character. I have the best intentions in the world, yet my actions are those of a scoundrel. The gap between my position and my nature is too wide for me to reconcile them. Who knows where my deplorable character may lead me?"

He gave a gesture expressing recklessness, and added, "I myself will bring justice upon myself."

Madame Fauvel was too deeply agitated to follow Raoul's sudden moods.

"Speak!" she cried; "explain yourself. Am I not your mother? You must tell me the truth; I must hear all."

He appeared to hesitate, as if he feared to give so terrible a shock to his mother. Finally, in a hollow voice he said, "I am ruined!"

"Ruined!"

"Yes, and I have nothing more to wait for nor to hope for. I am dishonored, and through my own fault, my own grievous fault!"

"Raoul!"

"It is true. But fear not, mother; I will not drag the name that you bestowed upon me in the dirt. I have the vulgar courage not to survive my dishonor. Go, waste no sympathy on me. I am one of those creatures of destiny who have no refuge save death. I am the victim of fate. Have you not been forced to deny my birth? Did not the memory of me haunt you and deprive your nights of sleep? And now, having found you, in exchange for your devotion I bring into your life a bitter curse."

"Ungrateful child! Have I ever reproached you?"

"Never. And therefore with your blessing, and with your loved name on his lips, your Raoul will — die!"

"Die? You?"

"Yes, mother: honor bids it. I am condemned by inexorable judges — my will and my conscience."

An hour earlier Madame Fauvel would have sworn that Raoul had made her suffer all that a woman could endure; and now he had brought her a new grief so acute that the former ones seemed naught in comparison.

"What have you done?" she stammered.

"Money was intrusted to me. I played, and lost it."

"Was it a large amount?"

"No, but neither you nor I can replace it. Poor mother, have I not taken everything from you? Haven't you given me your last jewel?"

"But M. De Clameran is rich; he has put his fortune at my disposal. I will order the carriage and go to him."

"M. De Clameran, mother, is absent for eight days; and I must have the money to-night, or I am lost. Go! I have thought of everything before deciding. But one loves life at twenty!"

He drew a pistol half out of his pocket, saying with a grim smile, "This will arrange everything."

Madame Fauvel was too unnerved in reflecting upon the horror of the conduct of the supposed Raoul de Clameran to fancy that this last wild menace was but a means for obtaining money.

Forgetting the past, ignoring the future, and concentrating her thought on the present situation, she saw but one thing — that her son was about to kill himself, and that she was powerless to arrest his suicide.

"Wait, wait," she said; "André will soon return, and I will tell him that I have need of — How much did you lose?"

"Thirty thousand francs."

"You shall have them to-morrow."

"I must have them to-night."

She seemed to be going mad; she wrung her hands in despair.

"To-night!" she said: "why didn't you come sooner? Do you lack confidence in me? To-night there is no one to open the safe — without that —"

The expectant Raoul caught the word. He gave an exclamation of joy, as if a light had broken upon his dark despair.

"The safe!" he cried; "do you know where the key is?"

"Yes, it is here."

"Thank heaven!"

He looked at Madame Fauvel with such a demoniacal glance that she dropped her eyes.

"Give it to me, mother," he entreated.

"Miserable boy!"

"It is life that I ask of you."

This prayer decided her. Taking a candle, she stepped quickly into her room, opened the writing-desk, and there found M. Fauvel's own key.

But as she was handing it to Raoul, reason returned.

"No," she murmured; "no, it is impossible."

He did not insist, and indeed seemed willing to retire.

"Ah, well!" he said. "Then, my mother, one last kiss."

She stopped him: — "What will you do with the key, Raoul? Have you also the secret word?"

"No, but I can try."

"You know there is never money in the safe."

"Let us try. If I open it by a miracle, and if there is money in the box, then I shall believe that God has taken pity upon us."

"And if you do not succeed? Then will you swear that you will wait until to-morrow?"

"Upon the memory of my father, I swear it."

"Then here is the key! Come." . . .

They had now reached Prosper's office, and Raoul had placed the lamp on a high shelf, from which point it lighted the entire room. He had recovered all of his self-possession, or rather that peculiar mechanical precision of action which seems to be independent of the will, and which men accustomed to peril always

find at their service in times of pressing need. Rapidly, and with the dexterity of experience, he placed the five buttons of the iron box upon the letters forming the name g,y,p,s,y. His expression during this short performance was one of intense anxiety. He began to fear that the excited energy which he had summoned might fail him, and also that if he did open the box he might not find the hoped-for sum. Prosper might have changed the letters, and he might have been sent to the bank that day.

Madame Fauvel watched Raoul with pathetic distress. She read in his wild eyes that despair of the unfortunate, who so passionately desire a result that they fancy their unassisted will can overcome all obstacles.

Being intimate with Prosper, and having frequently watched him close the office, Raoul knew perfectly well — indeed, he had made it a study and attempted it himself, for he was a far-seeing youth — how to manipulate the key in the lock.

He inserted it gently, turned it, pushed it in deeper, and turned it again, then he pushed it in with a violent shock and turned it once more. His heart beat so loudly that Madame Fauvel could hear it.

The word had not been changed: the box opened.

Raoul and his mother uttered cries — hers of terror, his of triumph.

"Shut it!" screamed Madame Fauvel, frightened at this inexplicable and incomprehensible result; "leave it — come!"

And half mad, she threw herself upon Raoul, clinging to his arm in desperation and drawing him to her with such violence that the key was dragged from the lock and along the door of the coffer, leaving a long and deep mark.

But Raoul had had time to notice upon the upper shelf of the box three bundles of bank-notes. These he quickly snatched with his left hand, slipped them under his coat and placed them between his waistcoat and shirt.

Exhausted by her efforts, and yielding to the violence of her emotions, Madame Fauvel dropped Raoul's arm, and to avoid falling, supported herself on the back of Prosper's arm-chair.

"I implore you, Raoul," she said, "I beseech you to put those bank-notes back in the box. I shall have money to-morrow, I swear it to you a hundred times over, and I will give it to you, my son. I beg you to take pity on your mother!"

He paid no attention to her. He was examining the long scratch on the door. This mark of the theft was very convincing and disturbing.

"At least," implored Madame Fauvel, "don't take all. Keep what you need to save yourself, and leave the rest."

"What for? Would a balance make discovery less easy?"

"Yes, because I—you see I can manage it. Let me arrange it! I can find an explanation! I will tell André that I needed money—"

With precaution, Raoul closed the safe.

"Come," he said to his mother, "let us leave, so that we may not be suspected. One of the servants might go to the drawing-room and be surprised not to find us there."

His cruel indifference and cold calculation at such a moment filled Madame Fauvel with indignation. Yet she still hoped that she might influence her son. She still believed in the power of her entreaties and tears.

"Ah me!" she said, "it might be as well! If they discover us, I care little or nothing. We are lost! André will drive me from the house, a miserable creature. But at least, I will not sacrifice the innocent. To-morrow Prosper will be accused. Clameran has taken from him the woman he loves, and you, now you will rob him of his honor. I will not."

She spoke so loud and with such a penetrating voice that Raoul was alarmed. He knew that the office clerk slept in an adjoining room. Although it was not late, he might have gone to bed; and if so, he could hear every word.

"Let us go," he said, seizing Madame Fauvel by the arm.

But she resisted, and clung to a table, the better to resist.

"I have been a coward to sacrifice Madeleine," she said quietly. "I will not sacrifice Prosper!"

Raoul knew of a victorious argument which would break Madame Fauvel's resolution.

"Ah!" he cried with a cynical laugh; "you do not know, then, that Prosper and I are in league, and that he shares my fate."

"That is impossible."

"What do you think? Do you imagine that it was chance which gave me the secret word and opened the box?"

"Prosper is honest."

"Of course, and so am I. But—we need the money."

"You speak falsely!"

"No, dear mother. Madeleine left Prosper, and — well, bless me! he has tried to console himself, the poor fellow; and such consolations are expensive."

He had lifted the lamp; and gently but with much force pushed Madame Fauvel towards the staircase.

She seemed to be more dumbfounded than when she saw the open safe.

"What," she said, "Prosper a thief?"

She asked herself if she were not the victim of a terrible nightmare; if an awakening would not rid her of this unspeakable torture. She could not control her thoughts, and mechanically, supported by Raoul, she placed her foot on the narrow stairs.

"The key must be returned to the writing-desk," said Raoul, when they reached the bedroom.

She appeared not to hear, and it was Raoul who replaced the key in the box from which he had seen her take it.

He then led or rather carried Madame Fauvel to the little drawing-room where he had found her upon his arrival, and placed her in an easy-chair. The utter prostration of this unhappy woman, her fixed eyes, and her loss of expression, revealed only too well the agony of her mind. Raoul, frightened, asked if she had gone mad?

"Come, mother dear," he said, as he tried to warm her icy hands, "come to yourself. You have saved my life, and we have both rendered a great service to Prosper. Fear nothing: all will come straight. Prosper will be accused, perhaps arrested. He expects that; but he will deny it, and as his guilt cannot be proved, he will be released."

But his lies and his efforts were lost upon Madame Fauvel, who was too distracted to hear them.

"Raoul," she murmured, "my son, you have killed me!"

Her voice was so impressive in its sorrow, her tone was so tender in its despair, that Raoul was affected, and even decided to restore the stolen money. But the thought of Clameran returned.

Then, noticing that Madame Fauvel remained in her chair, bewildered and as still as death, trembling at the thought that M. Fauvel or Madeleine might enter at any moment, he pressed a kiss upon his mother's forehead — and fled.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature.'

M. LECOQ'S SYSTEM

From 'File No. 113'

In the centre of a large and curiously furnished room, half library and half actor's study, was seated at a desk the same person wearing gold spectacles who had said at the police station to the accused cashier Prosper Bertomy, "Take courage!" This was M. Lecoq in his official character.

Upon the entrance of Fanferlot, who advanced respectfully, curving his backbone as he bowed, M. Lecoq slightly lifted his head and laid down his pen, saying, "Ah! you have come at last, my boy! Well, you don't seem to be progressing with the Bertomy case."

"Why, really," stammered Fanferlot, "you know—"

"I know that you have muddled everything, until you are so blinded that you are ready to give over."

"But master, it was not I—"

M. Lecoq had arisen and was pacing the floor. Suddenly he stopped before Fanferlot, nicknamed "the Squirrel."

"What do you think, Master Squirrel," he asked in a hard and ironical tone, "of a man who abuses the confidence of those who employ him, who reveals enough of what he has discovered to make the evidence misleading, and who betrays for the benefit of his foolish vanity the cause of justice—and an unhappy prisoner?"

The frightened Fanferlot recoiled a step.

"I should say," he began, "I should say—"

"You think this man should be punished and dismissed; and you are right. The less a profession is honored, the more honorable should be those who follow it. You however are treacherous. Ah! Master Squirrel, we are ambitious, and we try to play the police in our own way! We let Justice wander where she will, while we search for other things. It takes a more cunning bloodhound than you, my boy, to hunt without a hunter and at his own risk."

"But master, I swear—"

"Be silent. Do you wish me to prove that you have told everything to the examining magistrate, as was your duty? Go to! While others were charging the cashier, *you* informed against the banker! *You* watched him; you became intimate with his *valet de chambre!*"

Was M. Lecoq really in anger? Fanferlot, who knew him well, doubted it a little; but with this devil of a man one never quite knew how to take him.

"If you were only clever," he continued, "but no! You wish to be a master, and you are not even a good workman."

"You are right, master," said Fanferlot piteously, who could deny no longer. "But how could I work upon a business like this, when there was no trace, no mark, no sign, no conviction, —nothing, nothing?"

M. Lecoq raised his shoulders.

"Poor boy!" he said. "Know, then, that the day when you were summoned with the commissary to verify the robbery, you had—I will not say certainly but very probably—between your two large and stupid hands the means of knowing which key, the banker's or the cashier's, had been used in committing the theft."

"What an idea!"

"You want proof? Very well. Do you remember that mark which you observed on the side of the copper? It struck you, for you did not repress an exclamation when you saw it. You examined it carefully with a glass; and you were convinced that it was quite fresh, and therefore made recently. You said, and with reason, that this mark dated from the moment of the theft. But with what had it been made? With a key, evidently. That being the case, you should have demanded the keys of the banker and the cashier, and examined them attentively. One of these would have shown some atoms of the green paint with which a strong-box is usually coated."

Fanferlot listened with open mouth to this explanation. At the last words, he slapped his forehead violently, and cried—of himself—"Imbecile!"

"You are right," replied M. Lecoq—"imbecile. What! With such a guide before your eyes, you neglected it and drew no conclusion! This is the one clue to the affair. If I find the guilty one, it will be by means of this mark,—and I will find him; I am determined to do it."

When away from Lecoq, Fanferlot, nicknamed the Squirrel, often slandered and defied him; but in his presence he yielded to the magnetic influence which this extraordinary man exercised upon all who came near him.

Such exact information and such minute details perplexed his mind. Where and how could M. Lecoq have gathered them?

"You have been studying the case, master?"

"Probably. But as I am not infallible, I may have let some valuable point escape me. Sit down, and tell me all that you know."

One could not prevaricate with M. Lecoq. Therefore Fanferlot told the exact truth,—which was not his custom. However, before the end of his recital, his vanity prevented him from telling how he had been tricked by Mademoiselle Nina Gypsy and the stout gentleman.

Unfortunately, M. Lecoq was never informed by halves.

"It seems to me, Master Squirrel," he said, "that you have forgotten something. How far did you follow the empty cab?"

Fanferlot, despite his assurance, blushed to his ears, and dropped his eyes like a schoolboy caught in a guilty act.

"O patron," he stammered, "you know that too? How could you have—"

Suddenly a thought flashed through his brain: he stopped, and bounding from his chair, cried, "Oh, I am sure—that stout gentleman with the red whiskers was you!"

Fanferlot's surprise gave such a ridiculous expression to his face that M. Lecoq could not help smiling.

"Then it *was* you," continued the amazed detective, "it was you, that fat man at whom I stared. I did not recognize you! Ah, patron, what an actor you would make if you pleased! And *I* was disguised also!"

"But very poorly, my poor boy, I tell you for your own good. Do you think a heavy beard and a blouse sufficient to evade detection? But the eye, stupid fellow, the eye! It is the eye that must be changed. There is the secret."

This theory of disguise explains why the official, lynx-like Lecoq never appeared at the police office without his gold spectacles.

"But then, patron," continued Fanferlot, working out the idea, "you have made the little girl confess, although Madame Alexandre failed? You know then why she left 'The Grand-Archange'; why she did not wait for M. Louis de Clameran; and why she bought calico dresses for herself?"

"She never acts without my instructions."

"In this case," said the detective, greatly discouraged, "there is nothing more for me to do except acknowledge myself a fool."

"No, Squirrel," replied M. Lecoq with kindness; "no, you are not a fool; you are simply wrong in undertaking a task beyond your powers. Have you made one progressive step since you began this case? No. This only proves that you are incomparable as a lieutenant, but that you have not the *sang-froid* of a general. I will give you an aphorism; keep it, and make it a rule of conduct — 'Some men may shine in the second who are eclipsed in the first rank.'" . . .

Egotist, like all great artists, M. Lecoq had never had, nor did he wish to have, a pupil. He worked alone. He despised assistants; for he did not wish to share the pleasures of triumph nor the bitterness of defeat.

Therefore Fanferlot, who knew his patron so well, was astonished to hear him, who had heretofore given nothing but orders, helping him with counsel.

He was so mystified that he could not help showing his surprise.

"It seems to me, patron," he risked saying, "that you take a strong personal interest in this case, that you study it so closely."

M. Lecoq started nervously,— which motion escaped his detective,— and then, frowning, he said in a hard voice:—

"It is your nature to be curious, Master Squirrel; but take care that you do not go too far. Do you understand?"

Fanferlot began to offer excuses.

"Enough! Enough!" interrupted M. Lecoq. "If I lend you a helping hand, it is because I wish to. I wish to be the head while you are the arm. Alone, with your preconceived ideas, you never would find the guilty one. If we two do not find him together, then I am not M. Lecoq."

"We shall succeed, if you make it your business."

"Yes, I am entangled in it, and during four days I have learned many things. However, keep this quiet. I have reasons for not being known in this case. Whatever happens, I forbid you to mention my name. If we succeed, the success must be given to you. And above all, do not seek explanations. Be satisfied with what I tell you."

These charges seemed to fill Fanferlot with confidence.

"I will be discreet, patron," he promised.

"I depend upon you, my boy. To begin: Carry this photograph of the strong box to the examining magistrate. M. Patrigent I know, is as perplexed as possible upon the subject of

the prisoner. You must explain, as if it were your own discovery, what I have just shown you. When you repeat all this to him with these indications, I am sure he will release the cashier. Prosper Bertomy, the accused cashier, must be free before I begin my work."

"I understand, patron. But shall I let M. Patrigent see that I suspect another than the banker or the cashier?"

"Certainly. Justice demands that you follow up the case. M. Patrigent will charge you to watch Prosper; reply that you will not lose sight of him. I assure you that he will be in good hands."

"And if he asks news of — Mademoiselle Gypsy?"

M. Lecoq hesitated for a moment.

"You will say to him," he said finally, "that you have decided, in the interest of Prosper, to place her in a house where she can watch some one whom you suspect."

The joyous Fanferlot rolled the photograph, took his hat, and prepared to leave. M. Lecoq detained him by a gesture: — "I have not finished," he said. "Do you know how to drive a carriage and take care of a horse?"

"Why, patron, you ask me that — an old rider of the Bouthor Circus?"

"Very well. As soon as the judge has dismissed you, return home, and prepare a wig and livery of a *valet de chambre* of the first class; and having dressed, go with this letter to the Agency on the Rue Delorme."

"But, patron — "

"There are no 'buts,' my boy; for this agent will send you to M. Louis de Clameran, who needs a new *valet de chambre*, his own having left yesterday evening."

"Excuse me if I dare say that you are deceived. Clameran will not agree to the conditions: he is no friend of the cashier."

"How you always interrupt me," said M. Lecoq, in his most imperative tones. "Do only what I tell you, and let everything else alone. M. Clameran is not a friend to Prosper. I know that. But he is the friend and protector of Raoul de Lagors. Why? Who can explain the intimacy of these two men of such different ages? We must know this. We must also know who *is* M. Louis de Clameran — this forge-master who lives in Paris and never goes to his own factories! A jolly dog who has taken it into his head to live at the Hôtel du Louvre and who mingles

in the whirling crowd, is difficult to watch. Through you, I shall have my eye on him. He has a carriage; you will drive it; and in the easiest way you will know his acquaintances, and be able to give me an account of his slightest proceedings."

"You shall be obeyed, patron."

"Still another word. M. De Clameran is very irritable and suspicious. You will be introduced to him as Joseph Dubois. He will ask for your recommendations. Here are three, showing that you have served the Marquis de Sairmeuse, the Count de Commarin, and your last place — the house of the Baron de Wortschen, who has just gone to Germany. Keep your eyes open, be correct, and watch his movements. Serve well, but without excess of manner. But don't be too cringing, for that would arouse suspicion."

"Make yourself easy, patron: now, where shall I report?"

"I will come to see you every day. Until you have an order, don't step inside of this house: you might be followed. If anything unforeseen occurs, send a dispatch to your wife, and she will advise me. Now go; and be prudent."

The door shut behind Fanferlot, and M. Lecoq passed quickly into his bedroom.

In the twinkling of an eye he stripped off all traces of the official detective chief,— the starched cravat, the gold spectacles, and the wig, which when removed released the thick black hair.

The official Lecoq disappeared; the true Lecoq remained, a person that no one knew,— a handsome young man with brilliant eyes and a resolute manner.

Only a moment was he visible. Seated before a dressing-table, on which were spread a greater array of paints, essences, rouge, cosmetics, and false hair than is required for a modern belle, he began to substitute a new face for the one accorded him by nature.

He worked slowly, handling his little brushes with extreme care, and in about an hour had achieved one of his periodical masterpieces. When he had finished, he was no longer Lecoq: he was the stout gentleman with the red whiskers, not recognized by Fanferlot.

"There," he exclaimed, giving a last glance in the mirror, "I have forgotten nothing; I have left nothing to chance. All my threads are tied, and I can progress. I hope the Squirrel will not lose time."

But Fanferlot was too joyous to squander a moment. He did not run,—he flew along the way toward the Palais de Justice and M. Patrigent the judge.

At last he had the opportunity of demonstrating his own superior perspicacity.

It never occurred to him that he was striving to triumph through the ideas of another man. The greater part of the world is content to strut, like the jackdaw, in peacock's feathers.

The result did not blight his hopes. If M. Patrigent was not altogether convinced, he at least admired the ingenuity of the proceeding.

"This is what I will do," he said in dismissing Fanferlot: "I will present a favorable report to the council chamber, and to-morrow, most likely, the cashier will be released."

Immediately he began to write one of those terrible decisions of "Not Proven," which restores liberty to the accused man, but not honor; which says that he is not guilty, but which does not declare him innocent:—

"Whereas, against the prisoner Prosper Bertomy sufficient charges do not exist, in accordance with Article 128 of the Criminal Code, we declare there are no grounds at present for prosecution against the aforesaid prisoner: we therefore order that he be released from the prison where he is now detained, and set at liberty by the jailer," etc.

When this was finished, M. Patrigent remarked to his registrar Sigault:—"Here is one of those mysterious crimes which baffle justice! This is another file to be added to the archives of the record office." And with his own hand he wrote upon the outside the official number, "*File No. 113.*"

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature.'

BENITO PEREZ GALDÓS

(1845–)

I

THE contemporary school of Spanish fiction dates from about the revolution of 1868, which drove out Isabel II. and brought in a more liberal form of government. Without this revolution, it would scarcely have found opportunity for the free expression of opinion and the bold critical tone towards ancient institutions which are among its leading characteristics. It is a fresh stirring of the human intellect, a distinctly new product, and a valuable contribution to the world's literature. In all its best manifestations, it is thoroughly Spanish; and though its most conspicuous authors have knowledge and experience of the methods of the contemporary writers of other countries, it is when they are farthest from following these that they are doing their best work. Its method is realistic; but one of its leading figures, Pereda, a strong delineator of rural life, protests, as to himself and his works, against the use of the word, — «if,» he says vigorously, «it means to rank me under the triumphal French banner of foul-smelling realism.» That is to say, they consider the best material for fiction to be the better and sweeter part of life and its higher aspirations, and not that coarse part of it to which the French would seem to have devoted an undue amount of attention. The reader of Anglo-Saxon origin approaches this fiction with ease and sympathy; he has not to acquire any new point of view in order to understand it, nor to unlearn any wonted standards of taste or morals. At the same time, it must be said that the sane traditions of the old masters of the new school have not been followed in all sincerity by the later comers. Spanish literature of to-day (1917), while still vigorous, has not the essential health of the best work of the last thirty years of the nineteenth century; a fairly large part is made to the malodorous and morbid, and admirable talent is qualified by deplorable taste. The number of writers has increased greatly, and the various phenomena of formulæ and æsthetic over refinement, familiar to readers of French and German literature of the day, may be observed, all the way from a proud conscious brutality (Blasco Ibáñez), to seductive semi-lyrical morbidness (Valle-Inclán).

An informing Spanish critic, Emilia Pardo-Bazán, herself a novel-

ist of talent, points out that the present Spanish school cannot be said to have a «yesterday,» but only «a day before yesterday.» She means that it has skipped a certain interval, and connects itself with remoter, and not with recent, tradition. It really comes down from a time antedating even the great «Golden Age.» There is much truth in this, and it certainly is the fact that the best of the novelists of our time know their older literature well, and esteem it highly, and are much more akin to it than to the artificial classical product of the eighteenth century, and the extravagant romanticism of the earlier nineteenth, which was well read in Byron and Walter Scott. They reverence Cervantes, quote (and misquote) Quevedo, and take real pleasure in showing thorough acquaintance with the Celestina, and with the Pícaros, the heroes of the Romances of Roguery, from ‹Lazarillo de Tormes› to the eighteenth-century French ‹Gil Blas.› But it is a mistake to push too far the search for their relation to the writers of earlier times. The great moderns study, portray, and analyze. They are a normal part of the newer world into which Spain began shyly to enter after 1868.

So far as there is English influence in this literature, it may be said to be more in the form of example than as a direct component. It has given the Spanish movement courage and persistence, to see the same ideals elsewhere affording profit and pleasure to millions of men. Otherwise it is a mere coloring, a superficial trace. In particular, Pérez Galdós is fond of introducing English characters. Some of them have the Dickens-like trait of a beaming, exuberant benevolence, and the athletic parson in ‹Gloria› who risks his life pulling out to the rescue of a wrecked steamer is like Barrie's Little Minister. Many of his leading characters are of that mixed blood, at Cadiz and elsewhere in the South, where one parent is English and the other Spanish, and the offspring have had the advantage of an education in England. He admires English types and ways, and yet with a reluctance too; which brings it about that they are generally introduced subject to considerable satire and mockery. English steadiness and thrift,—yes, very well; but he has a lingering tenderness still for Spanish levity and improvidence. In ‹Halma,› all the Marquis de Feramor's children have English names, as «Sandy» (*Alexandrito*), «Frank» (*Paquito*), and «Kitty» (*Catalanita*). The Marquis has been a student at Cambridge, and he imports into his career in Spanish politics the thorough study of the question at issue, the conservative temper and abhorrence of extremes, and the correct «good form» of some finished English statesman. These ideas of English policy and conservatism are talked over again, in the *tertulias* of the amusing family in ‹El Amigo Manso,› who have come back wealthy from Cuba, the head of the household with the purpose of going into Parliament and securing a title.

At the head of the school of fiction are four writers, namely, José María de Pereda, Armando Palacio Valdés, Benito Pérez Galdós, and Juan Valera. They may be considered, in their various ways, as of well-nigh equal merit; each one has some very distinguished and distinguishing quality, in virtue of which he cannot justly be rated below the others. Pereda occupies a position apart in devoting himself mainly to the lives of humble people, the mountaineers and fishermen of the Biscayan Provinces. He never willingly departs from these scenes either in his literary or personal excursions; he has his home among them, near Santander. Valera stands apart in a different way, and would occupy himself by preference with the opposite class of society. He is the most learned and scholarly of the quartette, and his writing is the most carefully polished in style. He is a scholarly critic and essayist as well as a novelist. He is a realist like the rest, yet eschews, for instance, the imitation of dialect: he is not a realist in quite the same energetic and conscientious way; his atmosphere, while no doubt equally true, is rather dreamy and poetic. He has no ethical axe to grind, and this fact, and the greater subtlety of his humor, have worked together to win him admiration where he cared most to win it, and to make his general popularity much less than that of Pérez Galdós and Valdés. Valdés and Galdós are much more vividly modern, and they treat many of the same kind of subjects, the events of real life such as we see it all around us. Of the four, Valdés has perhaps, in certain passages, the truest tenderness and most delicate pathos, and the most genuine humor, of that sunny kind which allows us to laugh without bitterness. He can sometimes be bitter too, and such a severe social satire as ‹Froth› and such books as ‹The Grandee› and ‹The Origin of Thought› leave, like many of those of Galdós, an impression of gloom; yet even in these we are charmed on the way by his light touch and easy grace of treatment. Galdós is he who takes the gravest attitude; many great problems of life and destiny occupy him seriously; he not only is very earnest, but seems so, — which does not however preclude a plentiful use of humor, as will be seen in the examples given. Furthermore, he is much the most prolific of the distinguished group, and to that extent he may be said to have the widest range.

These writers are a highly beneficent influence in Spain at the present time, spreading over it as they do a multitude of stimulating pictures and liberalizing ideas, cast into charming literary form. They cannot fail to have a considerable effect upon conduct. In its manner, its aversion to obscurity, and fondness for floods of daylight that almost abolish shadow, this fiction is like the Spanish-Roman school

of art, the painting of Fortuny, the two Madrazos, and others: the two seem but manifestations of a common impulse. On another side it is to be recommended to foreigners, as affording a body of information about Spain such as the mere traveler could never attain, and which it is useless to look for in fiction depending for its interest upon clever devices of plot and fantastic adventure. It lets an illumination into the heart of what has been the most reserved and mysterious country of Europe. It shows the true Spain, and not merely the conventional one of strumming guitars and jingling mule bells. With all its strangeness, we see it full of that genuine human nature that makes the world akin; and we see, with pleasure and hope, the breaking up of the forces of mediævalism, the working of a mental and moral turmoil that is preparing the way for a general betterment.

It would not be reasonable to suppose that Spanish literature remained wholly unaffected by the vigorous French movement just across the border. On the contrary, it clearly shows the trace of the robust modern style that has prevailed in France from Balzac to Zola. This trace, however, is in the style and not in the matter. It may possibly have aided the plainness of speech in the Spanish work, which is greater than in English books; and yet this plainness of speech is probably not greater than all books should be allowed, in the interest of their own usefulness, and in order not to be narrow instead of broad pictures of life. The tone towards sexual problems is never flippant; immorality is never put in an attractive light; there is hardly anywhere a more severe homily on the text that "the wages of sin is death" than is found in the wretched career of the transgressors in such books as Galdós's 'Lo Prohibido,' 'Tormento,' and 'La Desheredada.'

Just as in English books, the young girl, her aspirations and her innocent love affairs before marriage, figure largely in these novels. It is not necessary for her to wait until she is married in order to become a suitable heroine for fiction. Religious revolt or dissent, again, is one of the features most often used. There is still a very close union of Church and State in Spain, and life has a very ecclesiastical coloring. Nearly every family has ties of relationship or intimacy with some ecclesiastical person of either sex. This brings it about that such figures are as frequent in books as, correspondingly, in real life. In Valera's 'Pepita Ximénez' we find an earnest young student, a candidate for the priesthood, son of a noble house, turned aside from his holy career — through his father's connivance — by the fascinations of a most charming woman, their neighbor. In Valdés's 'Sister San Sulpicio' it is a young novice, a delightfully gay and bright creature, whom love and matrimony withdraw from her convent. In the same author's 'Marta y María' a fair young girl is seen

endeavoring to conform in the midst of modern life to the ascetic ideals of the mediæval saints, even to the point of wearing hair-cloth and beating her tender shoulders with a scourge. Galdós's 'Doña Perfecta' and 'The Family of León Roch' combat the undue influence of the confessor, or religious adviser, in the family, and 'Gloria' combats the immemorial bitter prejudice against the Jews. As may be seen, many of these subjects, if approached in a flippant way, might easily lend themselves to grossness and scandal; but such is not the Spanish spirit. The tone towards the Church is severely critical, but not destructive. It is the true secular tone of this century, which holds that a conventional attention to the things of the next world is only due when all demands for benevolence towards living men are satisfied. Howells points out that Galdós attacks only the same intolerant ecclesiastical spirit that elsewhere would be known by another name. These critics would "reform the party from within"; and as they handle with so much skill and consideration the sensibilities of their countrymen who still adhere to the fold, their efforts are the more likely to have a potent effect. It seems a curious anomaly that Pereda, the one of them who is the most modern and stirring in the intellectual way, professes himself the champion of monarchy in its most absolute form.

The beginnings of the present fiction are somewhat feebly found in Antonio de Trueba, and Madame Böhl de Faber, who signed herself "Fernan Caballero,"—one of the first of those who took a man's name, after the fashion of George Sand. These first wrote of other things than the romantic knights and castles, Moors and odalisques, of Scott and Victor Hugo. Fernan Caballero (1797 to 1877), a genial optimist who wrote idealized descriptions of nature, still has a certain vogue. Pérez Escrich produced a large number of novels of a humanitarian cast; Fernández y González poured them out, of a cheap order, in a torrent, and became the very type of hasty production. Pedro de Alarcón figures as a kind of link uniting the earlier period to the present, and such a book as his once popular 〈El Sombrero de Tres Picos〉 (The Cocked Hat) is read by some of the present generation with admiration. An extract from this story and a more extended notice of Alarcón are to be found in Volume I. of the Library pages 263 to 268. Students of the more realistic side of the movement should read Countess Pardo-Bazán's valuable critical study, 〈La Cuestión Palpitante〉 (The Vital Question). Various books by the leading authors named except Pereda have been well translated into English by Clara Bell, Mrs. Mary J. Serrano, Mary Springer, Rollo Ogden, Nathan Haskell Dole, and others. Selections from Pereda, Valera, and Valdés and additional particulars will be found under their names in later volumes of the Library.

II

Benito Pérez Galdós was born May 10th, 1845, in the Canary Islands. Las Palmas, his birthplace, capital of the Grand Canary, is a well-built little town of about eighteen thousand people, and the island is the most fertile of the group. In climate and situation the islands belong rather to Africa than Europe. The people are considered descendants of the Gothic inhabitants of Spain, who sought refuge there from the Saracen invasion. Their existence was all but lost to sight for some centuries, and they were only brought under European sway about the time of the discovery of America. These Fortunate Islands, the somewhat unusual scene where Galdós was born and passed his youth, would seem to offer a fresh literary field, yet no word of description or reminiscence concerning them appears in any of his books. This is perhaps part of the policy of reserve that induces him to deny, even by implication, any biographical details concerning himself,—a reserve so marked as to have been generally noted as an eccentricity. Leopoldo Alas, his biographer, in the 'Celebridades Españolas Contemporanéas,' assures us that it was only with the greatest difficulty he drew from him the bare admission that he was born in the Canary Islands. He made his studies there in the State college, and came to Madrid at the age of eighteen to study law. He had no great liking for it, and did not follow it further, unless as it became a step for entrance into political life, for he has been a deputy in the National Cortes, for Porto Rico. He did not acquire skill in forensic eloquence; his biographer, above, states that he cannot put four words together in public, nor in private either. A reticent man, he is forced to write in order to find expression.

He wrote his first book in 1867 and '68, but it was not published till 1871. In the mean time the revolution of 1868 took place, which enlarged the boundaries of freedom in literature as in many other directions; and Galdós at Barcelona had some small part in it. The book was 'La Fontana de Oro' (The Fount of Gold). It treats of the aspirations of the "ardent youth" of 1820, who rebelled against the reactionary policy brought in by Ferdinand VII. after the expulsion of the French from the country; and in the student hero Lázaro he perhaps displays his own ideas at the period. Violent political clubs were formed, on the model of the Jacobin Clubs of the French Revolution, and it is from the name of a café that was the meeting-place of the most famous of these clubs that the name of the story is derived. His next book was 'El Audaz' (The Fearless: 1872). The period is the same. The hero is an utterly fearless young radical, who has been driven to revolt through wrongs done

his family by the Count de Cerezuelo. By a peculiar hazard, though far below her in social station, he meets the daughter of the count, a very proud and disdainful beauty. It is her caprice to fall in love with him, and she remains true to him to the end, when he dies in a street tumult, having first gone mad with his superheated enthusiasm. These early books are conceived upon conventional romantic lines, and hardly gave promise of their author's future fame. They contain however passages of strong character-drawing, like that of the Porreños, three ancient spinster sisters of a fallen patrician house in 'El Audaz,' which are equal to his later work.

He next entered upon an extensive enterprise which soon began to give him both reputation and profit. This was the writing of a score of historical romances, after the model of those of Erckmann-Chatrian, called 'Episodios Nacionales' (National Episodes). They are divided into two series, the first beginning with 'Trafalgar' (1873), the second with 'El Equipaje del Rey José' (King Joseph's Baggage: 1875). They deal with the two modern periods comprising the deliverance of the country from the usurpation of the French, and the more obscure struggles against Ferdinand VII., who sought to reduce the country under the same absolutist rule that had prevailed before the ideas of the French Revolution liberalized the whole of Europe. The history in these romances is intermingled with personal interests and adventures, to give it an air of informality; and though each is complete in itself, some knowledge of Spanish history is desirable as an aid to understanding them. They are considerably interlinked among themselves, the same characters appearing more or less in successive volumes. The hero of the first series is one Gabriel, who narrates them all in the first person. He is a poor boy who becomes servant to a family near Cadiz. He accompanies his master on board the huge Santísima Trinidad, the largest ship of her age, and is able to describe in detail the action of Trafalgar, the description being the more interesting for us as coming from the Spanish point of view. In 'La Corte de Carlos IV.' (The Court of Charles IV.: 1873), we find him page to a leading actress, and an eye-witness to the degeneracy of that monarch and his favorite Godoy, which resulted in the seizure of the country by Napoleon for his brother Joseph. In 'La Batalla de los Arapiles' (translated by Rollo Ogden as 'The Battle of Salamanca': 1875), the last of the series, the same Gabriel is a major, and performs an important commission for Wellington. He has risen to this level step by step, and on the way has had as many adventures as one of Dumas's guardsmen, and has carried them off as gallantly. In the second series of 'Episodios,' Salvador Monsalud is the principal character. He is a young fellow who is led by dire want — and also by

sharing the liberalized French view of the decadence and worthlessness of the Spanish form of rule — to take service in the bodyguard of Joseph Bonaparte. A chapter full of strength and pathos, in 'King Joseph's Baggage,' shows him disowned by his mother and cast off by his village sweetheart on account of such service, both of them frantic with a spirit of independence like that which animated the Maid of Saragossa. A feature of this book that gives it originality is that the action turns not upon the usual principal features of battle, but upon the fate of the rich baggage train of booty with which Joseph Bonaparte had hoped to escape to France after his brief, disastrous reign.

The 'Episodios' have had an extensive influence, and have been imitated, under a like title, in the Spanish Americas. The author's tone toward the past is generally severe and disdainful. "Had Spain, perchance, a 'constitution' when she was the foremost nation in the world?" he puts into the mouth of one of his characters, with sardonic intent. He has been called unappreciative, and his attitude towards Spanish antiquity has been protested against by other leading writers, of more conservative feeling, as unwarranted. These romances contain some passages showing aversion to the barbarities of war, but in general they are less humanitarian than those of Erckmann-Chatrian: they are principally devoted to glorifying Spanish fortitude and courage. These books are a great advance upon the two earlier novels: from the first they showed literary workmanship of a high order: they possess ingenuity of plot, sufficient probability, and graphic power of description, movement, and conversation. In the latter respects, indeed, they surpass some of the author's later works that make more serious pretensions.

The wider and more definitely literary reputation of Pérez Galdós rests upon more than a score of other works, in addition to the above. These are distinctly novels, as contrasted with romances; and they treat of contemporary life, in a method that aims to be conscientiously observant and impartial. It is often said, without much reflection, that we see enough of the things close about us, and need our literary recreation in the remote and strange. But it must be recalled that we see those things without the eyes of genius, and he is a true benefactor who poetizes and dignifies life in making evident that all of life is vivid with interest, even that part of it nearest to us, which without such illumination we may have thought devoid of it. The words in which the ostensible narrator of 'Lo Prohibido' (Forbidden Fruit: 1885), explains the purpose of his journal may well enough be taken to exhibit the method of Galdós. It was to set down "my prosaic adventures, events that in no way differ from those that fill and make up the lives of other men. I aspire to no

further effects than such as the sincere and unaffected presentation of the truth may produce; and I have no design upon the reader's emotions by means of calculated surprises, frights, or conjurer's tricks, through which things look one way for a time and then turn out in a manner diametrically opposite."

The titles of a number of his principal books, not hitherto given, with dates, are as follows. The dates are those when they were written, and they were generally published shortly after: 'Doña Perfecta,' 1876; 'Gloria,' 1876; 'Torquemada en la Hoguera' (Torquemada at the Stake: 1876); 'Marianela,' 1878; 'La Familia de Leon Roch' (Leon Roch's Family: 1878); 'Los Cien Mil Hijos de San Luis' (The Hundred Thousand Sons of Saint Louis: 1877) of the Episódios; 'Un Faccioso Más' (A Rebel the More: 1879) the completion of the Episódios; 'La Desheredada' (The Disowned: 1881); 'El Amigo Manso' (Friend Mildman: 1882); 'El Doctor Centeno,' 1883; 'Tormento,' 1884; 'La de Bringas' (That Mrs. de Bringas: 1884); 'Fortunata y Jacinta,' 1886; 'Miau,' 1888; 'La Incógnita' (The Unknown: 1889); 'Realidad' (Reality: 1890); 'Angel Guerra,' 1891; 'Torquemada en la Cruz' (Torquemada on the Cross: 1894); 'Torquemada en el Purgatorio' (Torquemada in Purgatory: 1894); 'Torquemada y San Pedro,' 1895; 'Nazarin,' 1895; 'Halma,' 1896.

Even in his new departure, Galdós did not at once enter upon his final manner. 'Doña Perfecta,' 'The Family of León Roch,' and 'Gloria' are quite distinctly didactic, or "novels with a purpose"; while 'Marianela' is somewhat cloyingly sentimental, a prose poem after the manner of Ouida. In spite of all this, however, 'Doña Perfecta' has been pronounced by many his best work. It is the one that has obtained greatest celebrity abroad, and it is the one, all things considered, likely to be the most satisfactory example of his work to the English reader. 'La Desheredada' marks the transition to his final period, and he has put it upon record that with this book the real difficulties of his vocation began. It is a poignantly affecting story of a poor girl who was brought up, by a parent half knave and half insane, to believe that she was not his daughter but that of a noble house. After his death she undertakes in all good faith to prosecute her claim, and is thrown into prison as an impostor. Her heart is broken by the disillusionment; she cannot adjust herself to life again without the sweetness of that beguiling belief, and so, in the end, not having the boldness to die, she throws herself upon the street, a social outcast. Both in the person of Isidora and others, the book is a moving treatise on false education. Other leading figures are her brother, a young "hoodlum" and thief, the burden of whose career she has also to bear upon her slender shoulders, and the pampered son of the poor Sastres, who have denied themselves bread that

he might have an education and luxuries. He has a hundred fine schemes for getting a living, but never a one of them includes turning his hand to a stroke of honest labor.

'El Amigo Manso' is an extended piece of character-drawing, self-told, in a gently humorous vein. It gives an account of a college instructor, very benevolent, very methodical and prudent, and a trifle conceited and patronizing, who is in love with a pretty governess. By the time he has settled all his judicious pros and cons, the pretty governess, who really cared nothing about him, is engaged to a suitor of a more dashing sort. The scenes of 'Tormento,' 'La de Bringas,' and 'Miau' are laid chiefly among the class of minor office-holders, with whose manners the author shows an exhaustive familiarity, and each has its peculiar tragic situation in itself. 'Realidad,' written once in the form of a novel, and again as a drama, treats of the subject of a wife's infidelity, as it might pass in real life, instead of in the conventional and hackneyed way. Its title seems to propose to adhere even closer to the exact truth than do the others. There come to mind, in its suppressed passion and its calm, intellectual, and bitter philosophy, suggestions both of Ibsen and Sudermann. The banker Orozco, a noble and reserved nature, does not slay his wife, does not banish her from him, nor even make her reproaches. Augusta, on her side, wonders if his mind is not giving way. This bitter commentary on life is as near as her smaller mind can approach to a comprehension of his magnanimous conduct. The same Augusta, earlier, has said in conversation, "Real life is the greatest of all inventors; the only one who is ever ready, fresh, and inexhaustible in resource." In these books, however serious, the purpose does not obtrude to the detriment of art; the reader is left free to draw his own conclusions, as from events in actual life; the author ostensibly is neither for nor against, and yet he leaves us in no doubt as to his decision, always a moral and stimulating one.

Galdós is a writer of people and things. His interest is in the lives and souls of men and women, his skill is in the analysis of their reactions upon each other, and of circumstances and social and moral tradition and environment upon them. He does not care much for descriptive writing, his style is simple, sometimes careless. Still, to the reader who knows Spain, there are passages in 'Doña Perfecta' that fairly bring back the smell of the red mud of the central plateau, and 'Gloria,' and 'Tristana,' and 'Fortunata y Jacinta' are continually forcing one to visualize some corner of a Spanish scene. But Nature, in the conventional sense, is not his concern. He gives a sufficient setting to his actions, and he takes care that the few details he needs are accurate, and in harmony. Life, as he sees it, is a serious thing, made up, oftentimes, of cruel trifles. But he is not a pessimist, unless it be

pessimism to be fearless in facing unpleasant realities, and honest in admitting their unpleasantness — and their reality. In his best novels at any rate, he is natural, and we are sure that nature is not pessimistic. The sense of gloominess that often attends the reading of the work is quickly dispelled by an ineluctable feeling of the strong healthiness and sincerity of the author.

The theatre tempted Pérez Galdós only after his place as a novelist had been securely won. His earliest plays were ‹Realidad› (1890), ‹La de San Quintín› (1894), ‹El Abuelo› (1897), ‹La Fiera› (1897), of which only the second and fourth have any aptness for stage production. Indeed, the other two, as well as the later ‹Casandra› (1905), he calls *novelas*, though in his preface to the first named he makes it clear that he has the theatre in mind. They are long stories in dialogue, of the general form familiar to readers of Henri Lavedan, though in their content and aim they are as different as possible from the work of that author. Simply as literature, they have some merit; as dramatic writing they have none at all. In 1900 Galdós began a period of rather strenuous devotion to the theatre with ‹Electra,› a poor play which made a good deal of commotion in Spain, and continued his activity with ‹Mariucha› (1903), ‹Bárbara› (1905), and ‹Casandra,› already mentioned, besides other plays that attracted less attention. It would have been better if he had let the stage alone. Not one of his plays is good, most of them are simply bad. He has not at all the sense of the theatre; his technique is poor, he has no feeling for stage proportions, and the freedom and abandon of style which do so much for the success of his novels are sad handicaps in playwriting. Besides, in his plays he is always a preacher; and preaching from the stage, if it be ever tolerable, must be done by a consummate master of the resources of dramatic art, and with a delicacy of touch that we do not recognize even in our author's best fiction. Intelligent admirers of Galdós will always regret that he yielded to the temptation of the boards.

THE FIRST NIGHT OF A FAMOUS PLAY, IN THE YEAR 1807

From ‹The Court of Charles IV.› Copyright 1888, by W. S. Gottsberger. Reprinted by permission of George G. Peck, publisher, New York

[Gabriel, a boy of sixteen, has taken service as page with a very charming actress of the Principe Theatre. Between this theatre and La Cruz exists the same sort of hostility as between the rival theatres at Venice when Goldoni inaugurated his reform. La Cruz represents the new and «natural» spirit in the drama, as against the absurd artificial tradition that had prevailed up to that time. A part of Gabriel's duties is to go and hiss the plays at that thea-

tre. The principal occasion of this kind is when he accompanies a band, led by a rival playwright, to the first performance of «El Sí de las Niñas» (The Maidens' Yes), by the famous Moratin, the leading piece of the new school.]

«WHAT a vulgar subject! what low ideas!» he exclaimed, loud enough for everyone to hear. «And this is how comedies are written!» . . .

«But let us listen to it,» said I, finding my chief's comments quite intolerable. «We can laugh at Moratin afterwards.»

«But I cannot bear such a medley of absurdities,» he went on. «We do not come to the theatre to see just what is to be seen any day in the streets, or in every house you go into. If instead of enlarging on her matrimonial experiences, the lady were to come in invoking curses on an enemy because he had killed one-and-twenty of her sons in battle, and left her with only the twenty-second, still an infant at the breast, and if she had to carry that one off to save him from being eaten by the besieged, all dying of famine — then there would be some interest in the plot, and the public would clap their hands till they were sore. Gabriel, my boy, we must protest, protest vehemently. We must thump the floor with our feet and sticks to show that we are bored and out of patience. Yawn; open your mouth till your jaws are dislocated; look about you; let all the neighbors see that we are people of taste, and utterly weary of this tiresome and monstrous piece.»

No sooner said than done: we began thumping on the floor, and yawning in chorus, exclaiming, «What a bore!» «What a dreary piece!» «What waste of money!» and other phrases to the same effect; all of which soon bore fruit. The party in the pit imitated our patriotic example with great exactness. A general murmur of dissatisfaction was presently audible from every part of the theatre; for though the author had enemies, he had no lack of friends too, scattered throughout the pit, boxes, and upper tiers, and they were not slow to protest against our demonstration, sometimes by applauding, and then again by roaring at us with threats and oaths, to be silent; till a stentorian voice from the very back of the pit bellowed, «Turn the blackguards out!» raising a noisy storm of applause that reduced us to silence.

Our poetaster was almost jumping out of his skin with indignation, and persisted in making his remarks as the piece went on. . .

"A pretty plot indeed! It seems hardly credible that a civilized nation should applaud it. I would sentence Moratin to the galleys, and forbid his writing such coarse stuff as long as he lives. So you call this a play, Gabrielito? There is no intrigue, no plot, no surprise, no catastrophe, no illusion, no *quid pro quo;* no attempt at disguising a character to make it seem another — not even the little complication that comes of two men provoking each other as enemies, and then discovering that they are father and son. If Don Diego now, were to catch his nephew and kill him out of hand in the cellar, and prepare a banquet and have a dish of the victim's flesh served up to his bride, well disguised with spice and bay leaves, there would be some spirit in the thing." . . .

I could not, in fact, conceal my enjoyment of the scene, which seemed to me a masterpiece of nature, grace, and interesting comedy. The poet however called me to order, abusing me for deserting to the hostile camp.

"I beg your pardon," said I. "It was a mistake. And yet — does it not strike you, too, that this scene is not altogether bad?"

"How should you be able to judge? — a mere novice who never wrote a line in your life! Pray what is there in this scene in the least remarkable, or pathetic, or historical?"

"But it is nature itself. I feel that I have seen in the real world just what the author has set on the stage."

"Gaby! simpleton! that is exactly what makes it so bad. Have you not observed that in 'Frederick the Second,' in 'Catharine of Russia,' in 'The Slave of Negroponte,' and other fine works, nothing ever takes place that has the smallest resemblance to real life? Is not everything in those plays strange, startling, exceptional, wonderful, and surprising? That is why they are so good. The poets of to-day do not choose to imitate those of my time, and hence art has fallen to the lowest depths."

"And yet, begging your pardon," I said, "I cannot help thinking — The play is wretched, I quite agree, and when you say so there must be a good reason for it. But the idea here seems to me a good one, since I fancy the author has intended to censure the vicious system of education which young girls get nowadays." . . .

"And who asks the author to introduce all this philosophy?" said the pedant. "What has the theatre to do with moralizing?

In the 'Magician of Astrakhan,' in 'Leon and the Asturias Gave Heraldry to Spain,' and in the 'Triumphs of Don Pelayo'—plays that all the world admires—did you ever find a passage that describes how girls are to be brought up?"

"I have certainly read or heard somewhere that the theatre was to serve the purposes of entertainment and instruction."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

Translation of Clara Bell.

DOÑA PERFECTA'S DAUGHTER

From 'Doña Perfecta.' Copyright 1895, by Harper & Brothers

[Pepe Rey, a young engineer, arrives at Orbajosa to marry his cousin Rosario, the match having been made up between his father and Doña Perfecta, the girl's mother, who is warmly attached to the father of Pepe, her brother, and furthermore under heavy obligations to him for his excellent management of her large property interests. The landscape is the arid and poverty-stricken country of central Spain, though the town itself—"seated on the slope of a hill from the midst of whose closely clustered houses arose many dark towers, and on the height above it the ruins of a dilapidated castle"—such a town would probably be more appreciated by a traveler from abroad and a lover of the picturesque, than by a Spaniard, too familiar with its type. Orbajosa is a little place, full of narrow prejudices and vanities. Pepe Rey, with his modern ways, soon finds that he is wounding these prejudices at every turn. We look on with pained surprise at the difficulties that grow up around the young man, an excellent and kind-hearted fellow. Lawsuits are multiplied against him; he is turned out of the cathedral by order of the bishop for strolling about during service-time to look at some architectural features; and he is refused the hand of his cousin. Doña Perfecta herself joins in this hostility, which finally develops into a venomous bitterness that menaces his life. Such a feeling was not the outgrowth of mere provincial narrowness: we see in the end that it was the result of the plot of Maria Remedios, a woman of a humble sort, who aspired to secure the heiress Rosario for her own chubby-faced home-bred son. She influenced the village priest, and he influenced Doña Perfecta. Early in the day the young engineer would have abandoned the sinister place but for Rosario, who really loved him. She conveyed to him, on a scrap from the margin of a newspaper, the message:

"They say you are going away. If you do, I shall die."

She is a charming picture of girlhood,—lovely, true-hearted, affectionate, aspiring to be heroic, and yet crippled at last by a filial conscience and the long habit of clinging dependence. She has agreed to flee at night with her lover, and he is already in the garden. Her mother, the stern Doña Perfecta, ranging uneasily through the house, enters her room about the appointed time for the escape.]

"Why don't you sleep?" her mother asked her.

"What time is it?" asked the girl.

"It will soon be midnight." . . .

Rosario was trembling, and everything about her denoted the keenest anxiety. She lifted her eyes to heaven supplicatingly, and then turned them on her mother with a look of the utmost terror.

"Why, what is the matter with you?"

"Did you not say it was midnight?"

"Yes."

"Then — but is it already midnight?" . . .

"Something is the matter with you; you have something on your mind," said her mother, fixing on her daughter her penetrating eyes.

"Yes — I wanted to tell you," stammered the girl, "I wanted to say — Nothing, nothing; I will go to sleep."

"Rosario, Rosario! your mother can read your heart like an open book," exclaimed Doña Perfecta with severity. "You are agitated. I have already told you that I am willing to pardon you if you will repent, if you are a good and sensible girl."

"Why, am I not good? Ah, mamma, mamma! I am dying." Rosario burst into a flood of bitter and disconsolate tears.

"What are these tears about?" said her mother, embracing her. "If they are tears of repentance, blessed be they."

"I don't repent! I can't repent!" cried the girl, in a burst of sublime despair. She lifted her head, and in her face was depicted a sudden inspired strength. Her hair fell in disorder over her shoulders. Never was there seen a more beautiful image of a rebellious angel.

"What is this? Have you lost your senses?" said Doña Perfecta, laying both hands on her daughter's shoulders.

"I am going away! I am going away!" said the girl with the exaltation of delirium. And she sprang out of bed.

"Rosario, Rosario — my daughter! For God's sake, what is this?"

"Ah mamma, señora!" exclaimed the girl, embracing her mother; "bind me fast!"

"In truth, you would deserve it. What madness is this?"

"Bind me fast! I am going away — I am going away with him!" . . .

"Has he told you to do so? has he counseled you to do that? has he commanded you to do that?" asked the mother, launching these words like thunderbolts against her daughter.

"He has counseled me to do it. We have agreed to be married. We must be married, mamma, dear mamma. I will love you — I know that I ought to love you — I shall be forever lost if I do not love you."

"Rosario, Rosario!" cried Doña Perfecta in a terrible voice, "rise!"

There was a short pause.

"This man — has he written to you?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen him again since that night?"

"Yes."

"And you have written to him?"

"I have written to him also. O señora! why do you look at me in that way? You are not my mother."

"Would to God that I were not! Rejoice in the harm you are doing me. You are killing me; you have given me my death-blow!" cried Doña Perfecta, with indescribable agitation. "You say that that man — "

"Is my husband -- I will be his wife, protected by the law. You are not a woman! Why do you look at me in that way? You make me tremble. Mother, mother, do not condemn me!"

"You have already condemned yourself — that is enough. Obey me, and I will forgive you. Answer me -- when did you receive letters from that man?"

"To-day."

"What treachery! what infamy!" cried her mother, roaring rather than speaking. "Had you appointed a meeting?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-night."

"Where?"

"Here, here! I will confess everything, everything! I know it is a crime. I am a wretch; but you, my mother, will take me out of this hell. Give your consent. Say one word to me, only one word!"

"That man here in my house!" cried Doña Perfecta, springing back several paces from her daughter.

Rosario followed her on her knees.

At the same instant three blows were heard, three crashes, three explosions. [Maria Remedios had spied upon Pepe Rey, the lover; shown Caballuco, a brutal servant and ally, how to follow him stealthily into the garden; and had then come to arouse the house.] It was the heart of Maria Remedios knocking at the door through the knocker. The house trembled with an awful dread. Mother and daughter stood as motionless as statues.

A servant went down-stairs to open the door, and shortly afterward Maria Remedios, who was not now a woman but a basilisk enveloped in a mantle, entered Doña Perfecta's room. Her face, flushed with anxiety, exhaled fire.

"He is there, he is there," she said, as she entered. "He got into the garden through the condemned door." She paused for breath at every syllable.

"I know already," returned Doña Perfecta, with a sort of bellow.

Rosario fell senseless to the floor.

"Let us go down-stairs," said Doña Perfecta, without paying any attention to her daughter's swoon.

The two women glided down-stairs like two snakes. The maids and the man-servant were in the hall, not knowing what to do. Doña Perfecta passed through the dining-room into the garden, followed by Maria Remedios.

"Fortunately we have Ca-Ca-Ca-balluco there," said the canon's niece.

"Where?"

"In the garden, also. He cli-cli-climbed over the wall."

Doña Perfecta explored the darkness with her wrathful eyes. Rage gave them the singular power of seeing in the dark that is peculiar to the feline race.

"I see a figure there," she said. "It is going towards the oleanders."

"It is he," cried Remedios. "But there comes Ramos—Ramos!" [Cristóbal Ramos, or "Caballuco."]

The colossal figure of the Centaur was plainly distinguishable.

"Towards the oleanders, Ramos! Towards the oleanders!"

Doña Perfecta took a few steps forward. Her hoarse voice, vibrating with a terrible accent, hissed forth these words:—

"Cristobal, Cristobal,—kill him!"

A shot was heard. Then another.

Translation of Mary J. Serrano.

A FAMILY OF OFFICE-HOLDERS

Don Francisco de Bringas y Caballero had a second-class clerkship in one of the most ancient of the royal bureaus. He belonged to a family which had held just such offices for time out of mind. «Government employees were his parents and his grandparents, and it is believed that his great-grandparents, and even the ancestors of these, served in one way and another in the administration of the two worlds.» His wife Doña Rosalia Pipaon was equally connected with the official class, and particularly with that which had to do with the domestic service of the royal abodes. Thus, «on producing her family tree, this was found to show not so much glorious deeds of war and statesmanship as those humbler doings belonging to a long and intimate association with the royal person. Her mother had been lady of the queen's wardrobe, her uncle a halberdier of the royal guard, her grandfather keeper of the buttery, other uncles at various removes, equerries, pages, dispatch-bearers, huntsmen, and managers of the royal farm at Aranjuez, and so forth and so on. . . . For this dame there existed two things wholly Divine; namely, heaven and that almost equally desirable dwelling-place for the elect which we indicate by the mere laconic word 'the Palace.' In the Palace were her family history and her ideal; her aspiration was that Bringas might obtain a superior post in the royal exchequer, and that then they should go and take up their abode in one of the apartments of the second story of the great mansion which were conceded to such tenants.» The above is from 'Tormento.' In the next succeeding novel, 'La de Bringas,' this aspiration is gratified; the Bringas family are installed in the Palace, in the quarters assigned to the employees of the royal household. The efforts of two of their acquaintances to find them, in the puzzling intricacies of the place, are thus amusingly described.

ABOVE-STAIRS IN A ROYAL PALACE

From 'La de Bringas'

Well, this is about the way it was. We threw ourselves bravely into the interminable corridor, a veritable street, or alley at least, paved with red tiles, feebly lighted with gas jets, and full of doublings and twistings. Now and then it spread out into broad openings like little plazas, inundated with sunlight which entered through large openings from the main court-yard. This illumination penetrated lengthwise along the white walls of the narrow passageways, alleys, or tunnels, or whatever they may be called, growing ever feebler and more uncertain as it went, till finally it fainted away entirely at sight of the fan-shaped yellow gas flames, smoking little circlets upon their protecting metal disks. There were uncounted paneled doors with numbers on them, some newly painted and others

moldering and weather-stained, but not one displaying the figure we were seeking. At this one you would see a rich silken bell cord, some happy find in the royal upholstery shop, while the next had nothing more than a poor frayed rope's-end; and these were an indication of what was likely to be found within, as to order and neatness or disarray and squalor. So, too, the mats or bits of carpet laid before the doors threw a useful light upon the character of the lodgings. We came upon vacant apartments with cobwebs spun across the openings, and the door gratings thick with dust, and through broken transoms, drew chill drafts that conveyed the breath of silence and desolation. Even whole precincts were abandoned, and the vaultings, of unequal height, returned the sound of our footsteps hollowly to our ears. We passed up one stairway, then down another, and then, as likely as not, we would ascend again. . . . The labyrinthine maze led us on and ever onward. . . .

"It is useless to come here," at length said Pez, decidedly losing patience, "without charts and a mariner's compass. I suppose we are now in the south wing of the palace. The roofs down there must be those of the Hall of Columns and the outer stairway, are they not? What a huge mass of a place!" The roofs of which he spoke were great pyramidal shapes protected with lead, and they covered in the ceilings on which Bayeu's frescoed cherubs cut their lively pigeon-wings and pirouettes.

Still going on and on and onward without pause, we found ourselves shut up in a place without exit, a considerable inclosure lighted from the top, and we had to turn round and beat a retreat by the way we had entered. Any one who knows the palace and its symmetrical grandeur only from without could never divine all these irregularities that constitute a veritable small town in its upper regions. In truth, for an entire century there has been but one continual modifying of the original plan, a stopping up here and an opening there, a condemning of staircases, a widening of some rooms at the expense of others, a changing of corridors into living-rooms and of living-rooms into corridors, and a cutting through of partitions and a shutting up of windows. You fall in with stairways that begin but never arrive anywhere, and with balconies that are but the made-over roof coverings of dwelling-places below. These dove-cotes were once stately drawing-rooms, and on the other hand, these fine salons have been made out of the inclosing space of a grand

staircase. Then again winding stairs are frequent; but if you should take them, Heaven knows what would become of you; and frequent, too, are glazed doors permanently closed, with naught behind them but silence, dust, and darkness. . . .

"We are looking for the apartment of Don Francisco Bringas."

"Bringas? yes, yes," said an old woman; "you're close to it. All you have got to do is, go down the first circular stairway you come to, and then make a half-turn. Bringas? yes to be sure; he's sacristan of the chapel."

"Sacristan,—he? What is the matter with you? He is head clerk of the Administrative Department."

"Oh, then he must be lower down, just off the terrace. I suppose you know your way to the fountain?"

"No, not we."

"You know the stairs called the Cáceres Staircase?"

"No, not that either."

"At any rate, you know where the Oratory is?"

"We know nothing about it."

"But the choir of the Oratory? but the dove-cotes?"—

Sum total, we had not the slightest acquaintance with any of that congeries of winding turns, sudden tricks, and baffling surprises. The architectural arrangement was a mad caprice, a mocking jest at all plan and symmetry. Nevertheless, despite our notable lack of experience we stuck to our quest, and even carried our infatuation so far as to reject the services of a boy who offered himself as our guide.

"We are now in the wing facing on the Plaza de Oriente," said Pez; "that is to say, at exactly the opposite extreme from the wing in which our friend resides." His geographical notions were delivered with the gravity and conviction of some character in Jules Verne. "Hence, the problem now demanding our attention is by what route to get from here to the western wing. In the first place, the cupola of the chapel and the grand stairway roof-covering furnish us with a certain basis; we should take our bearings from them. I assume that, having once arrived in the western wing, we shall be numskulls indeed if we do not strike Bringas's abode. All the same, I for one will never return to these outlandish regions without a pocket compass, and what is more, without a good supply of provender too, against such emergencies as this."

Before striking out on the new stage of our explorations, as thus projected, we paused to look down from the window. The

Plaza de Oriente lay below us in a beautiful panorama, and beyond it a portion of Madrid crested with at least fifty cupolas, steeples, and bell towers. The equestrian Philip IV. appeared a mere toy, and the Royal Theatre a paltry shed. . . . The doves had their nests far below where we stood, and we saw them, by pairs or larger groups, plunge headlong downward into the dizzy abyss, and then presently come whirling upward again, with swift and graceful motion, and settle on the carved capitals and moldings. It is credibly stated that all the political revolutions do not matter a jot to these doves, and there is nothing either in the ancient pile they inhabit or in the free realms of air around it, to limit their sway. They remain undisputed masters of the place.

Away we go once more. Pez begins to put the geographical notions he has acquired from the books of Jules Verne yet further into practice. At every step he stops to say to me, "Now we are making our way northward.—We shall undoubtedly soon find a road or trail on our right, leading to the west.—There is no cause to be alarmed in descending this winding stairway to the second story.—Good, it is done! Well, bless me! where are we now? I don't see the main dome any longer, not so much as a lightning-rod of it.—We are in the realms of the feebly flickering gas once more.—Suppose we ascend again by this other stairway luckily just at hand. What now? Well, here we are back again in the eastward wing and nothing else, just where we were before. Are we? no, yes; see, down there in the court the big dome is still on our right. There's a regular grove of chimney stacks. You may believe it or not, but this sort of thing begins to make my head swim; it seems as if the whole place gave a lurch now and then, like a ship at sea.—The fountain must be over that way, do you see? for the maids are coming and going from there with their pitchers.—Oh well, I for one give the whole thing up. We want a guide, and an expert, or we'll never get out of this. I can't take another step; we've walked miles and I can't stand on my legs.—Hey, there, halloo! send us a guide!—Oh for a guide! Get me out of tnis infernal tangle quickly!" . . .

We came at last to Bringas's apartment. When we got there, we understood how we must have passed it, earlier, without knowing it, for its number was quite rubbed out and invisible.

Translation of William Henry Bishop.

JOHN GALSWORTHY

(1867–)

BY H. W. BOYNTON

JOHN GALSWORTHY belongs to the older group of modern English novelists: he is exactly a contemporary of H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett. It is noteworthy that these three, like Kipling, were born in the late sixties; but their work, unlike Kipling's, belongs to this century. None of them acquired precocious fame, none of them, at fifty, has plainly shot his bolt. A younger group, their disciples in some sense, has followed them; but they themselves remain young. Whether they have it in them to grow old gracefully is to be seen. The movement they represent is a movement of youth. Rebellion, reaction against the past and our inheritances from it, is the breath of their nostrils.

They are all very British, — none of them more so than Galsworthy. Mankind interests him more than the individual, but it is mankind in British terms. It is British convention, British hypocrisy, British complacency that raises his gorge. It is the British System, whether social or legal or political, that supplies him, as it supplies Wells, with an inexhaustible theme. But while to the protean Wells it is now a theme for laughter, now a foothold for hopeful forecast, to Galsworthy it is simply itself, a thing to be held up, in all its shamefulness as well as its absurdity, for the mournful consideration of whomever it may concern. In short, John Galsworthy, whether as a writer of verses or of novels or of plays, is first and last a satirist, — happily a satirist of noble temper as well as of keen vision and unerring hand.

To perceive this, hardly more is needed than a glance at his published work as a whole. From the time when, in «The Island Pharisees» (1904), he struck and sustained the characteristic note, we have always been sure of his function. Prof. W. L. Phelps has said, not unfairly, that the title of this book «might stand as the title of his complete works.» It is the tale of the adventures of a hapless Briton in search of Truth. Rebelling against the insincerity and the stupid complacency of the circle and the class to which he is born, he sets out to find something better elsewhere in England. Now and again he seems to be on the track of it. He succeeds in making his way from social plane to plane, among all sorts and conditions of his fellow-countrymen: and in the end he has to admit himself beaten. He has to confess to himself and to others that Pharisaism is a national or racial char-

acteristic, that the whole of British society is based upon pretense and an empty self-satisfaction. The book is purely a satire, cast in the convenient story-telling form. There is no attempt at unified action; all we find is a series of episodes and scenes strung together on the thread of the adventurer's haphazard experience. It is a book of protest, a turning of the seamy side, and it pretends to be nothing else.

Now this, in a sense, may be said of Mr. Galsworthy's utterance as a whole. As far as the substance of his work is concerned, it is always protestant, satirical, negative. He is the man who tells us what is wrong with the world. Mr. Wells tells us that, too, but he is never satisfied with the process. As fast as he tears down with one hand he must be building up with the other. As fast as he comes to a fresh diagnosis of the world's disease, he is ready with a nostrum. Even Mr. Shaw, hard-featured and unblinking as he likes to appear, has had his dreams and theories of reform, Fabian and other. But Mr. Galsworthy is content to hold the mirror up to society; and if at times, as in the play ‹Justice,› for example, the very vividness of his picture gives an impression of constructive moral force, that is simply the highest effect of satire.

And it is a proof of his quality as an artist. Here, however static his mood and matter, we are aware of a steady advancement from work to work, almost from year to year. ‹The Island Pharisees› was a piece of overt satire, touching upon burlesque. There was no action in the larger sense, and the human figures were not above the plane of fine caricature. ‹The Man of Property› (1906) is a book of far greater dignity and finish — more a story and less a satire. The theme has not changed, but the handling of it has changed greatly. This is a study of the British middle-class soul as embodied in a single family connection, and with a single «man of property» as its chief figure. Soames Forsyte (Galsworthy is fond of these punning names) stands as symbol of what the writer takes to be the prevailing national type. He is the smug embodiment of respectability and vested authority at whom Messrs. Shaw and Wells have so often laughed. Galsworthy presents him with a ruthless and unsmiling precision. He and what he stands for are summed up in a single passage: — «Without Forsytes,» cries the «Young Jolyon» of the story, «where should we be? My dear sir, the Forsytes are the middlemen, the commercials, the pillars of society, the cornerstones of convention, everything that is admirable!» — «I don't know whether I catch your drift,» said Bosinney, «but I fancy there are plenty of Forsytes, as you call them, in my profession.» — «Certainly,» replied Young Jolyon, «the great majority of architects, painters, or writers have no principles, like any other Forsytes. Art, literature, religion, survive by virtue of the few cranks who really believe in such things, and the many Forsytes who make a commercial use of them. At a low estimate, three fourths of our

Royal Academicians are Forsytes, seven eighths of our novelists, a large proportion of our press. Of science, I won't speak. They are magnificently represented in religion; in the House of Commons perhaps more numerous than anywhere; the aristocracy speaks for itself. But I am not laughing: it is dangerous to go against a majority, — and what a majority!»

Such is the Galsworthy theme — the smugness of our civilized world, and the desperateness, almost the hopelessness of combating it. In ‹The Country House› he pursues it upon the plane of «county» society, in ‹The Patrician,› to a still higher social atmosphere. The plays also, notably ‹Strife› (1909), ‹Justice› (1910), and ‹The Pigeon› (1912), express the same mood of half-despairing revolt against convention and respectability. The satirist's distrust of the institution of marriage has almost the character of an obsession with him. Like many novelists contemporary with him, he appears to look upon the sex-relation as essentially restless and treacherous. Again and again, in ‹The Man of Property,› in ‹The Country House,› in ‹Fraternity,› in his play ‹The Fugitive,› he shows marriage as a bondage, a relation fated through its very legal fixity. But if his view is narrow and negative at times, it is never ignoble: even at his bitterest there is a high air of sincerity in his thrusts. Only once, in ‹The Dark Flower,› has he produced something inherently unwholesome, tainted with that sex-mania which has disfigured the work of so many current story-tellers of England.

Apart from his matter, from his atmosphere of brooding protest, from his character of satirist, he is to be valued for his singularly pure art. In an age when most writers have come to affect an informal, talking style, an imitation, or more properly adaptation, of the vernacular, with its brusque and ragged forms, Galsworthy has perfected a style, a true utterance of himself, which is plain and simple and yet distinguished. It is as finished a style as his contemporary Hewlett's, and infinitely less bookish. It seems indeed to approach a genuine fusion of the scriptive and the loquitive, to use William Watson's terms. You do not think of it as a style, but you are aware of it as a clear atmosphere in which the writer and his thought stand revealed, offer no obstacle to the eye or to the taste. And this is true of his style in the larger sense as well as the smaller. His perfection of phrasing marches with something very much like perfection of structure. ‹The Island Pharisees› and ‹The Man of Property› were of relatively loose texture. In his later novels, as well as in his plays, there is great economy of material and effect. In both he displays the playwright's skill in admitting nothing irrelevant, in making every stroke count. A critic has noted his peculiar habit of giving each chapter a finish and unity of its own, almost as if it were a dramatic scene. Certainly Galsworthy's theory and practice of the novel re-

cognizes that a story, to be well told, should have something of the compactness and balance of the drama.

‹The Country House› is perhaps Galsworthy's most popular novel, and its popularity is largely due to its «well-built» character. In comparison with ‹Fraternity,› which succeeded it, as well as with ‹The Man of Property,› which preceded it, it has few persons and a carefully limited action proper. On the other hand, that action has a general and representative significance. It is based upon the perennial theme of the «triangle.» But Galsworthy does not treat it as an isolated «case.» Mr. F. T. Cooper has an admirable comment here: «If the story of George Pendyce and Helen Bellew were the only interest or even the central interest of ‹The Country House,› there would have been small purpose in writing it. . . . But what Mr. Galsworthy has done is to use this episode of human frailty much as a scientist uses a germ culture, to study its effects upon others.» Its effects, that is, in view of those artificial arrangements of human society which the author deplores. The title of ‹Fraternity› is, in the same light, purely ironic. The story shows what a mockery the brotherhood of blood-kinship may be, and what a mockery, under present conditions, the dream of a larger human brotherhood must be. The only noble figure is that of poor old Sylvanus Stone; and he, for his virtues, is an eccentric, a laughing-stock for strangers, an object of uneasiness to his family, — a haunting embodiment of unwelcome ineffectual truth.

Galsworthy's later stories, ‹The Patrician› (1911), and ‹The Freelands› (1915), add nothing new to the author's commentary on life. They have greater charm, greater care for characterization, and less satiric force than the earlier novels. Strictly speaking, they are better products of the novelist's art, since here the artist comes nearer to confining himself to the real business of the serious story-teller — the interpretation of character through action. But during recent years Galsworthy's chief interest has centred in the dramatic form — a form, which, with its compactness and its saliency, its fondness for types, and its convenience as a vehicle for satire, is singularly fitted for his genius.

I have emphasized the clear-cut and well balanced character of Mr. Galsworthy's novels. This quality of fine workmanship is even more strongly felt in his plays. Indeed, we may more easily recognize his force and distinction as a playwright than as a novelist, for the very reason that in his dramas as in his novels the Galsworthy «idea,» the idea of revolt against specific conditions, dominates his larger interpretation of life, and is more strikingly presented in the dramatic form. There is a touch of paradox in this — the protestant and revolutionary against the moral and social conventions of life, expressing himself with singular fidelity to the conventions of art. But this happens because in the one instance he feels convention to be founded on a false reason and morality, while in the other he accepts the estab-

lished form as true and right. And the playwright has won a wide hearing for the critic of life. In ‹Justice› he attacks the wooden system of the criminal law, and shows how unfair and how fatal its working may be in particular instances. In ‹The Pigeon,› he illustrates the difference between a true kindliness of human relations, and the machinery of official charity. In ‹A Bit o' Love,› he handles rather inconclusively a problem of the conflict between formal Christianity and really Christlike conduct. In ‹The Fugitive› he puts upon the stage that favorite theme of his fiction, the hopelessness and unreasonableness of trying to make an unhappy marriage permanent. Mr. Galsworthy has no insight into the flexibility and remediability of the marriage relation: his people are not changed by that relation, they merely test it in the light of a rigid «compatibility» — and usually the test fails. His latest play of serious importance, ‹The Mob›, was written shortly before the outbreak of the War, and deals with the greatest of current problems — the reconciling of national and international morality and conduct with the principles which govern the life of the individual in all civilized countries. Here is what we do not always find in Galsworthy, a noble handling of an evil which all men recognize. The hero, a member of the House of Commons, publicly protests against the commission of a public crime on the part of England towards a weaker race, and is spat upon and finally killed by the Mob for his pains. Galsworthy's plays have all been printed, and easily endure the difficult double test of reading and hearing.

BIANCA'S «DAY»

From ‹Fraternity.› Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons, and reprinted by their permission.

CECILIA turned out of the main street into a road preserved from commoner forms of traffic, and stopped at a long low house half hidden behind the trees of its front garden.

It was the residence of Hilary Dallison, her husband's brother, and himself the husband of Bianca, her own sister.

The queer conceit came to Cecilia that it resembled Hilary. Its look was kindly and uncertain; its color a palish tan; the eyebrows of its windows rather straight than arched, and those deep-set eyes, the windows, twinkled hospitably; it had, as it were, a sparse moustache and beard of creepers, and dark marks here and there, like the lines and shadows on the faces of those who think too much. Beside it, and apart, though connected by a passage, a studio stood, and about that studio — of white rough-cast, with a black oak door, and peacock-blue paint — was something a little hard and fugitive,

well suited to Bianca, who used it, indeed, to paint in. It seemed to stand, with its eyes on the house, shrinking defiantly from too close company, as though it could not entirely give itself to anything. Cecilia, who often worried over the relations between her sister and her brother-in-law, suddenly felt how fitting and symbolical this was.

But, mistrusting inspirations, which experience told her committed one too much, she walked quickly up the stone-flagged pathway to the door. Lying in the porch was a little moonlight-colored lady bulldog, of toy breed, who gazed up with eyes like agates, delicately waving her bell-rope tail, as it was her habit to do towards everyone, for she had been handed down clearer and paler with each generation, till she had lost all the peculiar virtues of dogs that bait the bull.

Speaking the word «Miranda!» Mrs. Stephen Dallison tried to pat this daughter of the house. The little bulldog withdrew from her caress, being also unaccustomed to commit herself. . . .

Mondays were Bianca's «days,» and Cecilia made her way towards the studio. It was a large high room, full of people.

Motionless, by himself, close to the door, stood an old man, very thin and rather bent, with silvery hair, and a thin silvery beard grasped in his transparent fingers. He was dressed in a suit of smoke-gray cottage tweed, which smelt of peat, and an Oxford shirt, whose collar, ceasing prematurely, exposed a lean brown neck; his trousers, too, ended very soon, and showed light socks. In his attitude there was something suggestive of the patience and determination of a mule. At Cecilia's approach he raised his eyes. It was at once apparent why, in so full a room, he was standing alone. Those blue eyes looked as if he were about to utter a prophetic statement.

«They have been speaking to me of an execution,» he said.

Cecilia made a nervous movement.

«Yes, Father? »

«To take life,» went on the old man in a voice which, though charged with strong emotion, seemed to be speaking to itself, «was the chief mark of the insensate barbarism still prevailing in those days. It sprang from that most irreligious fetish, the belief in the permanence of the individual ego after death. From the worship of that fetish had come all the sorrows of the human race.»

Cecilia, with an involuntary quiver of her little bag, said:

«Father, how can you? »

«They did not stop to love each other in this life; they were so sure they had all eternity to do it in. The doctrine was an inven-

tion to enable men to act like dogs with clear consciences. Love could never come to full fruition till it was destroyed.»

Cecilia looked hastily round; no one had heard. She moved a little sideways, and became merged in another group. Her father's lips continued moving. He had resumed the patient attitude that so slightly suggested mules. A voice behind her said: «I do think your father is such an interesting man, Mrs. Dallison.»

Cecilia turned and saw a woman of middle height, with her hair done in the early Italian fashion, and very small dark lively eyes, which looked as though her love of living would keep her busy each minute of her day and all the minutes that she could occupy of everybody else's days.

«Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace? Oh! how do you do? I've been meaning to come and see you for quite a long time, but I know you're always so busy.»

With doubting eyes, half friendly and half defensive, as though chaffing to prevent herself from being chaffed, Cecilia looked at Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace, whom she had met several times at Bianca's house. The widow of a somewhat famous connoisseur, she was now secretary of the League for Educating Orphans who have Lost Both Parents, vice-president of the Forlorn Hope for Maids in Peril, and treasurer to Thursday Hops for Working Girls. She seemed to know every man and woman who was worth knowing, and some besides; to see all picture-shows; to hear every new musician; and attend the opening performance of every play. With regard to literature, she would say that authors bored her; but she was always doing them good turns, inviting them to meet their critics or editors, and sometimes — though this was not generally known — pulling them out of the holes they were prone to get into by lending them a sum of money — after which, as she would plaintively remark, she rarely saw them more.

She had a peculiar spiritual significance to Mrs. Stephen Dallison, being just on the border-line between those of Bianca's friends whom Cecilia did not wish and those whom she did wish to come to her own house, for Stephen, a barrister in an official position, had a keen sense of the ridiculous. Since Hilary wrote books and was a poet, and Bianca painted, their friends would naturally be either interesting or queer; and though for Stephen's sake it was important to establish which was which, they were so very often both. Such people stimulated, taken in small doses, but neither on her husband's account nor on her daughter's did Cecilia desire that they should

come to her in swarms. Her attitude of mind towards them was, in fact, similar — a sort of pleasurable dread — to that in which she purchased the Westminster Gazette to feel the pulse of social progress.

Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace's dark little eyes twinkled.

«I hear that Mr. Stone — that *is* your father's name, I think — is writing a book which will create quite a sensation when it comes out.»

Cecilia bit her lips. «I hope it never will come out,» she was on the point of saying.

«What will it be called?» asked Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace. «I gather that it's a book of Universal Brotherhood. That's so nice!»

Cecilia made a movement of annoyance. «Who told you?»

«Ah!» said Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace, «I do think your sister gets such attractive people at her At Homes. They all take *such* interest in things.»

A little surprised at herself, Cecilia answered: «Too much for me!»

Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace smiled. «I mean in art and social questions. Surely one can't be too interested in them?»

Cecilia said rather hastily:

«Oh, no, of course not.» And both ladies looked around them. A buzz of conversation fell on Cecilia's ears.

«Have you seen the ‹Aftermath›? It's really quite wonderful!»

«Poor old chap! he's so rococo. . . .»

«There's a new man. . . .»

«She's very sympathetic. . . .»

«But the condition of the poor. . . .»

«Is that Mr. Balladyce? Oh, really. . . .»

«It gives you such a feeling of life. . . .»

«Bourgeois! . . .»

The voice of Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace broke through: «But do please tell me who is that young girl with the young man looking at the picture over there. She's quite charming!»

Cecilia's cheeks went a very pretty pink.

«Oh, that's my little daughter.»

«Really! Have you a daughter as big as that? Why, she must be seventeen!»

«Nearly eighteen!»

«What is her name?»

«Thyme,» said Cecilia, with a little smile. She felt that Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace was about to say: «How charming!»

Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace saw her smile and paused.

«Who is the young man with her?»

«My nephew, Martin Stone.»

«The son of your brother who was killed with his wife in that dreadful Alpine accident? He looks a very decided sort of young man. He's got that new look. What is he?»

«He's very nearly a doctor. I never know whether he's quite finished or not.»

«I thought perhaps he might have something to do with art.»

«Oh, no, he despises Art.»

«And does your daughter despise it, too?»

«No; she's studying it.»

«Oh, really! How interesting! I do think the rising generation amusing, don't you? They're so independent.»

Cecilia looked uneasily at the rising generation. They were standing side by side before the picture, curiously observant and detached, exchanging short remarks and glances. They seemed to watch all these circling, chatting, bending, smiling people with a sort of youthful, matter-of-fact, half-hostile curiosity. The young man had a pale face, clean shaven, with a strong jaw, a long straight nose, a rather bumpy forehead which did not recede, and clear gray eyes. His sarcastic lips were firm and quick, and he looked at people with disconcerting straightness. The young girl wore a blue-green frock. Her face was charming, with eager, hazel-gray eyes, a bright color, and fluffy hair the color of ripe nuts.

«That's your sister's picture, (The Shadow,) they're looking at, isn't it?» asked Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace. «I remember seeing it on Christmas day, and the little model who was sitting for it — an attractive type! Your brother-in-law told me how interested you all were in her. Quite a romantic story, wasn't it, about her fainting from want of food when she first came to sit?»

Cecilia murmured something. Her hands were moving nervously; she looked ill at ease.

These signs passed unperceived by Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace, whose eyes were busy.

«In the F. H. M. P., of course, I see a lot of young girls placed in delicate positions, just on the borders, don't you know? You should really join the F. H. M. P., Mrs. Dallison. It's a first-rate thing — most absorbing work.»

The doubting deepened in Cecilia's eyes.

«Oh, it must be!» she said. «I've so little time.»

Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace went on at once.

«Don't you think that we live in the most interesting days? There are such a lot of movements going on. It's quite exciting. We all feel that we can't shut our eyes any longer to social questions. I mean the condition of the people alone is enough to give one nightmare!»

«Yes, yes,» said Cecilia; «it is dreadful, of course.»

«Politicians and officials are so hopeless, one can't look for anything from them.»

Cecilia drew herself up. «Oh, do you think so?» she said.

«I was just talking to Mr. Balladyce. He says that Art and Literature must be put on a new basis altogether.»

«Yes,» said Cecilia; «really? Is he that funny little man?»

«I think he's so monstrously clever.»

Cecilia answered quickly: «I know — I know. Of course, *something* must be done.»

«Yes,» said Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace absently, «I think we all feel that. Oh, do tell me! I've been talking to such a delightful person — just the type you see when you go into the City — thousands of them, all in such good black coats. It's so unusual to really meet one nowadays; and they're so refreshing, they have such nice simple views. There he is, standing just behind your sister."

Cecilia by a nervous gesture indicated that she recognized the personality alluded to. «Oh, yes,» she said; «Mr. Purcey. I don't know why he comes to see us.»

«I think he's so delicious!» said Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace dreamily. Her little dark eyes, like bees, had flown to sip honey from the flower in question — a man of broad build and medium height, dressed with accuracy, who seemed just a little out of his proper bed. His mustachioed mouth wore a set smile; his cheerful face was rather red, with a forehead of no extravagant height or breadth, and a conspicuous jaw; his hair was thick and light in color and his eyes were small, gray, and shrewd. He was looking at a picture.

«He's so delightfully unconscious,» murmured Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace. «He didn't even seem to know that there was a problem of the lower classes.»

«Did he tell you that he had a picture?» asked Cecilia gloomily.

«Oh, yes, by Harpignies, with the accent on the ‹pig›. It is worth three times what he gave for it. It's so nice to be made to feel that there is still all that mass of people just simply measuring everything by what they gave for it.»

«And did he tell you my grandfather Carfax's dictum in the Banstock case?» muttered Cecilia.

«Oh yes: (The man who does not know his own mind should be made an Irishman by Act of Parliament.) He said it was so awfully good.»

«He would,» replied Cecilia.

«He seems to depress you, rather!»

«Oh, no: I believe he's quite a nice sort of person. One can't be rude to him; he really did what he thought a very kind thing to my father. That's how we came to know him. Only it's rather trying when he will come to call regularly. He gets a little on one's nerves.»

«Ah, that's just what I feel is so jolly about him; no one would ever get on his nerves. I do think we've got too many nerves, don't you? Here's your brother-in-law. He's such an uncommon-looking man; I want to have a talk with him about that little model. A country girl, wasn't she?»

She had turned her head towards a tall man with a very slight stoop and a brown, thin, bearded face, who was approaching from the door. She did not see that Cecilia had flushed, and was looking at her almost angrily. The tall thin man put his hand on Cecilia's arm, saying gently: «Hallo, Cis! Stephen here yet?»

Cecilia shook her head.

«You know Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace, Hilary?»

The tall man bowed. His hazel-colored eyes were shy, gentle, and deep-set; his eyebrows, hardly ever still, gave him a look of austere whimsicality. His dark-brown hair was very lightly touched with gray, and a frequent kindly smile played on his lips. His unmannerismed manner was quiet to the point of extinction. He had long, thin, brown hands, and nothing peculiar about his dress.

«I'll leave you to talk to Mrs. Tallents-Smallpeace,» Cecilia said.

A knot of people round Mr. Balladyce prevented her from moving far, however, and the voice of Mrs. Smallpeace traveled to her ears.

«I was talking about that little model. It was so good of you to take such interest in the girl. I wondered whether *we* could do anything for her.»

Cecilia's hearing was too excellent to miss the tone of Hilary's reply.

«Oh, thank you; I don't think so.»

«I fancied perhaps you might feel that our Society — hers is an unsatisfactory profession for young girls!»

Cecilia saw the back of Hilary's neck turn red. She turned her head away.

«Of course, there are many very nice models indeed,» said the voice of Mrs. Tallents Smallpeace. «I don't mean that they are necessarily at all — if they're girls of strong character; and especially if they don't sit for the — the altogether.»

Hilary's dry, staccato answer came to Cecilia's ears: «Thank you; it's very kind of you.»

«Oh, of course, if it's not necessary. Your wife's picture was so clever, Mr. Dallison — such an interesting type.»

Without intention Cecilia found herself before that picture. It stood with its face a little turned towards the wall, as though somewhat in disgrace, portraying the full-length figure of a girl standing in deep shadow, with her arms half outstretched, as if asking for something. Her eyes were fixed on Cecilia, and through her parted lips breath almost seemed to come. The only color in the picture was the pale blue of those eyes, the pallid red of those parted lips, the still paler brown of the hair; the rest was shadow. In the foreground light was falling as though from a street lamp.

Cecilia thought: «That girl's eyes and mouth haunt me. Whatever made Bianca choose such a subject? It is clever, of course — for her.»

THE VAGABONDS

From «The Pigeon,» Act III. Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons and reprinted by their permission.

FERRAND — The good God made me so that I would rather walk a whole month of nights, hungry, with the stars, than sit one single day making round business on an office stool! It is not to my advantage. I cannot help it that I am a vagabond. What would you have? It is stronger than me. [*He looks suddenly at* Wellwyn.] Monsieur, I say to you things I have never said.

Wellwyn [*quietly*] — Go on, go on. [*There is silence.*]

Ferrand [*suddenly*] — Monsieur! Are you really English? The English are so civilized.

Wellwyn — And am I not?

Ferrand — You treat me like a brother.

[Wellwyn *has turned towards the street door at a sound of feet, and the clamor of voices.*]

Timson [*from the street*] — Take her in 'ere. I nows 'im.

[*Through the open doorway come a* Police Constable *and a* Loafer, *bearing between them the limp white-faced form of* Mrs. Megan, *hatless and with drowned hair, enveloped in the policeman's waterproof. Some curious persons bring up the rear, jostling in the doorway, among whom is* Timson *carrying in his hands the policeman's dripping waterproof leg pieces.*]

Ferrand [*starting forward*] — Monsieur, it is that little girl!

Wellwyn — What's happened? Constable! What's happened!

[*The* Constable *and* Loafer *have laid the body down on the dais; with* Wellwyn *and* Ferrand *they stand bending over her.*]

Constable — 'Tempted sooicide, sir; but she hadn't been in the water 'arf a minute when I got hold of her. [*He bends lower.*] Can't understand her collapsin' like this.

Wellwyn [*feeling her heart*] — I don't feel anything.

Ferrand [*in a voice sharpened by emotion*] — Let me try, Monsieur.

Constable [*touching his arm*] — You keep off, my lad.

Wellwyn — No, constable — let him. He's her friend.

Constable [*releasing* Ferrand — *to the* Loafer] — Here you! Cut off for a doctor — sharp now! [*He pushes back the curious persons.*] Now then, stand away there, please — we can't have you round the body. Keep back — Clear out, now!

[*He slowly moves them back, and at last shepherds them through the door and shuts it on them,* Timson *being last.*]

Ferrand — The rum!

[Wellwyn *fetches the decanter. With the little there is left* Ferrand *chafes the girl's hands and forehead, and pours some between her lips. But there is no response from the inert body.*]

Ferrand — Her soul is still away, Monsieur!

[Wellwyn, *seizing the decanter, pours into it tea and boiling water.*]

Constable — It's never drownin', sir — her head was hardly under; I was on to her like a knife.

Ferrand [*rubbing her feet*] — She has not yet her philosophy, Monsieur; at the beginning they often try. If she is dead! [*In a voice of awed rapture.*] What fortune!

Constable [*with puzzled sadness*] — True enough, sir — that! We'd just begun to know 'er. If she 'as been taken — her best friends couldn't wish 'er better.

Wellwyn [*applying the decanter to her lips*] — Poor little thing! I'll try this hot tea.

Ferrand [*whispering*] — *La mort — le grand ami!*

Wellwyn — Look! Look at her! She's coming round!

[*A faint tremor passes over* Mrs. Megan's *body. He again applies the hot drink to her mouth. She stirs and gulps.*]

Constable [*with intense relief*] — That's brave! Good lass! She'll pick up now, sir.

[*Then, seeing that* Timson *and the curious persons have again opened the door, he drives them out, and stands with his back against it.* Mrs. Megan *comes to herself.*]

Wellwyn [*sitting on the dais and supporting her — as if to a child*] — There you are, my dear. There, there — better now! Drink a little more of this tea. [Mrs. Megan *drinks from the decanter.*]

Ferrand [*rising*] — Bring her to the fire, Monsieur.

[*They take her to the fire and seat her on the little stool. From the moment of her restored animation* Ferrand *has resumed his air of cynical detachment, and now stands apart with arms folded, watching.*]

Wellwyn — Feeling better, my child?

Mrs. Megan — Yes.

Wellwyn — That's good. That's good. Now, how was it? Um?

Mrs. Megan — I dunno. [*She shivers.*] I was standin' here just now when you was talkin', and when I heard 'im, it cam' over me to do it — like.

Wellwyn — Ah, yes, I know.

Mrs. Megan — I didn't seem no good to meself nor anyone. But when I got in the water, I didn't want to any more. It was cold in there.

Wellwyn — Have you been having such a bad time of it?

Mrs. Megan — Yes. And listenin' to him upset me. [*She signs with her head at* Ferrand.] I feel better now I've been in the water. [*She smiles and shivers.*]

Wellwyn — There, there — Shivery? Like to walk up and down a little? [*They begin walking together up and down.*]

Wellwyn — Beastly when your head goes under?

Mrs. Megan — Yes. It frightened me. I thought I wouldn't come up again.

Wellwyn — I know — sort of world without end, wasn't it? What did you think of, um?

Mrs. Megan — I wished I 'adn't jumped — an' I thought of my baby — that died — and — [*in a rather surprised voice*] and I thought of d-dancin'.

[*Her mouth quivers, her face puckers, she gives a choke and a little sob.*]

Wellwyn [*stopping and stroking her*] — There, there — there!

[*For a moment her face is buried in his sleeve, then she recovers herself.*]

Mrs. Megan — Then 'e got hold o' me, an' pulled me out.

Wellwyn — Ah! what a comfort — um?

Mrs. Megan — Yes. The water got into me mouth. [*They walk again.*] I wouldn't have gone to do it but for *him.* [*She looks towards* Ferrand.] His talk made me feel all funny, as if people wanted me to.

Wellwyn — My dear child! Don't think such things! As if anyone would ——!

Mrs. Megan [*stolidly*] — I thought they did. They used to look at me so sometimes, where I was before I ran away — I couldn't stop there, you know.

Wellwyn — Too cooped-up?

Mrs. Megan — Yes. No life at all, it wasn't — not after sellin' flowers, I'd rather be doin' what I am.

Wellwyn — Ah! Well — it's all over, now! How d'you feel — eh? Better?

Mrs. Megan — Yes, I feels all right now.

[*She sits up again on the little stool before the fire.*]

Wellwyn — No shivers, and no aches; quite comfy?

Mrs. Megan — Yes.

Wellwyn — That's a blessing. All well now, Constable — thank you!

Constable [*who has remained discreetly apart at the door — cordially*] — First rate, sir! That's capital! [*He approaches and scrutinizes* Mrs. Megan.] Right as rain, eh, my girl?

Mrs. Megan [*shrinking a little*] — Yes.

Constable — That's fine. Then I think perhaps, for 'er sake, the sooner we move on and get her a change o' clothin', the better.

Wellwyn — Oh! don't bother about that — I'll send round for my daughter — we'll manage for her here.

Constable — Very kind of you, I'm sure, sir. But [*with embarrassment*] she seems all right. She'll get every attention at the station.

Wellwyn — But I assure you, we don't mind at all; we'll take the greatest care of her.

Constable [*still more embarrassed*] — Well, sir, of course, I'm afraid I can't depart from the usual course.

Wellwyn [*sharply*] — What! But — oh! No! No! That'll be all right, Constable! That'll be all right! I assure you.

Constable [*with more decision*] — I'll have to charge her, sir.

Wellwyn — Good God! You don't mean to say the poor little thing has got to be ——

Constable [*consulting with him*] — Well, sir, we can't get over the facts, can we? There it is! You know what sooicide amounts to — it's an awkward job.

Wellwyn [*calming himself with an effort*] — But look here, Constable, as a reasonable man. — This poor wretched little girl — *you* know what that life means better than anyone! Why! It's to her credit to try and jump out of it! [*The* Constable *shakes his head.*]

Wellwyn — You said yourself her best friends couldn't wish her better! [*Dropping his voice still more.*] Everybody feels it! The Vicar was here a few minutes ago saying the very same thing—the Vicar, Constable! [*The* Constable *shakes his head.*] Ah! now, look here, I know something of her. Nothing can be done with her. We all admit it. Don't you see? Well, then, hang it — you needn't go and make fools of us all by ——

Ferrand — Monsieur, it is the first of April.

Constable [*with a sharp glance at him*] — Can't neglect me duty, sir; that's impossible.

Wellwyn — Look here! She — slipped. She's been telling me. Come, Constable, there's a good fellow. May be the making of her, this.

Constable — I quite appreciate your good 'eart, sir, an' you make it very 'ard for me — but, come now! I put it to you as a gentleman, would you go back on yer duty if you was me?

[Wellwyn *raises his hat, and plunges his fingers through his hair.*]

Wellwyn — Well! God in heaven! Of all the d — d topsy-turvy! Not a soul in the world wants her alive — and now she's to be prosecuted for trying to be where everyone wishes her.

Constable — Come, sir, come! Be a man!

[*Throughout all this* Mrs. Megan *has sat stolidly before the fire, but as* Ferrand *suddenly steps forward she looks up at him.*]

Ferrand — Do not grieve, Monsieur! This will give her courage. There is nothing that gives more courage than to see the irony of things. [*He touches* Mrs. Megan's *shoulder.*] Go, my child; it will do you good.

[Mrs. Megan *rises, and looks at him dazedly.*]

Constable [*coming forward, and taking her by the hand*] — That's my good lass. Come along! We won't hurt you.

A LETTER TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

An open letter addressed to Senator Lodge on the entry of the United States into the Great War.

THE great news from America moves me to this slight and inadequate expression of heartfelt thankfulness that we are now allies in deed as well as thought. The coming in of America and the Russian revolution, taken together, give one for the first time a feeling of reality and hope — not so much as to the material issue of the war, though it must greatly hasten victory, but of the achievement of great and lasting benefit for the world out of all this tragedy.

In the early days of the struggle I thought «if only despotisms go down in the wreckage of this war, its horrors will not have been quite in vain,» and now for the first time one is able to believe that they will one and all go down, and democratic Europe be born. At last one is able to see some real chance for a league of democracies that shall seek peace and pursue it. That great saying, «The world must be made safe for democracy,» should now be the motto for us all, with its corollary that only in a world safe for democracy can peace be even reasonably secured.

We owe to you and to Russia a renewed sense and coherence in our cause. The idealism which was and is implicit in that cause was oozing out under the bitter pressure of this endless struggle. Some of us were beginning to fear that in the end democracy would be forced to the continued use of autocratic militarism, even after

the victory had been won; that we, conquering in substance, should be conquered in spirit, and the world set definitely spinning backward. That fear is at an end; the relief is intense. To you and to the Russian revolution we owe that relief in the certainty that the military caste of Germany is doomed.

Many of ourselves, and a still greater number of Germans, especially of German writing men, contemptuously deny that there should be any dissociation of the German people from the German military caste. None the less your President was right in making that distinction. Here is a little true story:

A Frenchwoman of the invaded countries is sleeping in a room with her two young daughters when the Germans enter their village. An officer knocks and demands lodging for thirty-five men. She shows him other rooms, stables — in fact plenty of accommodation.

«That won't do,» and he ordered seven men to sleep in the same room with the mother and the girls, but behind his back his men are shrugging their shoulders, as if saying: «This is quite unnecessary,» and when he is gone they leave the room of their own accord and go to the stables.

The woman who was telling my informant this story added:

«It is not the men who are bad. The men are like ours — the same everywhere. It is the officers, their chiefs — or rather it is their law.»

It has been this discovery from the first days of the war, that their chiefs and their «law» are noxious in the modern world, that has turned so many of us humanitarians and peace lovers, who had not a speck of original ill-will to Germany, into believers that this «law» — this philosophy of death — must go down if the life of nations is to be again worth living.

You stand with us now in the great task of seeing that it perishes. And out of our new-found brotherhood in arms — strange that this is the first time America and England have fought side by side in a big struggle — may not a wider friendliness be born between our countries?

I know that many of us and many of you have for each other's country the friendliest feelings; but a winter's sojourn in France has shown me more clearly than ever before why there is not, as a rule, much love between you Americans and ourselves. We English lack the quickness and charm which makes of the French the people with whom all others can get on, or, at all events, put up with. We English have many good qualities, but, alas, our defects to outer

eyes outweigh them. We are, I fear, rather an ungracious lot, and the more there is to a man — the more backbone he has — the more strongly this particular characteristic of ungraciousness comes out. Then, too, we are bone-competitive — and so are you. Two of that kidney never did agree too well.

All the same, Britain and America, beneath all difference and disgruntlement, do really want much the same thing for the world. Both want liberty and life by the light of individual self-respect rather than by rules framed and hanging. Both want humanity of conduct, fair play, and peace. And wanting these things, it will be a million pities if the little present rubs and ranklings of history and your resentment of our «side» (which is generally mere gaucherie) of our stolidity and cocksureness, and our dislike of your superior talkativeness and hustle and your cocksureness, are to stay the growth of that true and deep comradeship which ought to lie between our nations.

After all, nations are more than half made up of climate and geographical circumstances. What you are impatient of in us, what we are inclined to quiz in you, is little more than the result of our respective damp and drought and other conditions over which we have no control. If we persist in gazing at the shadows of our mutual discontents, what priceless substance we shall be missing! Failing a real understanding and friendship between us, the world will lose a great equilibristic force and be ever on the brink of trouble. The health and happiness, not only of our two nations, but of all others, will depend more and more as years go by on the union of our ideals, our feelings, and our wills.

Back of all else is a certain majestic common sense in you Americans, and something not very dissimilar in ourselves. We may go on saying in an airy way that we can't stand each other, but I trust and believe we shall find it ever harder to do without each other, ever easier to see that we are made for friendship in this imperfect world.

Though I am sure that any edginess between us is far more an affair of manner than of anything else, that is not to suggest that our mutual intolerance is a trivial matter. On the contrary, I rather think that manner is the most potent of all causes for dislike, and I heartily wish we English could improve ours, for I think we are most to blame. Nations so rarely have a chance to dive below manner, and find out what lies beneath. The French have dived since the war began, and have found out they can tolerate us a little. Perhaps that chance has now arisen for America and England, *and we*

are destined in the coming months to see each other as we really are — the Lord preserve us from finding out that we are worse than we thought.

At all events, we both have a sense of humor. Let us seek in that the ointment for our sore places. There is no need to take the outward and visible sign of the Englishman too seriously. I was told in France of one of your pro-Ally compatriots who, watching some English officers coming down the steps of a certain famous building not long ago, exclaimed: «I can't ‹see› these fellows!» I feel I know exactly what he meant; but under all that he couldn't «see» there is a fundamental something that most of you Americans would put out a hand to.

I hope we may soon be in some tight places side by side; then we shall know, perhaps, that we might have smiled at each other's follies instead of being sore. Where two races have grit and humanity and humor they are brothers under the skin, and that this shall be made plain before the world is a year older I devoutly trust, and so, I hope and think, my dear Senator, do you.

At any rate, the ardent thoughts and good will of the Englishman who writes these words go out to you and to your great country at this hour, which for you all must be fraught with such tumultuous, strange feelings — fraught, too, with the future welfare of the whole world. May the stars be bright above America!

I am, my dear Senator, most cordially yours.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

LONDON, April 14th, 1917.

FRANCIS GALTON

(1822–1911)

THE modern doctrine of heredity regards man less as an individual than as a link in a series, involuntarily inheriting and transmitting a number of peculiarities, physical and mental. The general acceptance of this doctrine would necessitate a modification of popular ethical conceptions, and consequently of social conditions. Except Darwin, probably no one has done so much to place the doctrine on a scientific basis as Francis Galton, who by his brilliant researches sought to establish the hereditary nature of psychical as well as physical qualities.

Galton first took up the subject of the transmissibility of intellectual gifts in his 'Hereditary Genius' (1869). An examination of the relationships of the judges of England for a period of two hundred years, of the statesmen of the time of George III., of the premiers of the last one hundred years, and of a certain selection of divines and modern scholars, together with the kindred of the most illustrious commanders, men of letters and science, poets, painters, and musicians of all times and nations, resulted in his conclusion that man's mental abilities are derived by inheritance under exactly the same limitations as are the forms and features of the whole organic world. Galton argued that, as it is practicable to produce a highly gifted race of men by judicious marriages during several consecutive generations, the State ought to encourage by dowries and other artificial means such marriages as make for the elevation of the race.

Having set forth the hereditary nature of general intellectual ability, he attempts to discover what particular qualities commonly combine to form genius, and whether they also are transmissible. 'English Men of Science: Their Nature and Nurture' (1874) was a summary of the results obtained from inquiries addressed to the most eminent scientific men of England, respecting the circumstances of heredity and environment which might have been influential in directing them toward their careers. One hundred and eighty persons were questioned. From the replies it appeared that in the order of their prevalence, the chief qualities that commonly unite to form scientific genius are energy both of body and mind; good health; great independence of character; tenacity of purpose; practical business habits; and strong innate tastes for science generally, or for some branch of

it. The replies indicated the hereditary character of the qualities in question, showing incidentally that in the matter of heredity the influence of the father is greater than that of the mother. It would have been interesting to have had the results of similar inquiries in the case of other classes of eminent persons,—statesmen, lawyers, poets, divines, etc. However, it is problematical whether other classes would have entered so heartily into the spirit of the inquiry, and given such full and frank replies.

Large variation in individuals from their parents is, he argues, not only not incompatible with the strict doctrine of heredity, but is a consequence of it wherever the breed is impure. Likewise, abnormal attributes of individual parents are less transmissible than the general characteristics of the family. Both these influences operate to deprive the science of heredity of the certainty of prediction in individual cases. The latter influence—*i. e.*, the law of reversion—is made the subject of a separate inquiry in the volume entitled 'Natural Inheritance' (1889).

In 'Inquiries into the Human Faculty and its Development' (1883), he described a method of accurately measuring mental processes, such as sensation, volition, the formation of elementary judgments, and the estimation of numbers; suggested composite photography as a means of studying the physiognomy of criminal and other classes; treated the subject of heredity in crime; and discussed the mental process of visualizing.

'Finger Prints' (1892) is a study from the point of view of heredity of the patterns observed in the skin of finger-tips. These patterns are not only hereditary, but also furnish a certain means of identification—an idea improved in Mark Twain's story of 'Pudd'n-head Wilson.'

Galton was himself an example of the heredity of genius, being a grandson of Erasmus Darwin, the author of 'Zoönomia,' and a cousin of Charles Darwin. Born near Birmingham in 1822, he studied some time at Birmingham Hospital and at King's College, London, with the intention of entering the medical profession; but abandoned this design, and was graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1844. He soon after made two journeys of exploration in Africa, the latter of which is described in his 'Narrative of an Explorer in South Africa' (1853). An indirect result of these journeys was 'The Art of Travel; or Shifts and Contrivances in Wild Countries' (1855).

'Meteorographica' (1863) is noteworthy as the first attempt ever made to represent in charts on a large scale the progress of the weather, and on account of the theory of anti-cyclones which Galton advances in it.

Although strictly scientific in aim and method, Galton's writings, particularly those on heredity, appeal to all classes of readers

and possess a distinct literary value. His latest works were: ‹Noteworthy Families› (jointly with E. Schuster, 1906); ‹Memoirs of My Life› (1908); and ‹Essays in Eugenics› (1909). He was knighted in 1909, and died on January 18th, 1911.

THE COMPARATIVE WORTH OF DIFFERENT RACES

From ‹Hereditary Genius›

EVERY long-established race has necessarily its peculiar fitness for the conditions under which it has lived, owing to the sure operation of Darwin's law of natural selection. However, I am not much concerned for the present with the greater part of those aptitudes, but only with such as are available in some form or other of high civilization. We may reckon upon the advent of a time when civilization, which is now sparse and feeble and far more superficial than it is vaunted to be, shall overspread the globe. Ultimately it is sure to do so, because civilization is the necessary fruit of high intelligence when found in a social animal, and there is no plainer lesson to be read off the face of Nature than that the result of the operation of her laws is to evoke intelligence in connection with sociability. Intelligence is as much an advantage to an animal as physical strength or any other natural gift; and therefore, out of two varieties of any race of animal who are equally endowed in other respects, the most intelligent variety is sure to prevail in the battle of life. Similarly, among animals as intelligent as man, the most social race is sure to prevail, other qualities being equal.

Under even a very moderate form of material civilization, a vast number of aptitudes acquired through the "survivorship of the fittest" and the unsparing destruction of the unfit, for hundreds of generations, have become as obsolete as the old mail-coach habits and customs since the establishment of railroads, and there is not the slightest use in attempting to preserve them; they are hindrances, and not gains, to civilization. I shall refer to some of these a little further on, but I will first speak of the qualities needed in civilized society. They are, speaking generally, such as will enable a race to supply a large contingent to the various groups of eminent men of whom I have treated in my several chapters. Without going so far as to say that this very convenient test is perfectly fair, we are at all events justified in making considerable use of it, as I will do in the estimates I am about to give.

In comparing the worth of different races, I shall make frequent use of the law of deviation from an average, to which I have already been much beholden; and to save the reader's time and patience, I propose to act upon an assumption that would require a good deal of discussion to limit, and to which the reader may at first demur, but which cannot lead to any error of importance in a rough provisional inquiry. I shall assume that the *intervals* between the grades of ability are the *same* in all the races. . . . I know this cannot be strictly true, for it would be in defiance of analogy if the variability of all races were precisely the same; but on the other hand, there is good reason to expect that the error introduced by the assumption cannot sensibly affect the off-hand results for which alone I propose to employ it; moreover, the rough data I shall adduce will go far to show the justice of this expectation.

Let us then compare the negro race with the Anglo-Saxon, with respect to those qualities alone which are capable of producing judges, statesmen, commanders, men of literature and science, poets, artists, and divines. If the negro race in America had been affected by no social disabilities, a comparison of their achievements with those of the whites in their several branches of intellectual effort, having regard to the total number of their respective populations, would give the necessary information. As matters stand, we must be content with much rougher data.

First, the negro race has occasionally, but very rarely, produced such men as Toussaint L'Ouverture. . . .

Secondly, the negro race is by no means wholly deficient in men capable of becoming good factors, thriving merchants, and otherwise considerably raised above the average of whites. . . .

Thirdly, we may compare, but with much caution, the relative position of negroes in their native country with that of the travelers who visit them. The latter no doubt bring with them the knowledge current in civilized lands, but that is an advantage of less importance than we are apt to suppose. The native chief has as good an education in the art of ruling men as can be desired; he is continually exercised in personal government, and usually maintains his place by the ascendency of his character, shown every day over his subjects and rivals. A traveler in wild countries also fills to a certain degree the position of a commander, and has to confront native chiefs at every inhabited place. The result is familiar enough — the white traveler almost

invariably holds his own in their presence. It is seldom that we hear of a white traveler meeting with a black chief whom he feels to be the better man. I have often discussed this subject with competent persons, and can only recall a few cases of the inferiority of the white man,—certainly not more than might be ascribed to an average actual difference of three grades, of which one may be due to the relative demerits of native education, and the remaining two to a difference in natural gifts.

Fourthly, the number among the negroes of those whom we should call half-witted men is very large. Every book alluding to negro servants in America is full of instances. I was myself much impressed by this fact during my travels in Africa. The mistakes the negroes made in their own matters were so childish, stupid, and simpleton-like as frequently to make me ashamed of my own species. I do not think it any exaggeration to say that their *c* is as low as our *e*, which would be a difference of two grades, as before. I have no information as to actual idiocy among the negroes—I mean, of course, of that class of idiocy which is not due to disease.

The Australian type is at least one grade below the African negro. I possess a few serviceable data about the natural capacity of the Australian, but not sufficient to induce me to invite the reader to consider them.

The average standard of the Lowland Scotch and the English North Country men is decidedly a fraction of a grade superior to that of the ordinary English, because the number of the former who attain to eminence is far greater than the proportionate number of their race would have led us to expect. The same superiority is distinctly shown by a comparison of the well-being of the masses of the population; for the Scotch laborer is much less of a drudge than the Englishman of the Midland counties—he does his work better, and "lives his life" besides. The peasant women of Northumberland work all day in the fields, and are not broken down by the work; on the contrary, they take a pride in their effective labor as girls, and when married they attend well to the comfort of their homes. It is perfectly distressing to me to witness the draggled, drudged, mean look of the mass of individuals, especially of the women, that one meets in the streets of London and other purely English towns. The conditions of their life seem too hard for their constitutions, and to be crushing them into degeneracy.

The ablest race of whom history bears record is unquestionably the ancient Greek, partly because their masterpieces in the principal departments of intellectual activity are still unsurpassed and in many respects unequaled, and partly because the population that gave birth to the creators of those masterpieces was very small. Of the various Greek sub-races, that of Attica was the ablest, and she was no doubt largely indebted to the following cause for her superiority: Athens opened her arms to immigrants, but not indiscriminately, for her social life was such that none but very able men could take any pleasure in it; on the other hand, she offered attractions such as men of the highest ability and culture could find in no other city. Thus by a system of partly unconscious selection she built up a magnificent breed of human animals, which in the space of one century — viz., between 530 and 430 B. C. — produced the following illustrious persons, fourteen in number: —

Statesmen and Commanders. — Themistocles (mother an alien), Miltiades, Aristides, Cimon (son of Miltiades), Pericles (son of Xanthippus, the victor at Mycale).

Literary and Scientific Men. — Thucydides, Socrates, Xenophon, Plato.

Poets. — Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes.

Sculptor. — Phidias.

We are able to make a closely approximate estimate of the population that produced these men, because the number of the inhabitants of Attica has been a matter of frequent inquiry, and critics appear at length to be quite agreed in the general results. . . . The average ability of the Athenian race is, on the lowest possible estimate, very nearly two grades higher than our own — that is, about as much as our race is above that of the African negro. This estimate, which may seem prodigious to some, is confirmed by the quick intelligence and high culture of the Athenian commonalty, before whom literary works were recited, and works of art exhibited, of a far more severe character than could possibly be appreciated by the average of our race, the calibre of whose intellect is easily gauged by a glance at the contents of a railway book-stall.

We know, and may guess something more, of the reason why this marvelously gifted race declined. Social morality grew exceedingly lax; marriage became unfashionable, and was avoided; many of the more ambitious and accomplished women were

avowed courtesans and consequently infertile, and the mothers of the incoming population were of a heterogeneous class. In a small sea-bordered country, where emigration and immigration are constantly going on, and where the manners are as dissolute as were those of Greece in the period of which I speak, the purity of a race would necessarily fail. It can be therefore no surprise to us, though it has been a severe misfortune to humanity, that the high Athenian breed decayed and disappeared; for if it had maintained its excellence, and had multiplied and spread over large countries, displacing inferior populations (which it well might have done, for it was exceedingly prolific), it would assuredly have accomplished results advantageous to human civilization, to a degree that transcends our powers of imagination.

If we could raise the average standard of our race only one grade, what vast changes would be produced! The number of men of natural gifts equal to those of the eminent men of the present day would be necessarily increased more than tenfold; . . . but far more important to the progress of civilization would be the increase in the yet higher orders of intellect. We know how intimately the course of events is dependent on the thoughts of a few illustrious men. If the first-rate men in the different groups had never been born, even if those among them who have a place in my appendices on account of their hereditary gifts had never existed, the world would be very different to what it is. . . .

It seems to me most essential to the well-being of future generations, that the average standard of ability of the present time should be raised. Civilization is a new condition imposed upon man by the course of events, just as in the history of geological changes new conditions have continually been imposed on different races of animals. They have had the effect either of modifying the nature of the races through the process of natural selection, whenever the changes were sufficiently slow and the race sufficiently pliant, or of destroying them altogether, when the changes were too abrupt or the race unyielding. The number of the races of mankind that have been entirely destroyed under the pressure of the requirements of an incoming civilization, reads us a terrible lesson. Probably in no former period of the world has the destruction of the races of any animal whatever been effected over such wide areas, and with such startling rapidity, as in the case of savage man. In the North-American continent, in the West-Indian islands, in the Cape of Good Hope,

in Australia, New Zealand, and Van Diemen's Land, the human denizens of vast regions have been entirely swept away in the short space of three centuries, less by the pressure of a stronger race than through the influence of a civilization they were incapable of supporting. And we too, the foremost laborers in creating this civilization, are beginning to show ourselves incapable of keeping pace with our own work. The needs of centralization, communication, and culture, call for more brains and mental stamina than the average of our race possess. We are in crying want for a greater fund of ability in all stations of life; for neither the classes of statesmen, philosophers, artisans, nor laborers are up to the modern complexity of their several professions. An extended civilization like ours comprises more interests than the ordinary statesmen or philosophers of our present race are capable of dealing with, and it exacts more intelligent work than our ordinary artisans and laborers are capable of performing. Our race is overweighted, and appears likely to be drudged into degeneracy by demands that exceed its powers. . . .

When the severity of the struggle for existence is not too great for the powers of the race, its action is healthy and conservative; otherwise it is deadly, just as we may see exemplified in the scanty, wretched vegetation that leads a precarious existence near the summer snow line of the Alps, and disappears altogether a little higher up. We want as much backbone as we can get, to bear the racket to which we are henceforth to be exposed, and as good brains as possible to contrive machinery, for modern life to work more smoothly than at present. We can in some degree raise the nature of man to a level with the new conditions imposed upon his existence; and we can also in some degree modify the conditions to suit his nature. It is clearly right that both these powers should be exerted, with the view of bringing his nature and the conditions of his existence into as close harmony as possible.

In proportion as the world becomes filled with mankind, the relations of society necessarily increase in complexity, and the nomadic disposition found in most barbarians becomes unsuitable to the novel conditions. There is a most unusual unanimity in respect to the causes of incapacity of savages for civilization, among writers on those hunting and migratory nations who are brought into contact with advancing colonization, and perish, as they invariably do, by the contact. They tell us that the labor

of such men is neither constant nor steady; that the love of a wandering, independent life prevents their settling anywhere to work, except for a short time, when urged by want and encouraged by kind treatment. Meadows says that the Chinese call the barbarous races on their borders by a phrase which means "hither and thither," "not fixed." And any amount of evidence might be adduced, to show how deeply Bohemian habits of one kind or another were ingrained in the nature of the men who inhabited most parts of the earth, now overspread by the Anglo-Saxon and other civilized races. Luckily there is still room for adventure, and a man who feels the cravings of a roving, adventurous spirit to be too strong for resistance, may yet find a legitimate outlet for it in the colonies, in the army, or on board ship. But such a spirit is, on the whole, an heirloom that brings more impatient restlessness and beating of the wings against cage bars, than persons of more civilized characters can readily comprehend, and it is directly at war with the more modern portion of our moral natures. If a man be purely a nomad, he has only to be nomadic and his instinct is satisfied; but no Englishmen of the nineteenth century are purely nomadic. The most so among them have also inherited many civilized cravings that are necessarily starved when they become wanderers, in the same way as the wandering instincts are starved when they are settled at home. Consequently their nature has opposite wants, which can never be satisfied except by chance, through some very exceptional turn of circumstances. This is a serious calamity; and as the Bohemianism in the nature of our race is destined to perish, the sooner it goes the happier for mankind. The social requirements of English life are steadily destroying it. No man who only works by fits and starts is able to obtain his living nowadays, for he has not a chance of thriving in competition with steady workmen. If his nature revolts against the monotony of daily labor, he is tempted to the public-house, to intemperance, and it may be to poaching, and to much more serious crime; otherwise he banishes himself from our shores. In the first case, he is unlikely to leave as many children as men of more domestic and marrying habits; and in the second case, his breed is wholly lost to England. By this steady riddance of the Bohemian spirit of our race, the artisan part of our population is slowly becoming bred to its duties, and the primary qualities of the typical modern British workman are already the very opposite of those of the nomad.

What they are now was well described by Mr. Chadwick as consisting of "great bodily strength, applied under the command of a steady, persevering will; mental self-contentedness; impassibility to external irrelevant impressions, which carries them through the continued repetition of toilsome labor, 'steady as time.'"

It is curious to remark how unimportant to modern civilization has become the once famous and thoroughbred-looking Norman. The type of his features, which is probably in some degree correlated with his peculiar form of adventurous disposition, is no longer characteristic of our rulers, and is rarely found among celebrities of the present day; it is more often met with among the undistinguished members of highly born families, and especially among the less conspicuous officers of the army. Modern leading men in all paths of eminence, as may easily be seen in a collection of photographs, are of a coarser and more robust breed: less excitable and dashing, but endowed with far more ruggedness and real vigor. Such also is the case as regards the German portion of the Austrian nation. . . .

Much more alien to the genius of an enlightened civilization than the nomadic habit is the impulsive and uncontrolled nature of the savage. A civilized man must bear and forbear; he must keep before his mind the claims of the morrow as clearly as those of the passing minute; of the absent as well as of the present. This is the most trying of the new conditions imposed on man by civilization, and the one that makes it hopeless for any but exceptional natures among savages to live under them. The instinct of a savage is admirably consonant with the needs of savage life; every day he is in danger through transient causes; he lives from hand to mouth, in the hour and for the hour, without care for the past or forethought for the future: but such an instinct is utterly at fault in civilized life. The half-reclaimed savage, being unable to deal with more subjects of consideration than are directly before him, is continually doing acts through mere maladroitness and incapacity, at which he is afterwards deeply grieved and annoyed. The nearer inducements always seem to him, through his uncorrected sense of moral perspective, to be incomparably larger than others of the same actual size but more remote; consequently, when the temptation of the moment has been yielded to and passed away, and its bitter result comes in its turn before the man, he is amazed and remorseful at his past weakness. It seems incredible that he should have

done that yesterday which to-day seems so silly, so unjust, and so unkindly. The newly reclaimed barbarian, with the impulsive, unstable nature of the savage, when he also chances to be gifted with a peculiarly generous and affectionate disposition, is of all others the man most oppressed with the sense of sin.

Now, it is a just assertion, and a common theme of moralists of many creeds, that man, such as we find him, is born with an imperfect nature. He has lofty aspirations, but there is a weakness in his disposition which incapacitates him from carrying his nobler purposes into effect. He sees that some particular course of action is his duty, and should be his delight; but his inclinations are fickle and base, and do not conform to his better judgment. The whole moral nature of man is tainted with sin, which prevents him from doing the things he knows to be right.

The explanation I offer to this apparent anomaly seems perfectly satisfactory from a scientific point of view. It is neither more nor less than that the development of our nature, whether under Darwin's law of natural selection or through the effects of changed ancestral habits, has not yet overtaken the development of our moral civilization. Man was barbarous but yesterday, and therefore it is not to be expected that the natural aptitudes of his race should already have become molded into accordance with his very recent advance. We, men of the present centuries, are like animals suddenly transplanted among new conditions of climate and of food: our instincts fail us under the altered circumstances.

My theory is confirmed by the fact that the members of old civilizations are far less sensible than recent converts from barbarism, of their nature being inadequate to their moral needs. The conscience of a negro is aghast at his own wild, impulsive nature, and is easily stirred by a preacher; but it is scarcely possible to ruffle the self-complacency of a steady-going Chinaman.

The sense of original sin would show, according to my theory, not that man was fallen from high estate, but that he was rising in moral culture with more rapidity than the nature of his race could follow. My view is corroborated by the conclusion reached at the end of each of the many independent lines of ethnological research — that the human race were utter savages in the beginning; and that after myriads of years of barbarism, man has but very recently found his way into the paths of morality and civilization.

ARNE GARBORG

(1851–)

ARNE GARBORG was one of the most potent forces in the new school of Norwegian literature. The contemporary of Alexander Kielland, who is more widely known abroad, he is however the representative of a vastly different phase. Kielland's works, except for their setting, are the result of general European culture; whereas Garborg has laid the foundations of a literature essentially Norse.

The new literature of young Norway is a true exponent of its social conditions. The ferment of its strivings and its discontent permeates the whole people. Much of Garborg's work is the chronicle of this social unrest, particularly among the peasant classes, where he himself by birth belongs. In the reaction against the sentimental idealism of the older school, he is the pioneer who has blazed the paths. Where Björnson gives rose-colored pictures of what peasant life might be, Garborg with heavy strokes of terrible meaning draws the outline of what it is. His daring and directness of speech aroused a storm of opposition, and he has also been made to suffer in a material way for the courage of his opinions, in that the position which he had held in the government service since 1879 was taken from him as a consequence of his books.

Arne Garborg was born at Jæderen, in the southwestern part of Norway, January 1851. The circumstances of his life were humble, and all of his surroundings were meagre in the extreme. His father, a village schoolmaster, was a man of nervous, fanatical temperament, with whom religion was a mania. In the obscure little village where he lived, Garborg's boyhood was outwardly uneventful but inwardly filled with conflict. Brought up in an atmosphere of pietism, the natural reaction led him into a kind of romantic atheistic unbelief. In the turmoil of his mind, the battles were fought again and again, until at length he reached the middle ground of modern thought. His education was extremely desultory; but from the age of nine, when from the only models within his reach he wrote hymns and sermons, he showed a strong tendency for literature. He passed the required examinations for a school-teacher in 1870, and alternately taught and studied, until in 1875 he entered the University of Christiania. His life as a student was by no means smooth, but he persisted, in spite of poverty and indeed sometimes actual want.

He had previously, in Risör, published a Teacher's Journal (1871), a small paper dealing principally though not exclusively with school affairs; and a year later, in Tvedestrand, he established the Tvedestrand Post. This experience as county editor and printer had qualified him for newspaper work, and in 1877 he became connected with the Aftenbladet of Christiania. The same year he founded the Fedraheimen, "a weekly paper for the Norse people." This was really the beginning of his literary career, although besides his early enterprises in journalism he had as a student contributed occasional articles to the newspapers, and had already published his first book, a critical essay on Ibsen's 'Emperor and Galilean.'

The attempt made by Ivar Aasen to establish in Norway a national language through a normalization of the peasant dialects, found in Garborg one of its warmest supporters. Discarding Danish as a literary medium, he advocated the use of the strong Norse, and the Fedraheimen appeared as the organ of the new movement. Garborg wrote a book upon the subject in the year after the establishment of his journal, and ever since, by precept and practice, he has been the chief propagandist of the new speech.

His first novel, 'En Fritenkjar' (A Freethinker), appeared anonymously in the Fedraheimen in 1878. The subject of the story was one of the vital questions of the day, the conflict between iron-bound dogmatism and rational thought; a theme now threadbare with much handling, but then startlingly new. The author's early training and his own environment of intolerant theology supplied material for the story. The hero of the tale, the man who dared to think for himself, was looked upon as a criminal, to be ranked with house-breakers and thieves. The ostracism which he brought upon himself was but the just punishment for his crimes. The Freethinker, treated as a moral leper, is driven from his home and goes abroad to expiate his sin of unorthodoxy. In later years he returns to his native land, to find most of his acquaintances dead. Of his family only one still lives, and that is his son, who has become a clergyman!

Garborg's second romance, 'Bondestudentar' (Peasant Students) (1883), deals with a problem no less real. In Norway, although there is no rank of nobility, class distinctions are nevertheless strongly marked; and in this novel his pen is directed against the evils which result from the inordinate striving of the lower orders for a position to which they are unfitted both by nature and circumstances. This book, again, is to a degree autobiographical; for Garborg, as has been said, is himself peasant, and he has fought the fight and suffered the anguish of the new culture attained with incalculable sacrifice. 'Peasant Students' is undoubtedly his greatest work. Nowhere else has he indicated more clearly his seriousness of purpose, or worked

out his theme with more effectiveness. The hero, Daniel Braut, is the representative of the ideal student, a son of the people who shall strive for "poetry and the soul" and introduce the elements of culture among his class. Manual labor is his aversion; and at last, forced by the weakness of his nature and the necessity of his poverty, he goes over to the ranks of philistinism, marries a woman of property, and studies theology. Both books are stories of high ideals and humiliating compromises. The author's pessimism is in the ascendant, and in the end the lower nature conquers.

In 'Mannfolk' (1886) he takes up a different theme, the relation of the sexes, a question which he treats with startling frankness. Garborg is a realist in so far that he prefers to depict life as it is, well knowing that fiction cannot approach truth in point of interest. He bears true testimony of what he sees and knows, but his realism is very far removed from the naturalism of the French school.

Following 'Peasant Students' appeared in 1884 'Forteljinger og Sogar' (Narratives and Tales). Of his other works the most important are the narrative 'Hjaa ho Mor' (With Mama), 'Kolbotnbrev og andre Skildringar' (Kolbotn Letters and Other Sketches: 1890), the novels 'Trætte Mænd' (Weary Souls: 1891), 'Fred' (Peace: 1893), and the drama 'Uforsonlige' (The Irreconcilables: 1888). His 'Collected Works' appeared in 1909.

After being deprived of his government position upon the publication of 'Mannfolk,' Arne Garborg retired with his wife and child into the solitude of the mountains, where for two years he lived and wrote in his sæter hut; but at last, overcome by the loneliness of this isolated life, he left Norway and settled in Germany.

THE CONFLICT OF THE CREEDS

From 'A Freethinker'

The noise of carriage wheels increased. The carriage drove up before the door, and all the people of the parsonage sprang up in joy. Ragna however reddened somewhat. A minute after, both Hans Vangen and Eystein Hauk stood in the room. Hans embraced his parents and his sister, and on the surface was happy; Hauk greeted them kindly and warmly like an acquaintance of the family, and bowed deep before Ragna.

"A good evening to you, and a merry Christmas-time!" called out Hans. "Here is the great foreign traveler and wise man Eystein Hauk, and here"—he pointed to the chaplain—"is the strict man of God, Balle; chaplain now, pastor later on, finally

bishop; a well-founded theologian and a true support to the Church in these distracted times. It will be well with you if you do not fall into a quarrel about belief.»

There was talking and laughing; the pastor's wife poured out wine; the new-comers sat down; the table was quickly set, and then they went into the dining-room, where Christmas grits and Christmas fish stood smoking in a great dish and «awaited the help of the people.» The pastor read a blessing, which was not listened to with any further devoutness. Ragna and Balle sat for the most part and looked at Hauk, but Hauk looked at Ragna, and the pastor's wife said of Hans how he had grown during the past year, and how his good looks and his affability had improved.

The one who talked most at the table was Hans. Hauk was rather silent. The pastor asked him in a few words about his travels abroad; he answered promptly but shortly, and often in such a cleverly turned way of speaking that it was difficult to find out his real meaning.

The chaplain, too, would have liked to hear about foreign lands. What was the state of the Christian religion in France? — Well, it was various. It was there as here: there were people of all sorts. — But was not the great majority unchristian? — Well, of enlightened and learned people it was, to be sure, the smallest part who strictly could be called Christians. — But with morals? Was there not a great deal of social viciousness and impropriety? — Well, if it were only considered under certain conditions, in certain cities, it was probably there as in other places. — Indeed! — Balle, rebuffed, looked away from Hauk, and did not talk with him afterward.

When they left the table there was set out dessert, with wine, and pipes were also brought. The conversation went on as before, but it was none the less Hans who talked most. He was a fresh, happy fellow. His mother sat and found pleasure in looking at him. The pastor and Balle sat and smoked, glanced now and then at Hauk, who was a little way off at a smaller table, talking small-talk with Ragna. The pastor had become more silent, and Balle looked as if he little liked the state of things, although he tried to control himself. Hans understood this, and laughed.

«Do not bother yourself about Hauk,» said he. «He has been in Paris and has learned French manners, and consequently

he likes women's society best; but even if he is a little grand, he will quickly become Norse again, keep to his pipe and his glass, and let the women take care of themselves."

Balle bit his lips; the pastor smiled a little. "Young people are more bashful here in Norway," said he. "That is true," he continued. "You have read the new novel 'Virginia,' that the people have waited so long for?"

"'Virginia'?—pfh! that is a vile book," answered Hans, and smiled.

"Vile?" said the chaplain questioningly.

"It is a scandalous book! says Christiania. It has set the whole town on end. It works destruction upon marriage, they say; upon morals, upon society. I have never seen Christiania so moral as in these days."

"H'm!" said Balle; "Christiania is on the whole a moral town."

"It is at this time! The young poets are happy for all the days of their life. The men forbid the women to read the book, and the women forbid their daughters—"

"And so they all read it together?" said the pastor.

"Certainly! The women read it and say, 'Paugh! the poets do not know life.' The daughters, the poor dear angels, they read it and say, 'Dear me, is that anything? Have we not read worse books than that?'"

"But tell us, then, what the book is about?" said the pastor.

"It is about—that married people shall love each other," said Hans stoutly.

"Oho! free love!" called out the chaplain.

"Certainly! Free love! 'All true love is free,' says the foolhardy fellow of a poet."

"Do you hear that, pastor?" said Balle.

"If our own poets also take it up, let us have a care! Then he recognizes 'free thought'; and what then?" asked the chaplain.

"That is true," replied Hans. "'All thoughts are free,' he says, 'and not merely duty free.'"

"Of course he does not believe in God?"

"I doubt it; but even that is not the worst."

"Not the—"

"No, for there are many people in Christiania who do not believe in God. But these poets do not even believe in the

Devil!" Hans laughed like a child at the face that the chaplain made; the pastor looked severely at Hans, who cast down his eyes and was silent.

"Worthless fruit," sighed the chaplain. "Our poets have hitherto kept themselves free from these godless thoughts, even if they have not always had the right opinion of Christianity, and particularly have taken up with the confusions of Grundtvigianism; but now, now it has taken another path. Do you see the spirit of revolt, pastor? Do you hear how they rise and tear asunder all its bonds; how opposition arises against all that is high and holy, and they storm even against the foundations of society?"

"May God help us!" sighed the pastor. "It does not look right. Is there anything new in the newspapers?" he asked, as if to get away from a conversation that plainly oppressed him.

Hans ran out, and came quickly in again with the newspapers. Such of these as were French he took for himself, the rest he gave to Balle.

"Do you see, father?" said Hans with the mien of a schoolmaster. "If you will have politics, you must turn to France. All other politics are merely an echo of theirs. France is Europe. France is the world!"

"Do you hear, pastor?" said Balle. "Do you hear how the French spirit spreads and increases in power? the French spirit, which has always been one and the same with rationalism and revolution?"

"Here is an article that will do Balle good!" called out Hans. "It does not assume the good tone or prattle tediously like our Norse newspaper articles. There is fire and burning in it; you recognize something like a clenched fist back of the words, prepared for everything upon which it may hit. That is what I call politics!"

"Oh, you are a foolish fellow," said the pastor. "Come, out with it!"

Hans read an article against the priestly party or clericals, and the piece was severely radical. It was particularly to the effect that the clergy and Christianity must be ousted from the public schools, if thinkers were to be really for a genuine and sound popular education. Christianity had already done what it could do; hereafter it lay merely in the way. "Freedom and

self-government" was the war-cry now, for this generation. They might be fair enough, many of the dreams which the new time compelled us to abandon; but light and life and truth were ten times fairer than all dreams.

The chaplain sat and sulked, and looked into one of the Norse papers. "Here stands the same," said he. "No, but — ? Yes, the same, and yet not the same. The Norse paper has cut out or changed all that treats directly of Christianity; the rest is the same."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Hans.

"Yes, they are as wise as serpents," sighed the chaplain. "Here may plainly be seen how the matter stands. It is hidden away in politics, but the spirit they cannot conceal; it is precisely the same French spirit of hell, the spirit of revolt, the spirit of the Devil, which lifts itself against even the living God. Do you see that, pastor? Do you see how wholly these 'freedom politics,' as they are called, are held up and impregnated with this godless spirit of revolt? In truth, it becomes more and more clear that it is the part of us, the watchmen of Zion,— more now than ever before,— to watch and pray."

The pastor sat and meditated. He looked oppressed and sorrowful. It was too quiet for Hans: he moved away to Hauk and Ragna. The chaplain appeared to like this, and became more calm. .

"Dear pastor," said he after a while, "just as surely as there is truth in our work,— yes, this question presses itself more and more in upon me,— as surely as there is truth in our work: that we shall watch over God's house and people,— we *cannot* remain silent and be calm when we see a spirit like this coming bearing in upon us — a spirit which is directly founded upon heathenism, and so plainly shows its Satanic origin. Shall it be? Can we answer for that before our Lord and God?"

The pastor was silent. He was in great doubt and uncertainty of mind. "I do not believe that it is right to bring politics into the house of God," said he at last.

"Politics, no! But this is not politics; this is a spirit of the times, a view of life which takes the outward garb of politics, but at the bottom is merely a new outbreak of the same old heathenism that the Church at all times has had to contend with. I, for my part, do not believe that I can keep silent with a quiet conscience."

The pastor held his peace and thought. "This is a hard question," he said finally. "May our Lord give us wisdom!"

"Amen," said the chaplain. . . .

That night the old pastor did not sleep well. He walked up and down his chamber and thought. "When it comes to the point," said he to himself, "Balle is right; there *is* something bad and evil in the spirit of the time; there *is* something devilish. Merely look, now, at this Eystein Hauk, this clever fine fellow: he is not to be got at. He is frozen to ice and hardened to steel, slippery and smooth as a serpent. There came such an uncanny spirit from him that he made me downright sick: no respect, no veneration even for his own father; God knows how he can hold fast to his Christian faith. They call it freedom, humanity; but it is not that. It is hate, venom, bad blood.—They will tear from them all bonds, as Balle says, raise a revolt—revolt against all that is beautiful and good, against God, against belief. H'm! Build the State, this whole earthly life, upon a heathen foundation! Sever connection with Christianity, cast the Church away from them like old trash. That is terrible! And free love, free thought—the Christian religion out of the schools—no! that is Satan himself who rages. Free thoughts in my time were not so: they were warm and beautiful; there was heart in them; they made us good and happy." He shook himself, as if to throw off a chill. Should one be silent at such things? Should one look quietly on while this evil spirit eats itself in among the people? or should one, like a disciple of God, lift up the sword of the Word and the Spirit against this poisonous basilisk?

He read in the Bible and in Luther. Then he got up again and walked. The clock struck hour after hour, but the old man did not hear it. He thought only of the heavy responsibility. Was it not to profane the house of God and the holy office, to drag the struggle and strife of the day into it? Was he not set to watch over word and teaching, but not to be a judge in the world's disputes? But of his flock, the people of the Church, the Bride of Christ, whom he should watch, but who stood in the midst of a wicked world, and whose souls were harmed when such evil gusts blew? Would not every soul at the Judgment Day be demanded at his hands? And was he a good shepherd, who indeed kept watch against the wolf when the wolf came having on his right garb, but looked on and was silent when he came

clothed in sheep's garments and pretended to belong among the good? He read anew in Luther. At last he knelt down and prayed for a long time, and ended with a fervent and heartfelt "Our Father."

Then he arose as if freed from doubt, looked meekly up to heaven, and said, "As thou wilt, O Lord!" He seated himself in his arm-chair, weary but happy, and fell asleep for a while. Presently, however, the day grew gray in the east and he awoke. He read the morning prayers to himself, chose his text, and thought about the sermon. When the bell began to ring he went to church. He was pale, but calm and kindly. The farmers looked at him and greeted him more warmly than usual. The pastor's wife and Ragna came shortly after; Hans and Eystein did not arrive at the church until the pastor stood in the pulpit.

The Christmas sermon was fervid and good. He spoke about the angels' song, "Peace on earth." They had seldom heard the old man preach so well. But at the end came a turn in the thought that caused some astonishment. It was about politics.

"Dear Christians," he said, "how is it in our days with 'peace on earth'? Ah, my brothers, we know that all too well. Peace has gone from us. It has vanished like a beautiful evening cloud. Evil powers rise up in these hours. The Devil is abroad, and tempts anew mankind to eat of the tree of knowledge and to tear themselves loose from God. Take heed, take heed, dear brothers! Take heed of the false prophets, who proclaim a new gospel and promise you 'freedom' and 'enlightenment,' and all that is good,—yes, promise you righteousness and power, if you will eat of the forbidden tree. They give themselves out for sheep, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. They promise you freedom, but they give you thraldom, the thraldom of sin, which is the worst of all. They promise you blessings and joy, but they steal you away from Him who alone has blessings and freedom for our poor race. They promise you security and defense against all tyranny and oppression, but they give you gladly into his power who is the father of all tyranny and of all evil; he who is the destroyer of man from the beginning. Dear Christians, let us watch and pray! Let us prove the spirit, whether it is from God! Let us harden our ears and our hearts against false voices and magic songs that deceive, which come to us out of the dark chasms and abysses in this wicked world!

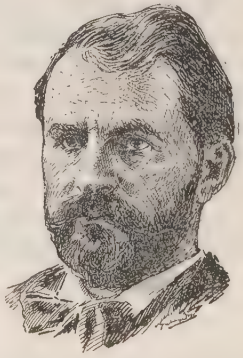
Let us be fearful of this wild and sinful thought of freedom, that from Adam down has been the deep and true source of all our woe! Let us pray for 'peace on earth,' for only then can our Lord God have consideration for mankind." With this he ended his sermon.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by William H. Carpenter

HAMLIN GARLAND

(1860–)

HAMLIN GARLAND is a favorable example of a class of strong writers which has come to the fore in the Middle West of the United States,—fresh, original, full of faith and energy, with a robust and somewhat aggressive Americanism. In native endowment he is a strong man, and his personal character is manly, clean, and high. At times, carelessness of technique and lack of taste can be detected in his writings, but his strength and spirit make amends for these defects.



HAMLIN GARLAND

Mr. Garland was born September 16th, 1860, in the La Crosse Valley, Wisconsin. His family is of Scotch descent,—sturdy farmer folk, remarkable for their physical powers. His maternal grandfather was an Adventist, with the touch of mysticism that word implies. Garland was reared in the picturesque coulé country (French *coulée*, a dry gulch); living in various Western towns, one of them being the Quaker community of Hesper, Iowa. His early education was received from the local schools; the unconscious assimilation of the Western ways came while he rode horses, herded cattle, and led the wholesome, simple open-air life of the middle-class people. Some years were spent in a small seminary at Osage, Wisconsin, whence he was graduated at twenty-one years of age. His kin moved to Dakota, but Hamlin faced Eastward, eager to see the world. Two years of travel and teaching in Illinois found him in 1883 "holding down" a Dakota claim—the only result of the land boom being a rich field of literary ore. Then in 1884 he went to Boston, made his headquarters at the Public Library, read diligently, taught literature and elocution in the School of Oratory, and became one of the literary workers there, remaining until 1891. Since then he has lectured much throughout the country, and has settled in Chicago, his summer home being at West Salem, Wisconsin, in the beautiful coulé region of his boyhood.

Mr. Garland's main work is in fiction, but he has also tried his hand at verse and the essay. His volume 'Crumbling Idols,' published in 1894, a series of audacious papers in which the doctrine of realism is cried up and the appeal to past literary canons made a

mock of, called out critical abuse and ridicule, and no doubt shows a lack of perspective. Yet the book is racy and stimulating in the extreme. The volume of poetry, 'Prairie Songs' (1893), has the merit of dealing picturesquely and at first hand with Western scenery and life, and contains many a stroke of imaginative beauty. Of the half-dozen books of tales and longer stories, 'Main-Traveled Roads,' Mr. Garland's first collection of short stories, including work as striking as anything he has done, gives vivid pastoral pictures of the Mississippi Valley life. 'A Little Norsk' (1893), along with its realism in sketching frontier scenes, possesses a fine romantic flavor. And 'Rose of Dutcher's Coolly' (1895), decidedly his strongest full-length fiction, is a delineation of Wisconsin rustic and urban life, including a study of Chicago, daringly unconventional, but strong, earnest, evidently drawn from the author's deepest experiences and convictions. Among his later books are: 〈The Long Trail〉 (1907); 〈Cavanagh, Forest Ranger〉 (1909), and 〈Other Main Traveled Roads〉 (1913).

Mr. Garland's work in its increasing command of art, its understanding of and sincere sympathy with the life of the great toiling population of the Middle West, and its unmistakable qualities of independence, vigor, and ideality, is worthy of warm praise. A rich, large nature is felt beneath his fiction. His literary creed is "truth for truth's sake," and his conception of his art is broad enough to include love of country and belief in his fellow-man.

A SUMMER MOOD

From 'Prairie Songs.' Copyright 1893 by Hamlin Garland, and published by Stone & Kimball

Oh, to be lost in the wind and the sun,
To be one with the wind and the stream!
With never a care while the waters run,
With never a thought in my dream.
To be part of the robin's lilting call
And part of the bobolink's rhyme.
Lying close to the shy thrush singing alone,
And lapped in the cricket's chime!

Oh, to live with these beautiful ones!
With the lust and the glory of man
Lost in the circuit of springtime suns —
Submissive as earth and part of her plan;
To lie as the snake lies, content in the grass!
To drift as the clouds drift, effortless, free,
Glad of the power that drives them on,
With never a question of wind or sea.

A STORM ON LAKE MICHIGAN

From 'Rose of Dutcher's Coolly.' Copyright 1895 by Hamlin Garland, and published by Stone & Kimball

As the winter deepened, Rose narrowed the circle of conquest. She no longer thought of conquering the world; it came to be the question of winning the approbation of one human soul. That is, she wished to win the approbation of the world in order that Warren Mason might smile and say "Well done!"

She did not reach this state of mind smoothly and easily. On the contrary, she had moments when she rebelled at the thought of any man's opinion being the greatest good in the world to her. She rebelled at the implied inferiority of her position in relation to him, and also at the physical bondage implied. In the morning, when she was strong, in the midst of some social success, when people swarmed about her and men bent deferentially, then she held herself like a soldier on a tower, defying capture.

But at night, when the lights were all out, when she felt her essential loneliness and weakness and need, when the world seemed cold and cruel and selfish,— then it seemed as if the sweetest thing in the universe would be to have him open his arms and say "Come!"

There would be rest there, and repose. His judgment, his keen wit, his penetrating, powerful influence, made him seem a giant to her; a giant who disdained effort and gave out an appearance of indifference and lassitude. She had known physical giants in her neighborhood, who spoke in soft drawl and slouched lazily in action, but who were invincible when aroused.

She imagined she perceived in Mason a mental giant, who assumed irresolution and weakness for reasons of his own. He was always off duty when she saw him, and bent more upon rest than a display of power. Once or twice she saw him roused, and it thrilled her; that measured lazy roll of voice changed to a quick, stern snarl, the brows lowered, and the big plump face took on battle lines. It was like a seemingly shallow pool, suddenly disclosed to be of soundless depths by a wind of passion.

The lake had been the refuge of the distracted and restless girl. She went to it often in the autumn days, for it rested her from the noise of grinding wheels, and screams, and yells.

Its smooth rise and fall, its sparkle of white-caps, its sailing gulls, filled her with delicious pleasure. It soothed her and it roused her also. It gave her time to think.

The street disturbed her, left her purposeless and powerless; but out there where the ships floated like shadows, and shadows shifted like flame, and the wind was keen and sweet,—there she could get her mental breath again. She watched it change to wintry desolation, till it grew empty of vessels and was lonely as the Arctic Sea; and always it was grand and thought-inspiring.

She went out one day in March, when the home longing was upon her and when it seemed that the city would be her death. She was tired of her food, tired of Mary, tired of her room. Her forehead was knotted tensely with pain of life and love—

She cried out with sudden joy, for she had never seen the lake more beautiful. Near the shore a great mass of churned and heaving ice and snow lay like a robe of shaggy fur. Beyond this the deep water spread, a vivid pea-green broken by wide irregular strips of dark purple. In the open water by the wall a spatter of steel blue lay like the petals of some strange flower, scattered upon the green.

Great splendid clouds developed, marvelously like the clouds of June, making the girl's heart swell with memories of summer. They were white as wool, these mountainous clouds, and bottomed in violet, and as they passed the snow-fields they sent down pink-purple misty shadows, which trailed away in splendor toward the green which flamed in bewildering beauty beyond. The girl sat like one in a dream, while the wind blew the green and purple of the outer sea into fantastic, flitting forms which dazzled her eyes like the stream of mingled banners.

Each form seemed more beautiful than the preceding one; each combination had such unearthly radiance, her heart ached with exquisite sorrow to see it vanish. The girl felt that spring was coming on the wing of the southern wind, and the desire to utter her passion grew almost into pain.

It had other moods, this mighty spread of water. It could be angry, dangerous. Sometimes it rolled sullenly, and convoluted in oily surges beneath its coverlid of snow, like a bed of monstrous serpents. Sometimes the leaden sky shut down over it, and from the desolate northeast a snow-storm rushed, hissing and howling. Sometimes it slumbered for days, quiet as a sleeping

boa, then awoke and was a presence and a voice in the night, fit to make the hardiest tremble.

Rose saw it when it was roused, but she had yet to see it in a frenzy. The knowledge of its worst came to her early in May, just before her return to the Coulé.

The day broke with the wind in the northeast. Rose, lying in her bed, could hear the roar of the lake; never before had its voice penetrated so far. She sprang up and dressed, eager to see it in such a mood. Mary responded sleepily to her call, saying the lake would be there after breakfast.

Rose did not regret her eagerness, though it was piercingly cold and raw. The sea was already terrific. Its spread of tawny yellow showed how it had reached down and laid hold on the sand of its bed. There were oily splotches of plum color scattered over it where the wind blew it smooth, and it reached to the wild east sky, cold, desolate, destructive.

It had a fierce, breathing snarl like a monster at meat. It leaped against the sea-wall like a rabid tiger, its sleek and spotted hide rolling. Every surge sent a triangular sheet of foam twenty-five feet above the wall, yellow and white and shadowed with dull blue; and the wind caught it as it rose, and its crest burst into great clouds of spray, which sailed across the streets and dashed along the walk like rain, making the roadway like a river; while the main body of each upleaping wave, falling back astride the wall, crashed like the fall of glass, and the next wave met it with a growl of thunderous rage, striking it with concave palm with a sound like a cannon's exploding roar.

Out of the appalling obscurity to the north, frightened ships scudded at intervals, with bare masts bending like fire-trimmed pines. They hastened like the homing pigeons, which do not look behind. The helmsmen stood grimly at their wheels, with eyes on the harbor ahead.

The girl felt it all as no one native to the sea can possibly do. It seemed as if the bounds of the flood had been overcome, and that it was about to hurl itself upon the land. The slender trees, standing deep in the swash of water, bowed like women in pain; the wall was half hidden, and the flood and the land seemed mingled in battle.

Rose walked along the shore, too much excited to go back to her breakfast. At noon she ate lunch hurriedly and returned to the shore. There were hundreds of people coming and going

along the drive; young girls shrieking with glee, as the sailing clouds of spray fell upon them. Rose felt angry to think they could be so silly in face of such dreadful power.

She came upon Mason, dressed in a thick mackintosh coat, taking notes rapidly in a little book. He did not look up, and she passed him, wishing to speak, yet afraid to speak. Near him a young man was sketching.

Mason stood like a rock in his long, close-fitting rain coat, while she was blown nearly off her feet by the blast. She came back against the wind, feeling her soul's internal storm rising. It seemed quite like a proposal of marriage to go up and speak to him — yet she could not forego the pleasure.

He did not see her until she came into his lee; then he smiled, extending his hand. She spoke first:—

"May I take shelter here?"

His eyes lightened with a sudden tender humor.

"Free anchorage," he said, and drew her by the hand closer to his shoulder. It was a beautiful moment to her, and a dangerous one to him. He took refuge in outside matters.

"How does that strike your inland eyes?" He pointed to the north.

"It's awful. It's like the anger of God." She spoke into his bowed ear.

"Please don't think I'm reporting it," he explained. "I'm only making a few notes about it for an editorial on the need of harbors."

Each moment the fury increased, the waves deepened. The commotion sank down amid the sands of the deeper inshore water, and it boiled like milk. Splendid colors grew into it near at hand; the winds tore at the tops of the waves, and wove them into tawny banners, which blurred the air like blown sand. On the horizon the waves leaped in savage ranks, clutching at the sky like insane sea monsters,—frantic, futile.

"I've seen the Atlantic twice during a gale," shouted the artist to a companion, "but I never saw anything more awful than this. These waves are quicker and higher. I don't see how a vessel could live in it if caught broadside."

"It's the worst I ever saw here."

"I'm going down to the south side: would you like to go?" Mason asked of Rose.

"I would indeed," she replied.

Back from the lake shore the wind was less powerful but more uncertain. It came in gusts which nearly upturned the street cars. Men and women scudded from shelter to shelter, like beleaguered citizens avoiding cannon shots.

"What makes our lake so terrible," said Mason in the car, "is the fact that it has a smooth shore — no indentations, no harbors. There is only one harbor here at Chicago, behind the breakwater, and every vessel in mid-lake must come here. Those flying ships are seeking safety here like birds. The harbor will be full of disabled vessels."

As they left the car, a roaring gust swept around a twenty-story building with such power [that] Rose would have been taken off her feet had not Mason put his arms about her shoulders.

"You're at a disadvantage," he said, "with skirts." He knew she prided herself on her strength, and he took no credit to himself for standing where she fell.

It was precisely as if they were alone together; the storm seemed to wall them in, and his manner was more intimate than ever before. It was in very truth the first time they had been out together, and also it was the only time he had assumed any physical care of her. He had never asserted his greater muscular power and mastery of material things, and she was amazed to see that his lethargy was only a mood. He could be alert and agile at need. It made his cynicism appear to be a mood also; at least, it made her heart wondrously light to think so.

They came upon the lake shore again, near the Auditorium. The refuge behind the breakwater was full of boats, straining at anchor, rolling, pitching, crashing together. Close about the edge of the breakwater, ships were rounding hurriedly, and two broken vessels lay against the shore, threshing up and down in the awful grasp of the breakers. Far down toward the south the water dashed against the spiles, shooting fifty feet above the wall, sailing like smoke, deluging the street, and lashing against the row of buildings across the way.

Mason's keen eye took in the situation: —

"Every vessel that breaks anchor is doomed! Nothing can keep them from going on shore. Doubtless those two schooners lost anchor — that one there is dragging anchor." He said suddenly, "She is shifting position, and see that hulk — "

Rose for a moment could not see it. She lay flat on her side, a two-master, her sails flapping and floating on the waves. Her

anchor still held, but she had listed her cargo, careened, and so lay helpless.

"There are men on it!" cried some one. "Three men — don't you see them? The water goes over them every time!"

"Sure enough! I wonder if they are going to let them drown, here in the harbor!"

Rose grew numb with horror. On the rounded side of the floating hulk three men were clinging, looking like pegs of tops. They could only be seen at intervals, for the water broke clear over their heads. It was only when one of them began to move to and fro that the mighty crowd became certainly aware of life still clinging to the hull. It was an awful thing to stand helplessly by and see those brave men battle, but no life-boat or tug could live out there. In the station, men wept and imprecated in their despair; twice they tried to go to the rescue of the beleaguered men, but could not reach them.

Suddenly a flare of yellow spread out on the wave. A cry arose: —

"She's breaking up!"

Rose seized Mason's arm in a frenzy of horror.

"O God! can't somebody help them?"

"They're out of reach!" said Mason solemnly. And then the throng was silent.

"They are building a raft!" shouted a man with a glass, speaking at intervals for the information of all. "One man is tying a rope to planks; . . . he is helping the other men; . . . he has his little raft nearly ready; . . . they are crawling toward him — "

"Oh, see them!" exclaimed Rose. "Oh, the brave men! There! they are gone — the vessel has broken up."

On the wave nothing now lived but a yellow spread of lumber; the glass revealed no living thing.

Mason turned to Rose with a grave and tender look.

"You have seen human beings engulfed like flies — "

"No! no! There they are!" shouted a hundred voices, as if in answer to Mason's thought.

Thereafter the whole great city seemed to be watching those specks of human life, drifting toward almost certain death upon the breakwater of the south shore. For miles the beach was clustered black with people. They stood there, it seemed for hours, watching the slow approach of that tiny raft. Again and again

the waves swept over it, and each time that indomitable man rose from the flood and was seen to pull his companions aboard.

Other vessels drifted upon the rocks. Other steamers rolled heavily around the long breakwater, but nothing now distracted the gaze of the multitude from this appalling and amazing struggle against death. Nothing? No; once and only once did the onlookers shift their intent gaze, and that was when a vessel passed the breakwater and went sailing toward the south through the fleet of anchored, straining, agonized ships. At first no one paid much attention to this late-comer till Mason lifted his voice.

"By Heaven, the man is *sailing!*"

It was true; steady, swift, undeviating, the vessel headed through the fleet. She did not drift nor wander nor hesitate. She sailed as if the helmsman, with set teeth, were saying:—

"By God! If I must die on the rocks, I'll go to my death the captain of my vessel!"

And so with wheel in his hand and epic oaths in his mouth, he sailed directly into the long row of spiles, over which the waves ran like hell-hounds; where half a score of wrecks lay already churning into fragments in the awful tumult.

The sailing vessel seemed not to waver, nor seek nor dodge —seemed rather to choose the most deadly battle-place of waves and wall.

"God! but that's magnificent of him!" Mason said to himself.

Rose held her breath, her face white and set with horror.

"Oh, must he die?"

"There is no hope for him. She will strike in a moment— she strikes!—she is gone!"

The vessel entered the gray confusion of the breakers and struck the piles like a battering-ram; the waves buried her from sight; then the recoil flung her back; for the first time she swung broadside to the storm. The work of the helmsman was over. She reeled—resisted an instant, then submitted to her fate, crumbled against the pitiless wall like paper, and thereafter was lost to sight.

This dramatic and terrible scene had held the attention of the onlookers—once more they searched for the tiny raft. It was nearing the lake wall at another furious point of contact. An innumerable crowd spread like a black robe over the shore, waiting to see the tiny float strike.

A hush fell over every voice. Each soul was solemn as if facing the Maker of the world. Out on the point, just where the doomed sailors seemed like to strike, there was a little commotion. A tiny figure was seen perched on one of the spiles. Each wave, as it towered above him, seemed ready to sweep him away, but each time he bowed his head and seemed to sweep through the gray wall. He was a negro, and he held a rope in his hands.

As they comprehended his danger the crowd cheered him, but in the thunder of the surf no human voice could avail. The bold negro could not cry out, he could only motion; but the brave man on the raft saw his purpose—he was alone with the shipwrecked ones.

In they came, lifted and hurled by a prodigious swell. They struck the wall just beneath the negro and disappeared beneath the waves.

All seemed over, and some of the spectators fell weeping; others turned away.

Suddenly the indomitable commander of the raft rose, then his companions, and then it was perceived that he had bound them all to the raft.

The negro flung his rope and one man caught at it, but it was swept out of reach on a backward-leaping billow. Again they came in, their white, strained, set faces and wild eyes turned to the intrepid rescuer. Again they struck, and this time the negro caught and held one of the sailors, held him while the foam fell away, and the succeeding wave swept him over the spiles to safety. Again the resolute man flung his noose and caught the second sailor, whose rope was cut by the leader, the captain, who was last to be saved.

As the negro came back, dragging his third man over the wall, a mighty cry went up, a strange, faint, multitudinous cry, and the negro was swallowed up in the multitude. . . .

Mason turned to Rose and spoke: "Sometimes men seem to be worth while!"

ELIZABETH STEVENSON GASKELL

(1810–1865)

CRITICS agree in placing the novels of Mrs. Gaskell on a level with the works of Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë. It is more than probable that future generations will turn to her stories for correct pictures of simple every-day life that must fade in the swift succession of years. She has been compared to a naturalist who knows intimately the flora and fauna of his native heath.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson was born in Chelsea, England, September 29th, 1810, the daughter of William Stevenson, a literary man, who was keeper of the records of the Treasury. She lived with her aunt at Knutsford in Cheshire, was sent to a private school in Stratford-on-Avon, and visited London and Edinburgh, where her beauty was much admired. In 1832 she was married to the Rev. William Gaskell, minister of a Unitarian chapel in Manchester. Mrs. Gaskell did not begin to write until she had reached middle age, and then chiefly to distract her thoughts after the death of their only son in 1844. Her first book, 'Mary Barton,' published anonymously in 1848, achieved extraordinary success. This was a "novel with a purpose," for Mrs. Gaskell believed that the hostility between employers and employed, which constantly disturbed the manufacturing beehive of Manchester, was caused by mutual ignorance. She therefore set herself the task of depicting faithfully the lives of the people around her. It must be remembered, too, that the social types chosen by her were at that moment peculiarly interesting to a public weary of the novel of fashionable high life. The story provoked much public discussion; and among other critics, the social economist Mr. W. R. Greg, in his 'Essay on Mary Barton,' published in 1849, took the part of the manufacturer. 'Mary Barton' has been translated into French, German, and other languages, including Hungarian and Finnish. The story has for its central theme the gradual degeneration of John Barton, a workman who has a passionate hatred of the classes above him, and who, embittered by poverty and the death of his son and wife, joins the

ELIZABETH S. GASKELL

law-breakers of the town, and finally murders Henry Corson, a master manufacturer. 'North and South,' published in 1855, was written from the point of view of the masters, an admirable contrast to Barton being found in Thornton, the hero of this novel.

In 1850, when Dickens was about to establish Household Words, he invited Mrs. Gaskell to contribute. This magazine contained her story 'Lizzie Leigh' and those immortal pictures of village life known as 'Cranford.' Mrs. Gaskell's other novels are: 'Ruth,' the tragical story of a pretty young milliner's apprentice; 'Sylvia's Lovers,' whose scene is Monkhaven (Whitby), at the end of the last century; 'Cousin Phillis,' a simple story of a farmer's daughter, which appeared first in the Cornhill Magazine in 1863–64; and 'Wives and Daughters,' also contributed to the Cornhill, and left unfinished by her death in Manchester, November 12th, 1865. By many persons the last novel is considered her best work, owing to its strength of characterization. Molly Gibson, the heroine; Cynthia, a heartless coquette; Squire Hamley and his sons Roger and Osborne, of Hamley Hall; and the Earl of Cumnor and his family at the Towers,—all are treated with impartial skill. Her famous 'Life of Charlotte Brontë' appeared in 1857. She became acquainted with Miss Brontë in 1850, and they were friends at once.

A collected edition of Mrs. Gaskell's works, published in seven volumes in 1873, includes the short stories 'The Grey Woman,' 'Morton Hall,' 'Mr. Harrison's Confessions,' 'A Dark Night's Work,' 'The Moorland Cottage,' 'Round the Sofa,' 'The Old Nurse's Story,' 'The Well of Pen-Morfa,' 'The Sexton's Hero,' 'Lois the Witch,' and others. Cranford is identified as the town of Knutsford. Its population consists of widows and maiden ladies, in bonds to their ancient gentility. With deft touch Mrs. Gaskell brings out the humor and pathos of these quaint characters, her finest creation being Miss Matty Jenkyns.

OUR SOCIETY

From 'Cranford'

In the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses, above a certain rent, are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighboring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on a railroad.

TURKISH WRITING

Letter of the Sultan Soliman to Francis I. of France, written in February, 1526 A. D.

In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford. What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers without a weed to speck them; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the said flowers through the railings; for rushing out at the geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maid-servants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress,—the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient. "A man," as one of them observed to me once, "is *so* in the way in the house!" Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but somehow, good-will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spurted out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the heads; just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is very independent of fashion: as they observe, "What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everybody knows us?" And if they go from home, their reason is equally cogent: "What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?" The materials of their clothes are in general good and plain, and most of them are nearly as scrupulous as Miss Tyler of cleanly memory; but I will answer for it, the last gigot, the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England, was seen in Cranford—and seen without a smile.

I can testify to a magnificent family red-silk umbrella, under which a gentle little spinster, left alone of many brothers and sisters, used to patter to church on rainy days. Have you any red-silk umbrellas in London? We had a tradition of the first that had ever been seen in Cranford; and the little boys mobbed it, and called it "a stick in petticoats." It might have been the very red-silk one I have described, held by a strong father over

a troop of little ones; the poor little lady — the survivor of all — could scarcely carry it.

Then there were rules and regulations for visiting and calls; and they were announced to any young people who might be staying in the town, with all the solemnity with which the old Manx laws were read once a year on the Tinwald Mount.

"Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey to-night, my dear" (fifteen miles in a gentleman's carriage); "they will give you some rest to-morrow, but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call; so be at liberty after twelve — from twelve to three are our calling hours."

Then, after they had called:—

"It is the third day: I daresay your mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour."

"But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?"

"You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation."

As everybody had this rule in their minds, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to short sentences of small-talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savored of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly *esprit de corps* which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty. When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray up-stairs if she had not been

assisted in private by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home in their pattens under the guidance of a lantern-bearer about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive in the way of eatable or drinkable, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread and butter and sponge-biscuits were all that the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practice such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the phraseology of Cranford! There, economy was always "elegant," and money-spending always "vulgar and ostentatious"; a sort of sour-grapeism which made us very peaceful and satisfied. I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford, and openly spoke about his being poor — not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but in the public street! in a loud military voice! alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house. The ladies of Cranford were already rather moaning over the invasion of their territories by a man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighboring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town; and if in addition to his masculine gender and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor — why then indeed he must be sent to Coventry. Death was as true and as common as poverty; yet people never spoke about that, loud out in the streets. It was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite. We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked to or from a party, it was

because the night was *so* fine, or the air *so* refreshing; not because sedan-chairs were expensive. If we wore prints instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were all of us people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace. Yet somehow Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon, in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority at a visit which I paid to Cranford about a year after he had settled in the town. My own friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any proposal to visit the captain and his daughters only twelve months before; and now he was even admitted in the tabooed hours before twelve. True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney, before the fire was lighted; but still Captain Brown walked up-stairs, nothing daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man about the house. He had been blind to all the small slights, and omissions of trivial ceremonies, with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Cranford ladies had been cool; he had answered small sarcastic compliments in good faith; and with his manly frankness had overpowered all the shrinking which met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor. And at last his excellent masculine common-sense, and his facility in devising expedients to overcome domestic dilemmas, had gained him an extraordinary place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He himself went on in his course, as unaware of his popularity as he had been of the reverse. . . .

I wondered what the Cranford ladies did with Captain Brown at their parties. We had often rejoiced, in former days, that there was no gentleman to be attended to and to find conversation for, at the card parties. We had congratulated ourselves upon the snugness of the evenings, and in our love for gentility and distaste of mankind we had almost persuaded ourselves that to be a man was to be "vulgar"; so that when I found my friend and hostess Miss Jenkyns was going to have a party in my honor, and that Captain and the Miss Browns were invited, I wondered much what would be the course of the evening. Card tables, with green-baize tops, were set out by daylight, just as usual: it was the third week in November, so the evenings closed

in about four. Candles and clean packs of cards were arranged on each table. The fire was made up; the neat maid-servant had received her last directions: and there we stood, dressed in our best, each with a candle-lighter in our hands, ready to dart at the candles as soon as the first knock came. Parties in Cranford were solemn festivities, making the ladies feel gravely elated as they sat together in their best dresses. As soon as three had arrived, we sat down to Preference, I being the unlucky fourth. The next four comers were put down immediately to another table; and presently the tea-trays, which I had seen set out in the store-room as I passed in the morning, were placed each on the middle of a card table. The china was delicate egg-shell; the old-fashioned silver glittered with polishing; but the eatables were of the slightest description.

While the trays were yet on the tables, Captain and the Miss Browns came in; and I could see that, somehow or other, the captain was a favorite with all the ladies present. Ruffled brows were smoothed, sharp voices lowered at his approach. Miss Brown looked ill, and depressed almost to gloom. Miss Jessie smiled as usual, and seemed nearly as popular as her father. He immediately and quietly assumed the man's place in the room; attended to every one's wants, lessened the pretty maid-servant's labor by waiting on empty cups and bread-and-butterless ladies; and yet did it all in so easy and dignified a manner, and so much as if it were a matter of course for the strong to attend to the weak, that he was a true man throughout. He played for threepenny points with as grave an interest as if they had been pounds; and yet in all his attention to strangers he had an eye on his suffering daughter — for suffering I was sure she was, though to many eyes she might only appear to be irritable. Miss Jessie could not play cards, but she talked to the sitters-out, who before her coming had been rather inclined to be cross. She sang, too, to an old cracked piano which I think had been a spinet in its youth. Miss Jessie sang 'Jock o' Hazeldean' a little out of tune; but we were none of us musical, though Miss Jenkyns beat time, out of time, by way of appearing to be so.

It was very good of Miss Jenkyns to do this; for I had seen that, a little before, she had been a good deal annoyed by Miss Jessie Brown's unguarded admission (àpropos of Shetland wool) that she had an uncle, her mother's brother, who was a shop-

keeper in Edinburgh. Miss Jenkyns tried to drown this confession by a terrible cough — for the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson was sitting at the card table nearest Miss Jessie, and what would she say or think if she found out that she was in the same room with a shopkeeper's niece! But Miss Jessie Brown (who had no tact, as we all agreed the next morning) *would* repeat the information, and assure Miss Pole she could easily get her the identical Shetland wool required "through my uncle, who has the best assortment of Shetland goods of any one in Edinbro'." It was to take the taste of this out of our mouths, and the sound of this out of our ears, that Miss Jenkyns proposed music: so I say again, it was very good of her to beat time to the song.

When the trays reappeared with biscuits and wine, punctually at a quarter to nine, there was conversation, comparing of cards, and talking over tricks; but by-and-by Captain Brown sported a bit of literature.

"Have you seen any numbers of 'The Pickwick Papers'?" said he. (They were then publishing in parts.) "Capital thing!"

Now, Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased rector of Cranford, and on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons and a pretty good library of divinity considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, "Yes, she had seen them; indeed, she might say she had read them."

"And what do you think of them?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Aren't they famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak.

"I must say, I don't think they are by any means equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great Doctor for his model."

This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly; and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she; "and I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the "swarry" which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed heartily. I did not dare, because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me, and said, with mild dignity:—

"Fetch me 'Rasselas,' my dear, out of the book-room."

When I brought it to her, she turned to Captain Brown:—

"Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favorite Mr. Boz and Dr. Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac, in a high-pitched, majestic voice; and when she had ended she said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction." The captain screwed his lips up, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature, to publish in numbers."

"How was The Rambler published, ma'am?" asked Captain Brown, in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

"Dr. Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters—I have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favorite."

"I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing," said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writing she and her friends considered as her *forte*. Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate, before she "seized the half-hour just previous to post-time to assure her friends" of this or that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown's last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable, "I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boz."

It is said—I won't vouch for the fact—that Captain Brown was heard to say, *sotto voce*, "D—n Dr. Johnson!" If he did, he was penitent afterwards, as he showed by going to stand near Miss Jenkyns's arm-chair, and endeavoring to beguile her into conversation on some more pleasing subject. But she was inexorable.

VISITING

From 'Cranford'

One morning, as Miss Matty and I sat at our work — it was before twelve o'clock, and Miss Matty had not changed the cap with yellow ribbons that had been Miss Jenkyns's best, and which Miss Matty was now wearing out in private, putting on the one made in imitation of Mrs. Jamieson's at all times when she expected to be seen — Martha came up, and asked if Miss Betty Barker might speak to her mistress. Miss Matty assented, and quickly disappeared to change the yellow ribbons while Miss Barker came up-stairs, but as she had forgotten her spectacles, and was rather flurried by the unusual time of the visit, I was not surprised to see her return with one cap on the top of the other. She was quite unconscious of it herself, and looked at us with bland satisfaction. Nor do I think Miss Barker perceived it; for putting aside the little circumstance that she was not so young as she had been, she was very much absorbed in her errand, which she delivered herself of with an oppressive modesty that found vent in endless apologies.

Miss Betty Barker was the daughter of the old clerk at Cranford who had officiated in Mr. Jenkyns's time. She and her sister had had pretty good situations as ladies'-maids, and had saved money enough to set up a milliner's shop, which had been patronized by the ladies in the neighborhood. Lady Arley, for instance, would occasionally give Miss Barkers the pattern of an old cap of hers, which they immediately copied and circulated among the *élite* of Cranford. I say the *élite*, for Miss Barkers had caught the trick of the place, and piqued themselves upon their "aristocratic connection." They would not sell their caps and ribbons to any one without a pedigree. Many a farmer's wife or daughter turned away huffed from Miss Barkers' select millinery, and went rather to the universal shop, where the profits of brown soap and moist sugar enabled the proprietor to go straight to (Paris, he said, until he found his customers too patriotic and John-Bullish to wear what the Mounseers wore) London, where, as he often told his customers, Queen Adelaide had appeared only the very week before in a cap exactly like the one he showed them, trimmed with yellow and blue ribbons, and had been complimented by King William on the becoming nature of her head-dress.

Miss Barkers, who confined themselves to truth and did not approve of miscellaneous customers, throve notwithstanding. They were self-denying, good people. Many a time have I seen the eldest of them (she that had been maid to Mrs. Jamieson) carrying out some delicate mess to a poor person. They only aped their betters in having "nothing to do" with the class immediately below theirs. And when Miss Barker died, their profits and income were found tc be such that Miss Betty was justified in shutting up shop and retiring from business. She also (as I think I have before said) set up her cow,—a mark of respectability in Cranford almost as decided as setting up a gig is among some people. She dressed finer than any lady in Cranford, and we did not wonder at it; for it was understood that she was wearing out all the bonnets and caps and outrageous ribbons which had once formed her stock in trade. It was five or six years since she had given up shop, so in any other place than Cranford her dress might have been considered *passé.*

And now Miss Betty Barker had called to invite Miss Matty to tea at her house on the following Tuesday. She gave me also an impromptu invitation, as I happened to be a visitor—though I could see she had a little fear lest, since my father had gone to live in Drumble, he might have engaged in that "horrid cotton trade," and so dragged his family down out of "aristocratic society." She prefaced this invitation with so many apologies that she quite excited my curiosity. "Her presumption" was to be excused. What had she been doing? She seemed so overpowered by it, I could only think that she had been writing to Queen Adelaide to ask for a receipt for washing lace; but the act which she so characterized was only an invitation she had carried to her sister's former mistress, Mrs. Jamieson. "Her former occupation considered, could Miss Matty excuse the liberty?" Ah! thought I, she has found out that double cap, and is going to rectify Miss Matty's head-dress. No; it was simply to extend her invitation to Miss Matty and to me. Miss Matty bowed acceptance; and I wondered that in the graceful action she did not feel the unusual weight and extraordinary height of her head-dress. But I do not think she did, for she recovered her balance, and went on talking to Miss Betty in a kind, condescending manner, very different from the fidgety way she would have had if she had suspected how singular her appearance was.

"Mrs. Jamieson is coming, I think you said?" asked Miss Matty.

"Yes. Mrs. Jamieson most kindly and condescendingly said she would be happy to come. One little stipulation she made, that she should bring Carlo. I told her that if I had a weakness, it was for dogs."

"And Miss Pole?" questioned Miss Matty, who was thinking of her pool at Preference, in which Carlo would not be available as a partner.

"I am going to ask Miss Pole. Of course, I could not think of asking her until I had asked you, madam — the rector's daughter, madam. Believe me, I do not forget the situation my father held under yours."

"And Mrs. Forrester, of course?"

"And Mrs. Forrester. I thought, in fact, of going to her before I went to Miss Pole. Although her circumstances are changed, madam, she was born a Tyrrell, and we can never forget her alliance to the Bigges of Bigelow Hall."

Miss Matty cared much more for the little circumstance of her being a very good card-player. Miss Barker looked at me with sidelong dignity, as much as to say, although a retired milliner, she was no democrat, and understood the difference of ranks.

"May I beg you to come as near half-past six to my little dwelling as possible, Miss Matilda? Mrs. Jamieson dines at five, but has kindly promised not to delay her visit beyond that time — half-past six." And with a swimming curtsy Miss Betty Barker took her leave. . . .

The spring evenings were getting bright and long, when three or four ladies in calashes met at Miss Barker's door. Do you know what a calash is? It is a covering worn over caps, not unlike the heads fastened on old-fashioned gigs; but sometimes it is not quite so large. This kind of head-gear always made an awful impression on the children in Cranford; and now two or three left off their play in the quiet sunny little street, and gathered in wondering silence round Miss Pole, Miss Matty, and myself. We were silent too, so that we could hear loud suppressed whispers inside Miss Barker's house: — "Wait, Peggy! wait till I've run up-stairs and washed my hands. When I cough, open the door; I'll not be a minute."

And true enough, it was not a minute before we heard a noise, between a sneeze and a crow; on which the door flew

open. Behind it stood a round-eyed maiden, all aghast at the honorable company of calashes, who marched in without a word. She recovered presence of mind enough to usher us into a small room, which had been a shop, but was now converted into a temporary dressing-room. There we unpinned and shook ourselves, and arranged our features before the glass into a sweet and gracious company face; and then, bowing backwards with "After you, ma'am," we allowed Mrs. Forrester to take precedence up the narrow staircase that led to Miss Barker's drawing-room. There she sat, as stately and composed as though we had never heard that odd-sounding cough, from which her throat must have been even then sore and rough. Kind, gentle, shabbily dressed Mrs. Forrester was immediately conducted to the second place of honor — a seat arranged something like Prince Albert's near the Queen's — good, but not so good. The place of pre-eminence was of course reserved for the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson, who presently came panting up the stairs — Carlo rushing round her on her progress, as if he meant to trip her up.

And now Miss Betty Barker was a proud and happy woman! She stirred the fire, and shut the door, and sat as near to it as she could, quite on the edge of her chair. When Peggy came in, tottering under the weight of the tea-tray, I noticed that Miss Barker was sadly afraid lest Peggy should not keep her distance sufficiently. She and her mistress were on very familiar terms in their every-day intercourse, and Peggy wanted now to make several little confidences to her, which Miss Barker was on thorns to hear, but which she thought it her duty as a lady to repress. So she turned away from all Peggy's asides and signs; but she made one or two very malapropos answers to what was said; and at last, seized with a bright idea, she exclaimed, "Poor sweet Carlo! I'm forgetting him. Come down-stairs with me, poor little doggie, and it shall have its tea, it shall!"

In a few minutes she returned, bland and benignant as before; but I thought she had forgotten to give the "poor little doggie" anything to eat, judging by the avidity with which he swallowed down chance pieces of cake. The tea tray was abundantly laden — I was pleased to see it, I was so hungry; but I was afraid the ladies present might think it vulgarly heaped up. I know they would have done at their own houses; but somehow the heaps disappeared here. I saw Mrs. Jamieson eating seed-cake slowly and considerately, as she did everything; and

I was rather surprised, for I knew she had told us on the occasion of her last party that she never had it in her house, it reminded her so much of scented soap. She always gave us Savoy biscuits. However, Mrs. Jamieson, kindly indulgent to Miss Barker's want of knowledge of the customs of high life, and to spare her feelings, ate three large pieces of seed-cake, with a placid, ruminating expression of countenance, not unlike a cow's.

After tea there was some little demur and difficulty. We were six in number; four could play at Preference, and for the other two there was Cribbage. But all except myself (I was rather afraid of the Cranford ladies at cards, for it was the most earnest and serious business they ever engaged in) were anxious to be of the "pool." Even Miss Barker, while declaring she did not know Spadille from Manille, was evidently hankering to take a hand. The dilemma was soon put an end to by a singular kind of noise. If a baron's daughter-in-law could ever be supposed to snore, I should have said Mrs. Jamieson did so then; for overcome by the heat of the room, and inclined to doze by nature, the temptation of that very comfortable arm-chair had been too much for her, and Mrs. Jamieson was nodding. Once or twice she opened her eyes with an effort, and calmly but unconsciously smiled upon us; but by-and-by even her benevolence was not equal to this exertion, and she was sound asleep.

"It is very gratifying to me," whispered Miss Barker at the card table to her three opponents, whom notwithstanding her ignorance of the game she was "basting" most unmercifully—"very gratifying indeed, to see how completely Mrs. Jamieson feels at home in my poor little dwelling; she could not have paid me a greater compliment."

Miss Barker provided me with some literature, in the shape of three or four handsomely bound fashion-books ten or twelve years old; observing, as she put a little table and a candle for my special benefit, that she knew young people liked to look at pictures. Carlo lay and snorted and started at his mistress's feet. He too was quite at home.

The card table was an animated scene to watch: four ladies' heads, with niddle-noddling caps, all nearly meeting over the middle of the table in their eagerness to whisper quick enough and loud enough; and every now and then came Miss Barker's "Hush, ladies! if you please, hush! Mrs. Jamieson is asleep."

It was very difficult to steer clear between Mrs. Forrester's deafness and Mrs. Jamieson's sleepiness. But Miss Barker managed her arduous task well. She repeated the whisper to Mrs. Forrester, distorting her face considerably in order to show by the motions of her lips what was said; and then she smiled kindly all round at us, and murmured to herself, "Very gratifying indeed; I wish my poor sister had been alive to see this day."

Presently the door was thrown wide open; Carlo started to his feet with a loud snapping bark, and Mrs. Jamieson awoke; or perhaps she had not been asleep — as she said almost directly, the room had been so light she had been glad to keep her eyes shut, but had been listening with great interest to all our amusing and agreeable conversation. Peggy came in once more, red with importance. Another tray! "O gentility!" thought I, "can you endure this last shock?" For Miss Barker had ordered (nay, I doubt not prepared, although she did say, "Why! Peggy, what have you brought us?" and looked pleasantly surprised at the unexpected pleasure) all sorts of good things for supper — scalloped oysters, potted lobsters, jelly, a dish called "little Cupids" (which was in great favor with the Cranford ladies, although too expensive to be given except on solemn and state occasions — macaroons sopped in brandy, I should have called it, if I had not known its more refined and classical name). In short, we were evidently to be feasted with all that was sweetest and best; and we thought it better to submit graciously, even at the cost of our gentility — which never ate suppers in general, but which, like most non-supper-eaters, was particularly hungry on all special occasions.

Miss Barker in her former sphere had, I daresay, been made acquainted with the beverage they call cherry brandy. We none of us had ever seen such a thing, and rather shrank back when she proffered it us — "just a little, leetle glass, ladies; after the oysters and lobsters, you know. Shell-fish are sometimes thought not very wholesome." We all shook our heads like female mandarins; but at last Mrs. Jamieson suffered herself to be persuaded, and we followed her lead. It was not exactly unpalatable, though so hot and so strong that we thought ourselves bound to give evidence that we were not accustomed to such things by coughing terribly — almost as strangely as Miss Barker had done, before we were admitted by Peggy.

"It's very strong," said Miss Pole, as she put down her empty glass; "I do believe there's spirit in it."

"Only a little drop—just necessary to make it keep," said Miss Barker. "You know we put brandy paper over preserves to make them keep. I often feel tipsy myself from eating damson tart."

I question whether damson tart would have opened Mrs. Jamieson's heart as the cherry brandy did; but she told us of a coming event, respecting which she had been quite silent till that moment.

"My sister-in-law, Lady Glenmire, is coming to stay with me." There was a chorus of "Indeed!" and then a pause. Each one rapidly reviewed her wardrobe, as to its fitness to appear in the presence of a baron's widow; for of course a series of small festivals were always held in Cranford on the arrival of a visitor at any of our friends' houses. We felt very pleasantly excited on the present occasion.

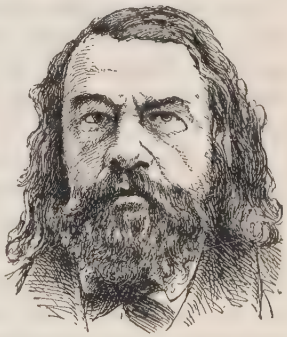
Not long after this, the maids and the lanterns were announced. Mrs. Jamieson had the sedan-chair, which squeezed itself into Miss Barker's narrow lobby with some difficulty, and most literally "stopped the way." It required some skillful manœuvring on the part of the old chairmen (shoemakers by day, but when summoned to carry the sedan, dressed up in a strange old livery —long greatcoats with small capes, coeval with the sedan and similar to the dress of the class in Hogarth's pictures) to edge, and back, and try at it again, and finally to succeed in carrying their burden out of Miss Barker's front door. Then we heard their pit-a-pat along the quiet little street, as we put on our calashes and pinned up our gowns; Miss Barker hovering about us with offers of help, which if she had not remembered her former occupation, and wished us to forget it, would have been much more pressing.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

(1811–1872)

BY ROBERT SANDERSON

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER was born in Tarbes (Department of the Hautes-Pyrénées) in Southern France, August 31st, 1811. Like all French boys, he was sent to the lycée (academy), where he promised to be a brilliant scholar; but his father was really his tutor, and to him Gautier attributed his instruction. Young Théophile showed marked preference for the so-called authors of the Decadence — Claudianus, Martial, Petronius, and others; also for the old French writers, especially Villon and Rabelais, whom he says he knew by heart. This is significant, in view of the young man's strong tendencies, later on, towards the new romantic school. The artistic temperament was very strong in him; and while still carrying on his studies at college he entered the painter Rioult's studio. His introduction to Victor Hugo in 1830 may be considered the decisive point in Gautier's career: from that day he gave up painting and became a fanatic admirer of the romantic leader.



THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

A short time afterwards, the first representation of 'Hernani' took place (February 25th, 1830), an important date in the life of Gautier. It was on this occasion that he put on for the only time that famous red waistcoat, which, with his long black mane streaming down his back, so horrified the staid Parisian bourgeois. This red waistcoat turns out, after all, not to have been a waistcoat at all, but a doublet; nor was it red, but pink. No truer is the legend, according to Gautier, that on this memorable occasion, armed with his two formidable fists, he felled right and left the terrified bourgeois. He says that he was at that time rather delicate, and had not yet developed that prodigious strength which later on enabled him to strike a 520-pound blow on a Turk's-head. In appearance Gautier was a large corpulent man with a leonine countenance, swarthy complexion, long black hair falling over his shoulders, black beard, and brilliant black eyes; an Oriental in looks as well as

in some of his tastes. He had a passion for cats. His house was overrun by them, and he seldom wrote without having one on his lap. The privations he underwent during the siege of Paris, doubly hard to a man of Gautier's Gargantuesque appetite, no doubt hastened his death. He died on October 23d, 1872, of hypertrophy of the heart.

Gautier is one of those writers of whom one may say a vast deal of good and a vast deal of harm. His admirers think that justice has not been done him, that his fame will go on rising and his name will live as one of the great writers of France; others think that his name may perhaps not entirely disappear, but that if he is remembered at all it will be solely as the author of 'Émaux et Camées' (Enamels and Cameos). He wrote in his youth a book that did him great harm in the eyes of the public; but he has written something else besides 'Mademoiselle de Maupin,' and both in prose and poetry we shall find a good deal to admire in him. One thing is certain: he is a marvelous stylist. In his earliest poems Gautier already possesses that admirable artistic skill that prompts him to choose his words as a painter his colors, or a jeweler his gems and stones, so as to produce the most brilliant effects: these first compositions also have a grace, a charm, that we shall find lacking later on, for as he proceeds with his work he pays more and more attention to form and finish.

'Albertus, or Soul and Sin,' the closing poem of Gautier's first collection, is a "semi-diabolic, semi-fashionable" legend. An old witch, Veronica, a second Meg Merrilies, transforms herself into a beautiful maiden and makes love to Albertus, a young artist — otherwise Gautier himself. He cares for nothing but his art, but falls a victim to the spell cast over him by the siren. At the stroke of midnight, Veronica, to the young man's horror, from a beautiful woman changes back to the old hag she was, and carries him off to a place where witches, sorcerers, hobgoblins, harpies, ghouls, and other frightful creatures are holding a monstrous saturnalia; at the end of which, Albertus is left for dead in a ditch of the Appian Way with broken back and twisted neck. What does it all mean? the reader may ask. That "the wages of sin is death" seems to be the moral contained in this poem, if indeed any moral is intended at all. Be that as it may, 'Albertus' is a literary gem in its way; a work in which the poet has given free scope to his brilliant imagination, and showered by the handful the gems and jewels in his literary casket. Gautier may be said to have possessed the poetry of Death — some would say its horrors. This sentiment of horror at the repulsive manner of man's total destruction finds most vivid expression in 'The Comedy of Death,' a fantastic poem divided into two parts, 'Death in Life' and

'Life in Death.' The dialogue between the bride and the earth-worm is of a flesh-creeping nature.

It is however as the poet of 'Émaux et Camées' (Enamels and Cameos) that Théophile Gautier will be chiefly remembered. Every poem but one in this collection is written in short octosyllabic verse, and every one is what the title implies,—a precious stone, a chiseled gem. Gautier's wonderful and admirable talent for grouping together certain words that produce on one's eye and mind the effect of a beautiful picture, his intense love of art, of the outline, the plastic, appear throughout this work. You realize on reading 'Émaux et Camées,' more perhaps than in any other work by this writer, that the poet is fully conscious of his powers and knows just how to use them. Any poem may be selected at random, and will be found a work of art.

The same qualities that distinguish Gautier as a poet are to be found in his novels, narratives of travels, criticisms,—in short, in everything he wrote; intense love for the beautiful,—physically beautiful,—wonderful talent for describing it. Of his novels, properly speaking, there are four that stand out prominently, each very different in its subject,—a proof of Gautier's great versatility,—all perfect in their execution. The first is 'Mademoiselle de Maupin'; it is an immoral book, but it is a beautiful book, not only because written with a rare elegance of style, but also because it makes you love beauty. Briefly, 'Mademoiselle de Maupin' may be called a pæan to beauty, sung by its high priest Théophile Gautier.

The other remarkable novels by this writer are 'Le Capitaine Fracasse' (Captain Smash-All), 'Le Roman de la Momie' (The Romance of the Mummy), and 'Spirite.' 'Captain Fracasse,' although not published until 1863, had been announced long beforehand; and Gautier had worked at it, off and on, for twenty years. It belongs to that class of novel known as picaresque—romances of adventures and battles. 'Captain Fracasse' is certainly the most popular of Gautier's works.

'The Romance of the Mummy' is a very remarkable book, in which science and fiction have been blended in the most artistic and clever manner; picturesque, like all of Gautier's writings, but the work of a savant as well as of a novelist. Here more than in any other book by this author,—with the exception perhaps of 'Arria Marcella,'—Gautier has revived in a most lifelike way an entire civilization, so long extinct. 'The Romance of the Mummy' abounds in beautiful descriptions. The description of the finding of the mummy, that of the royal tombs, of Thebes with its hundred gates, the triumphal entrance of Pharaoh into that city, the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites, are all marvelous pictures, that not only fill the

reader with the same admiration he would evince at the sight of a painting by one of the great masters, but give him the illusion of witnessing in the body the scenes so admirably described.

'Spirite,' a fantastic story, is a source of surprise to readers familiar with Gautier's other works: they find it hard to conceive that so thorough a materialist as Gautier could ever have produced a work so spiritualistic in its nature. The clever handling of a mystic subject, the richness and coloring of the descriptions, together with a certain ideal and poetical vein that runs through the book, make of 'Spirite' one of Gautier's most remarkable works.

Théophile Gautier has also written a number of *nouvelles* or short novels, and tales, some of which are striking compositions. 'Arria Marcella' is one of these; a brilliant, masterly composition, in which Gautier gives us such a perfect illusion of the past. Under his magic pen we find ourselves walking the streets of Pompeii and living over the life of the Romans in the first century of our era; and 'Une Nuit de Cléopâtre' (A Night with Cleopatra) is a vivid resurrection of the brilliant Egyptian court.

Of his various journeys to Spain, Italy, and the Orient, Gautier has given us the most captivating relations. To many this is not the least interesting portion of Gautier's work. The same qualities that are so striking in his poems and novels — vividness of description, love of the picturesque, wonderful power of expression — are likewise apparent in his relations of travels.

As a literary and especially as an art critic, Gautier ranks high. Bringing to this branch of literature the same qualities that distinguish him in others, he created a descriptive and picturesque method of criticism peculiarly his own. Of his innumerable articles on art and literature, some have been collected under the names of 'Les Grotesques,' a series of essays on a number of poets of the end of the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth centuries, ridiculed by Boileau, but in whom Gautier finds some wheat among the chaff. The 'History of Dramatic Art in France for the Last Twenty-five Years,' beginning with the year 1837, will be consulted with great profit by those who are curious to follow the dramatic movement in that country. Of his essays on art, one is as excellent as the other; all the great masters are treated with a loving and admiring hand.

Among the miscellaneous works of this prolific writer should be mentioned 'Ménagerie Intime' (Home Menagerie), in which the author makes us acquainted in a most charming and familiar way with his home life, and the various pets, cats, dogs, white rats, parrots, etc., that in turn shared his house with him; *la Nature chez elle* (Nature at home), that none but a close observer of nature could have written.

The last book written by Gautier before his death was 'Tableaux de Siège' (Siege Pictures, 1871). The subjects are treated just in the way we might expect from such a writer, from a purely artistic point of view.

Gautier has written for the stage only short plays and ballets; but if all he ever wrote were published, his works would fill nearly three hundred volumes. In spite of the quantity and quality of his books, the French Academy did not open her doors to him; but no more did it to Molière, Beaumarchais, Balzac, and many others. Opinions still vary greatly as to Théophile Gautier's literary merits; but his brilliant descriptive powers, his eminent qualities as a stylist, together with the influence he exercised over contemporary letters as the introducer of the plastic in literature, would seem sufficient to rank him among the great writers of France.

Robert Sanderson

THE ENTRY OF PHARAOH INTO THEBES

From 'The Romance of a Mummy'

At length their chariot reached the manœuvring-ground, an immense inclosure, carefully leveled, used for splendid military displays. Terraces, one above the other, which must have employed for years the thirty nations led away into slavery, formed a frame *en relief* for the gigantic parallelogram; sloping walls built of crude bricks lined these terraces; their tops were covered, several rows deep, by hundreds of thousands of Egyptians, whose white or brightly colored costumes blazed in the sun with that perpetually restless movement which characterizes a multitude, even when it appears motionless; behind this line of spectators the cars, chariots, and litters, with their drivers, grooms, and slaves, looked like the encampment of an emigrating nation, such was their immense number; for Thebes, the marvel of the ancient world, counted more inhabitants than did some kingdoms.

The fine, even sand of the vast arena, bordered with a million heads, gleamed like mica dust beneath the light, falling from a sky as blue as the enamel on the statuettes of Osiris. On the south side of the field the terraces were broken, making way for

a road which stretched towards Upper Ethiopia, the whole length of the Libyan chain. In the corresponding corner, the opening in the massive brick walls prolonged the roads to the Rhamses-Maïamoun palace. . . .

A frightful uproar, rumbling, deep, and mighty as that of an approaching sea, arose in the distance and drowned the thousand murmurs of the crowd, like the roar of the lion which hushes the barking of the jackals. Soon the noise of instruments of music could be distinguished amidst this terrestrial thunder, produced by the chariot wheels and the rhythmic pace of the foot-soldiers. A sort of reddish cloud, like that raised by the desert blasts, filled the sky in that direction, yet the wind had gone down; there was not a breath of air, and the smallest branches of the palm-trees hung motionless, as if they had been carved on a granite capital; not a hair moved on the women's moist foreheads, and the fluted streamers of their head-dresses hung loosely down their backs. This powdery fog was caused by the marching army, and hung over it like a fallow cloud.

The tumult increases; the whirlwinds of dust opened, and the first files of musicians entered the immense arena, to the great satisfaction of the multitude, who in spite of its respect for his Majesty were beginning to tire of waiting beneath a sun which would have melted any other skulls than those of the Egyptians.

The advance guard of musicians halted for several instants; colleges of priests, deputations of the principal inhabitants of Thebes, crossed the manœuvring-ground to meet the Pharaoh, and arranged themselves in a row in postures of the most profound respect, in such manner as to give free passage to the procession.

The band, which alone was a small army, consisted of drums, tabors, trumpets, and sistras.

The first squad passed, blowing a deafening blast upon their short clarions of polished brass, which shone like gold. Each of these trumpeters carried a second horn under his arm, as if the instrument might grow weary sooner than the man. The costume of these men consisted of a short tunic, fastened by a sash with ends falling in front; a small band, in which were stuck two ostrich feathers hanging over on either side, bound their thick hair. These plumes, so worn, recalled to mind the antennæ of scarabæi, and gave the wearers an odd look of being insects.

The drummers, clothed in a simple gathered skirt, and naked to the waist, beat the onagra-skin heads of their rounded drums with sycamore-wood drumsticks, their instruments suspended by leathern shoulder-belts, and observed the time which a drum-major marked for them by repeatedly turning towards them and clapping his hands.

After the drummers came the sistra-players, who shook their instruments by a quick, abrupt motion, and made at measured intervals the metal links ring on the four bronze bars.

The tabor-players carried their oblong instruments crosswise, held up by a scarf passed around the neck, and struck the lightly stretched parchment with both hands.

Each company of musicians numbered at least two hundred men; but the hurricane of noise produced by trumpets, drums, tabors, and sistras, and which would have drawn blood from the ears inside a palace, was none too loud or too unbearable beneath the vast cupola of heaven, in the midst of this immense open space, amongst this buzzing crowd, at the head of this army which would baffle nomenclators, and which was now advancing with a roar as of great waters.

And was it too much to have eight hundred musicians preceding a Pharaoh who was the best loved of Ammon-Ra, represented by colossal statues of basalt and granite sixty cubits high, whose name was written in cartouches on imperishable monuments, and his history painted and sculptured and painted on the walls of the hypostyle chambers, on the sides of pylons, in interminable *bas-reliefs*, in frescoes without end? Was it indeed too much for a king who could raise a hundred conquered races by the hair of their heads, and from his high throne corrected the nations with his whip; for a living sun burning their dazzled eyes; for a god, almost eternal?

After the musicians came the barbarian captives, strangely formed, with brutish faces, black skins, woolly hair, resembling apes as much as men, and dressed in the costume of their country, a short skirt above the hips, held by a single brace, embroidered in different colors.

An ingenious and whimsical cruelty had suggested the way in which the prisoners were chained. Some were bound with their elbows drawn behind their backs; others with their hands lifted above their heads, in a still more painful position; one had his wrists fastened in wooden cangs (instruments of torture, still used

in China); another was half strangled in a sort of pillory; or a chain of them were linked together by the same rope, each victim having a knot round his neck. It seemed as if those who had bound these unfortunates had found a pleasure in forcing them into unnatural positions; and they advanced before their conqueror with awkward and tottering gait, rolling their large eyes and contorted with pain.

Guards walked beside them, regulating their step by beating them with staves.

Tawny women, with long flowing hair, carrying their children in ragged strips of cloth bound about their foreheads, came behind them; bent, covered with shame, exhibiting their naked squalor and deformity: a wretched company, devoted to the most degrading uses.

Others, young and beautiful, with lighter skin, their arms encircled by broad ivory bracelets, their ears pulled down by large metal discs, were enveloped in long tunics with wide sleeves, an embroidered hem around the neck, and falling in small flat folds to their ankles, upon which anklets rattled. Poor girls, torn from country, family, perhaps lovers, smiling through their tears! For the power of beauty is boundless; strangeness gives rise to caprice; and perhaps the royal favor awaited one of these barbarian captives in the depths of the gynæceum.

They were accompanied by soldiers who kept away the crowd.

The standard-bearers came next, lifting high the gilded staves of their flags, representing mystic baris, sacred hawks, heads of Hathor crowned with ostrich plumes, winged ibexes, inscriptions embellished with the King's name, crocodiles, and other religious or warlike emblems. Long white streamers, spotted with black, were tied to these standards, and floated gracefully with every motion. At sight of the standards announcing the appearance of Pharaoh, the deputations of priests and notables raised towards him their supplicating hands, or let them hang, palm outwards, against their knees. Some even prostrated themselves, with elbows pressed to their sides, their faces in the dust, in attitudes of absolute submission and profound adoration. The spectators waved their large palm-leaves in every direction.

A herald, or reader, holding in one hand a roll covered with hieroglyphics, came forward quite alone between the standard-bearers and the incense-bearers who preceded the King's litter.

He proclaimed in a loud voice, resounding as a brass trumpet, the victories of the Pharaoh; he recounted the results of the different battles, the number of captives and war chariots taken from the enemy, the amount of plunder, the measures of gold dust, and the elephant's tusks, the ostrich feathers, the masses of fragrant gum, the giraffes, lions, panthers, and other rare animals; he mentioned the names of the barbarian chiefs killed by the javelins or the arrows of his Majesty, Aroëris, the all-powerful, the loved of the gods.

At each announcement the people sent up an immense cry, and from the top of the slopes strewed the conqueror's path with long green palm-branches they held in their hands.

At last the Pharaoh appeared!

Priests, turning towards him at regular intervals, stretched out their amschiras to him, first throwing incense on the coals blazing in the little bronze cup, holding them by a handle formed like a sceptre, with the head of some sacred animal at the other end; they walked backwards respectfully, while the fragrant blue smoke ascended to the nostrils of the triumpher, apparently as indifferent to these honors as a divinity of bronze or basalt.

Twelve oëris, or military chiefs, their heads covered by a light helmet surrounded by ostrich feathers, naked to the waist, their loins enveloped in a narrow skirt with stiff folds, their targes suspended from the front of their belts, supported a sort of huge shield, on which rested the Pharaoh's throne. It was a chair, with arms and legs in the form of a lion, high-backed, with large full cushion, adorned on the sides with a kind of trellis-work of pink and blue flowers; the arms, legs, moldings of the seat were gilded, and the parts which were not, flamed with bright colors.

On either side of the litter, four fan-bearers waved enormous semicircular fans, fixed to gilded staves; two priests held aloft a large richly decorated horn of plenty, from which fell bunches of enormous lotus blooms. The Pharaoh wore a mitre-like helmet, cut out to make room for the ear, and brought down over the back of the neck to protect it. On the blue ground of the helmet scintillated a quantity of dots like the eyes of birds, made of three circles, black, white, and red; a scarlet and yellow border ran along the edge, and the symbolic viper, twisting its golden coils at the back, stood erect above the royal forehead; two long curled feathers, purple in color, floated over his shoulders, and completed his majestically elegant head-dress.

A wide gorget, with seven rows of enamels, precious stones, and golden beads, fell over the Pharaoh's chest and gleamed brightly in the sunlight. His upper garment was a sort of loose shirt, with pink and black squares; the ends, lengthening into narrow slips, were wound several times about his bust and bound it closely; the sleeves, cut short near the shoulder, and bordered with intersecting lines of gold, red, and blue, exposed his round, strong arms, the left furnished with a large metal wristband, meant to lessen the vibration of the string when he discharged an arrow from his triangular bow; and the right, ornamented by a bracelet in the form of a serpent in several coils, held a long gold sceptre with a lotus bud at the end. The rest of his body was wrapped in drapery of the finest linen, minutely plaited, bound about the waist by a belt inlaid with small enamel and gold plates. Between the band and the belt his torso appeared, shining and polished like pink granite shaped by a cunning workman. Sandals with returned toes, like skates, shod his long narrow feet, placed together like those of the gods on the temple walls.

His smooth beardless face, with large clearly cut features, which it seemed beyond any human power to disturb, and which the blood of common life did not color, with its death-like pallor, sealed lips, enormous eyes enlarged with black lines, the lids no more lowered than those of the sacred hawk, inspired by its very immobility a feeling of respectful fear. One might have thought that these fixed eyes were searching for eternity and the Infinite; they never seemed to rest on surrounding objects. The satiety of pleasures, the surfeit of wishes satisfied as soon as expressed, the isolation of a demigod who has no equal among mortals, the disgust for perpetual adoration, and as it were the weariness of continual triumph, had forever frozen this face, implacably gentle and of granite serenity. Osiris judging the souls could not have had a more majestic and calm expression.

A large tame lion, lying by his side, stretched out its enormous paws like a sphinx on its pedestal, and blinked its yellow eyes.

A rope, attached to the litter, bound the war chariots of the vanquished chiefs to the Pharaoh. He dragged them behind him like animals in leash. These men, with fierce despairing faces, their elbows drawn together by a strap and forming an ungraceful angle, tottered awkwardly at every motion of the chariots, driven by Egyptians.

Next came the chariots of the young princes royal, drawn by thoroughbred horses, elegantly and nobly formed, with slender legs, sinewy houghs, their manes cut short like a brush, harnessed by twos, tossing their red-plumed heads, with metal-bossed headstalls and frontlets. A curved pole, upheld on their withers, covered with scarlet panels, two collars surmounted by balls of polished brass, bound together by a light yoke bent like a bow with upturned ends; a bellyband and breastband elaborately stitched and embroidered, and rich housings with red or blue stripes and fringed with tassels, completed this strong, graceful, and light harness.

The body of the chariot, painted red and white, ornamented with bronze plaques and half-spheres, something like the umbo of the shields, was flanked with two large quivers placed diagonally opposite each other, one filled with arrows and the other with javelins. On the front of each, a carved, gilded lion, with set paws, and muzzle wrinkled into a frightful grin, seemed ready to spring with a roar upon the enemy.

The young princes had their hair bound with a narrow band, in which the royal viper was twisted; their only garment was a tunic gaudily embroidered at the neck and sleeves, and held in at the waist by a belt of black leather, clasped with a metal plate engraved with hieroglyphics. In this belt was a long dagger, with triangular brass blade, the handle channeled crosswise, terminated by a hawk's head.

In the chariot, by the side of each prince, stood the charioteer, who drove it in battle, and the groom, whose business it was to ward off with the shield the blows aimed at the combatant, while the latter discharged the arrows or threw the javelins which he took from the quivers on either side of the car.

In the wake of the princes followed the chariots, the Egyptian cavalry, twenty thousand in number, each drawn by two horses and holding three men. They advanced ten in a line, the axletrees perilously near together, but never coming in contact with each other, so great was the address of the drivers.

Several lighter chariots, used for skirmishing and reconnoitring, marched at the head and carried one warrior only, who in order to leave his hands free for fighting wound the reins around his body: by bending to the right or the left, or backwards, he guided or stopped his horses; and it was really wonderful to see the noble animals, apparently left to themselves, but governed

by imperceptible movements, keep up an undisturbedly regular pace. . . .

The stamping of the horses, held in with difficulty, the thundering of the bronze-covered wheels, the metallic clash of weapons, gave to this line something formidable and imposing enough to raise terror in the most intrepid bosoms. The helmets, plumes, and breastplates dotted with red, green, and yellow, the gilded bows and brass swords, glittered and blazed terribly in the light of the sun, open in the sky, above the Libyan chain, like a great Osirian eye; and it was felt that the onslaught of such an army must sweep away the nations like a whirlwind which drives a light straw before it.

Beneath these innumerable wheels the earth resounded and trembled, as if it had been moved by some convulsion of nature.

To the chariots succeeded the battalions of infantry, marching in order, their shields on the left arm; in the right hand the lance, curved club, bow, sling, or axe, according as they were armed; the heads of these soldiers were covered with helmets, adorned with two horsehair tails, their bodies girded with a cuirass belt of crocodile-skin. Their impassible look, the perfect regularity of their movements, their reddish copper complexions, deepened by a recent expedition to the burning regions of Upper Ethiopia, their clothing powdered with the desert sand, they awoke admiration by their discipline and courage. With soldiers like these, Egypt could conquer the world. After them came the allied troops, recognizable from the outlandish form of their head-pieces, which looked like truncated mitres, or were surmounted by crescents spitted on sharp points. Their wide-bladed swords and jagged axes must have produced wounds which could not be healed.

Slaves carried on their shoulders or on barrows the spoils enumerated by the herald, and wild-beast tamers dragged behind them leashed panthers, cheetahs, crouching down as if trying to hide themselves, ostriches fluttering their wings, giraffes which overtopped the crowd by the entire length of their necks, and even brown bears,—taken, they said, in the Mountains of the Moon.

The procession was still passing, long after the King had entered his palace.

FROM 'THE MARSH'

It is a pond, whose sleepy water
Lies stagnant, covered with a mantle
Of lily pads and rushes. . . .
Under the creeping duck-weed
The wild ducks dip
Their sapphire necks glazed with gold;
At dawn the teal is seen bathing,
And when twilight reigns,
It settles between two rushes and sleeps.

FROM 'THE DRAGON-FLY'

Upon the heather sprinkled
With morning dew;
Upon the wild-rose bush;
Upon the shady trees;
Upon the hedges
Growing along the path;
•
Upon the modest and dainty
Daisy,
That droops its dreamy brow;
Upon the rye, like a green billow
Unrolled
By the winged caprice of the wind,
The dragon-fly gently rocks.

THE DOVES

On the hill-side, yonder where are the graves,
A fine palm-tree, like a green plume,
Stands with head erect; in the evening the doves
Come to nestle under its cover.

But in the morning they leave the branches;
Like a spreading necklace, they may be seen
Scattering in the blue air, perfectly white,
And settling farther upon some roof.

My soul is the tree where every eve, as they,
White swarms of mad visions
Fall from heaven, with fluttering wings,
To fly away with the first rays.

THE POT OF FLOWERS

Sometimes a child finds a small seed,
And at once, delighted with its bright colors,
To plant it he takes a porcelain jar
Adorned with blue dragons and strange flowers.

He goes away. The root, snake-like, stretches,
Breaks through the earth, blooms, becomes a shrub;
Each day, farther down, it sinks its fibrous foot,
Until it bursts the sides of the vessel.

The child returns: surprised, he sees the rich plant
Over the vase's débris brandishing its green spikes;
He wants to pull it out, but the stem is stubborn.
The child persists, and tears his fingers with the pointed arrows.

Thus grew love in my simple heart;
I believed I sowed but a spring flower;
'Tis a large aloe, whose root breaks
The porcelain vase with the brilliant figures.

PRAYER

As a guardian angel, take me under your wing;
Deign to stoop and put out, smiling,
Your maternal hand to my little hand
To support my steps and keep me from falling!

For Jesus the sweet Master, with celestial love,
Suffered little children to come to him;
As an indulgent parent, he submitted to their caresses
And played with them without showing weariness.

O you who resemble those church pictures
Where one sees, on a gold background, august Charity
Preserving from hunger, preserving from cold,
A fair and smiling group sheltered in her folds;

Like the nursling of the Divine mother,
For pity's sake, lift me to your lap;
Protect me, poor young girl, alone, an orphan,
Whose only hope is in God, whose only hope is in you!

THE POET AND THE CROWD

One day the plain said to the idle mountain:—
Nothing ever grows upon thy wind-beaten brow!
To the poet, bending thoughtful over his lyre,
The crowd also said:—Dreamer, of what use art thou?

Full of wrath, the mountain answered the plain:—
It is I who make the harvests grow upon thy soil;
I temper the breath of the noon sun,
I stop in the skies the clouds as they fly by.

With my fingers I knead the snow into avalanches,
In my crucible I dissolve the crystals of glaciers,
And I pour out, from the tip of my white breasts,
In long silver threads, the nourishing streams.

. . . . . .

The poet, in his turn, answered the crowd:—
Allow my pale brow to rest upon my hand.
Have I not from my side, from which runs out my soul,
Made a spring gush to slake men's thirst?

THE FIRST SMILE OF SPRING

While to their perverse work
Men run panting,
March that laughs, in spite of showers,
Quietly gets Spring ready.

For the little daisies,
Slyly, when all sleep,
He irons little collars
And chisels gold studs.

Through the orchard and the vineyard,
He goes, cunning hair-dresser,
With a swan-puff,
And powders snow-white the almond-tree.

Nature rests in her bed;
He goes down to the garden
And laces the rosebuds
In their green velvet corsets.

While composing solfeggios
That he sings in a low tone to the blackbirds,
He strews the meadows with snowdrops
And the woods with violets.

By the side of the cress in the brook
Where drinks the stag, with listening ear,
With his concealed hand he scatters
The silver bells of the lilies of the valley.

. . . . . .

Then, when his work is done
And his reign about to end,
On the threshold of April, turning his head,
He says, Spring, you may come!

THE VETERANS

From 'The Old Guard'

THE thing is worth considering;
Three ghosts of old veterans
In the uniform of the Old Guard,
With two shadows of hussars!

Since the supreme battle
One has grown thin, the other stout;
The coat once made to fit them
Is either too loose or too tight.

Don't laugh, comrade;
But rather bow low
To these Achilles of an Iliad
That Homer would not have invented.

Their faces with the swarthy skin
Speak of Egypt with the burning sun,
And the snows of Russia
Still powder their white hair.

If their joints are stiff, it is because on the battle-field
Flags were their only blankets;
And if their sleeves don't fit,
It is because a cannon-ball took off their arm.

JOHN GAY

(1685–1732)

"IN THE great society of the wits," said Thackeray, "John Gay deserves to be a favorite, and to have a good place." The wits loved him. Prior was his faithful ally; Pope wrote him frequent letters of affectionate good advice; Swift grew genial in his merry company; and when the jester lapsed into gloom, as jesters will, all his friends hurried to coddle and comfort him. His verse is not of the first order, but the list of "English classics" contains far poorer; it is entertaining enough to be a pleasure even to bright children of this generation, and each succeeding one reads it with an inherited fondness not by any means without help from its own merits. And the man who invented comic opera, one of the most enduring molds in which English humor has been cast, deserves the credit of all important literary pioneers.

JOHN GAY

Kind, lazy, clever John Gay came of a good, impoverished Devonshire family, which seems to have done its best for the bright lad of twelve when it apprenticed him to a London silk mercer. The boy hated this employment, grew ill under its fret and confinement, went back to the country, studied, possibly wrote poor verses, and presently drifted back to London. The cleverest men of the time frequented the crowded taverns and coffee-houses, and the talk that he heard at Will's and Button's may have determined his profession. Thither came Pope and Addison, Swift and Steele, Congreve, St. John, Prior, Arbuthnot, Cibber, Hogarth, Walpole, and many a powerful patron who loved good company.

Perhaps through some kind acquaintance made in this informal circle, Gay obtained a private secretaryship, and began the flirtation with the Muse which became serious only after some years of coldness on that humorous lady's part. His first poem, 'Wine,' published when he was twenty-three, is not included in his collected works: perhaps because it is written in blank verse; perhaps because his maturer taste condemned it. Three years later, in 1711, when the success of the Spectator was yet new, and Pope had just completed

his brilliant 'Art of Criticism,' and Swift was editing the Examiner and working on that defense of a French peace, 'The Conduct of the Allies,' which was to make him the talk of London,—Gay sent forth his second venture; a curious, unimportant pamphlet, 'The Present State of Wit.' Late in 1713 he is contributing to Dicky Steele's Guardian, and sending elegies to his 'Poetical Miscellanies'; and a little later, having become a favorite with the powerful Mr. Pope, he is made to bring up new reinforcements to the battle of that irascible gentleman with his ancient enemy Ambrose Phillips. This he does in 'The Shepherd's Week,' a sham pastoral, which is full of wit and easy versification, and shows very considerable talents as a parodist. This skit the luckless satirist dedicated to Bolingbroke, whose brilliant star was just passing into eclipse. Swift thought this harmless courtesy the real cause of the indifference of the Brunswick princes to the merits of the poet; and in an age when every spark of literary genius was so carefully nursed and utilized to sustain the weak dynasty, most likely he was right.

For this reason or another, indifferent they were; and in a time when court favor counted enormously, poor indolent luxury-loving Gay had to earn his loaf by hard work, or go without it. He produced a tragi-comi-pastoral farce called 'What D'ye Call It?' which was the lineal ancestor of 'Pinafore' and the 'Pirates of Penzance' in its method of treating farcical incidents in a grave manner. But the town did not see the fun of this expedient, and the play failed, though it contained, among other famous songs, 'Twas When the Seas Were Roaring.' In 1716 'Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London,' put some money into the poet's empty pocket, thanks to Pope's good offices. A year later a second comedy of his, 'Three Hours after Marriage,' met with well-deserved failure. And now, as always, when his spirits sank, his good friends showered kindnesses upon him. Mr. Secretary Pulteney carried him off to Aix. Lord Bathurst and Lord Burlington were his to command. Many fine gentlemen, and particularly many fine ladies, pressed him to make indefinite country visits. In 1720 his friends managed the publication of his poems in two quarto volumes, subscribing for ten, twenty, and even fifty copies apiece, some of them, and securing to the poet, it is said, £1,000. The younger Craggs, the bookseller, gave him some South-Sea stock which rose rapidly, and at one time the improvident little gentleman found himself in possession of £20,000. All his friends besought him to sell, but Alnaschar Gay had visions of a splendid ease and opulence. The bubble burst, and poor Alnaschar had not wherewithal to pay his broker.

The Duchess of Queensborough (Prior's "Kitty, beautiful and young") had already annexed the charmer, and now carried him off

to Petersham. "I wish you had a little villakin in Mr. Pope's neighborhood," scolds Swift to him; "but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses might carry you to Japan;" and again:—"I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friend's coaches—for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under ones that may add another thousand pounds to your stock; and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelvepenny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half a crown a day." Gay went to Bath with the Queensberrys, and to Oxford. Swift complained to Pope:—"I suppose Mr. Gay will return from Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred pounds less money. Providence never designed him to be above two-and-twenty, by his thoughtlessness and gullibility. He has as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers as a girl of fifteen." And his dear Mrs. Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk, took him affectionately to task:—"Your head is your best friend: it would clothe, lodge, and feed you; but you neglect it, and follow that false friend your heart, which is such a foolish, tender thing that it makes others despise your head, that have not half so good a one on their own shoulders. In short, John, you may be a snail, or a silkworm; but by my consent you shall never be a hare again."

He lived under other great roofs, if not contentedly, at least gracefully and agreeably. If his dependent state irked him, his hosts did not perceive it. To Swift he wrote, indeed, "They wonder at each other for not providing for me, and *I* wonder at them all." Yet, for the nine years from 1722 to 1731 he had a small official salary, on which a thriftier or more industrious mortal would have managed to live respectably even in that expensive age; and for at least a part of the time he had official lodgings at Whitehall.

In 1725 was published the first edition of his famous 'Fables,' which had been written for the moral behoof of Prince William, afterward Duke of Cumberland, of unblessed memory. The book did not make his fortune with the court, as he had hoped, and in 1728 he produced his best known work, 'The Beggar's Opera.' Nobody had much faith in this "Newgate Pastoral," least of all Swift, who had first suggested it. But it took the town by storm, running for sixty-three consecutive nights. As the heroine, Polly Peachum, the lovely Lavinia Fenton captured a duchess's coronet. The songs were heard alike in West End drawing-rooms and East End slums. Swift praised it for its morality, and the Archbishop of Canterbury scored

it for its condonation of vice. The breath of praise and blame filled equally its prosperous sails, blew it all over the kingdom wherever a theatre could be found, and finally wafted it to Minorca. So well did the opera pay him that Gay wrote a sequel called 'Polly,' which, being prohibited through some notion of Walpole's, sold enormously by subscription and earned Gay £1,200.

After this the hospitable Queensberrys seem to have adopted him. He produced a musical drama, 'Acis and Galatea,' written long before and set to Handel's music; a few more 'Fables'; a thin opera called 'Achilles'; and then his work was done. He died in London of a swift fever, in December 1732, before his kind Kitty and her husband could reach him, or his other great friend, the Countess of Suffolk. Arbuthnot watched over him; Pope was with him to the last; Swift indorsed on the letter that brought him the tidings, "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death; received on December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune." So faithfully did the "giants," as Thackeray calls them, cherish this gentle, friendly, affectionate, humorous comrade. He seems indeed to have been almost the only companion with whom Swift did not at some time fall out, and of his steadfastness the gloomy great man in his 'Verses on my Own Death' could write:—

> "Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
> A week, and Arbuthnot a day."

The 'Trivia' and the 'Shepherd's Week,' the 'Acis and Galatea' and even the 'Beggar's Opera,' gradually faded into the realm of "old, forgotten, far-off things"; while the 'Fables' passed through many editions, found their place in school reading-books, were committed to memory by three generations of admiring pupils, and included in the most orthodox libraries. Yet criticism now reverts to the earlier standard; approves the songs, and the minute observation, the nice phrasing, and the humorous swing of the pastorals and operas, and finds the fables dull, commonplace, and monotonous. Pope said in his affectionate epitaph that the poet had been laid in Westminster Abbey, not for ambition, but—

> "That the worthy and the good shall say,
> Striking their pensive bosoms, '*Here* lies Gay.'"

If to-day the worthy and the good do not know even where he lies, not the less is he to be gratefully remembered whom the best and greatest of his own time so much admired, and of whom Pope and Johnson and Thackeray and Dobson have written with the warmth of friendship.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS

From the 'Fables'

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships: who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunters' cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear, she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light."

The Horse replied:—"Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implored;
And thus replied the mighty lord:—
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offense, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.

Love calls me hence; a favorite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow:
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
"My back," says he, "may do you harm:
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained:
Said he was slow, confessed his fears;
For hounds eat Sheep, as well as Hares!

She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offense.
Excuse me then. You know my heart:
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For see, the hounds are just in view."

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL

From the 'Fables'

Is there no hope? the Sick Man said.
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the Man with gasping breath:—
I feel the chilling wound of death;
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant, my bargains well were made,
But all men overreach in trade;
'Tis self-defense in each profession;
Sure, self-defense is no transgression.

The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increased. If unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduced a family to need,—
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am numbered with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known,
My charities were amply shown.
An Angel came. Ah, friend! he cried,
No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power;
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere:
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbors want, and you abound.
But why such haste? the Sick Man whines:
Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?
Perhaps I may recover still;
That sum and more are in my will.
Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain;
From every side, with all your might,
You scraped, and scraped beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.
Where there is life there's hope, he cried;
Then why such haste? — so groaned and died.

THE JUGGLER

From the 'Fables'

A JUGGLER long through all the town
Had raised his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The Devil at his fingers' ends.
Vice heard his fame; she read his bill;
Convinced of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud.
Is this, then, he so famed for sleight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.
Provoked, the Juggler cried, 'Tis done.
In science I submit to none.
Thus said, the cups and balls he played;
By turns, this here, that there, conveyed.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turned to birds.
His little boxes change the grain;
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair;
His fingers spreads,—and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his ivory eggs are told.
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amazed spectators hum applause.
Vice now stept forth, and took the place
With all the forms of his grimace.
This magic looking-glass, she cries
(There, hand it round), will charm your eyes.
Each eager eye the sight desired,
And ev'ry man himself admired.
Next to a senator addressing:
See this bank-note; observe the blessing,
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone;
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magic broke,
The padlock vanished, and he spoke.
Twelve bottles ranged upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stored,

By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.
A purse she to a thief exposed,
At once his ready fingers closed:
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled:
He sees a halter in its stead.
She bids ambition hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity she shows:
Blow here; and a churchwarden blows.
'Tis vanished with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from her pockets fills her box.

. . . . . .

A counter in a miser's hand
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you see
Take ev'ry shape but Charity;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But changed from what was first in view,
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission owned her art.
Can I such matchless sleight withstand?
How practice hath improved your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng:
You every day, and all day long.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN

A Ballad

All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard;
Oh, where shall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,

Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed and cast his eyes below;
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee, sailors when away
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! she cries; and waved her lily hand.

FROM 'WHAT D'YE CALL IT?'

A Ballad

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows,
That tremble o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

"The merchant robbed of pleasure
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

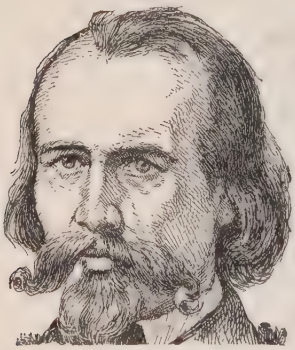
"How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then, beneath the water,
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear!
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied,—
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head and died.

EMANUEL VON GEIBEL

(1815–1884)

THE chief note in Geibel's nature was reverence. A spirit of reverent piety, using the phrase in its widest as well as in its strictly religious sense, characterizes all his poetical utterances. He intended to devote himself to theology, but the humanistic tendencies of the age, combined with his own peculiar endowments, led him to abandon the Church for pure literature. The reverent attitude of mind, however, remained, and has left its impress even upon his most impassioned love lyrics. It appears too in his first literary venture, a volume of 'Classical Studies' undertaken in collaboration with his friend Ernst Curtius, in which is displayed his loving reverence for the great monuments of Greek antiquity. He felt himself an exile from Greece, and like Goethe's Iphigenia, his soul was seeking ever for the land of Hellas. And through the influence of Bettina von Arnim this longing was satisfied; he secured the post of tutor in the household of the Russian ambassador to Athens.



EMANUEL VON GEIBEL

Geibel was only twenty-three years of age when this good fortune fell to his lot. He was born at Lübeck on October 18th, 1815. His poetic gifts, early manifested, secured him a welcome in the literary circles of Berlin. During the two years that he spent in Greece he was enabled to travel over a large part of the Grecian Archipelago in the inspiring company of Curtius; and it was upon their return to Germany in 1840 that the 'Classical Studies' appeared, and were dedicated to the Queen of Greece. Then Geibel eagerly took up the study of French and Spanish, with the result that many valuable volumes were published in collaboration with Paul Heyse, Count von Schack, and Leuthold, which introduced to the German public a vast treasury of song from the literatures of France, Spain, and Portugal. The first collection of Geibel's own poems in 1843 secured for the poet a modest pension from the King of Prussia.

Geibel also made several essays at dramatic composition. He wrote for Mendelssohn the text of a 'Lorelei,' but the composer died before

the music was completed. A comedy called 'Master Andrew' was successful in a number of cities; and of his more ambitious tragedies, 'Brunhild' and 'Sophonisba,' the latter won the famous Schiller prize in 1869.

In 1852 Geibel received an appointment as royal reader to Maximilian II., and was made professor at the University of Munich. It was also from the King of Bavaria that he procured his patent of nobility. In the same year that he took up his residence in Munich he married; but the death of his wife terminated his happy family relations three years later, and the death of the King severed his connection with the Bavarian court. Moreover, his sympathy with the revolutionary poets, such as his intimate friend Freiligrath, his own enthusiasm for the popular movement, and the faith which he placed in the King of Prussia, led to bitter attacks upon him in the Bavarian press, and eventually to his resignation from the faculty of the university. He returned to his native city of Lübeck. The Prussian King trebled his annual income, and the poet was raised above pecuniary cares. The last years of his life were saddened, without being embittered, by feeble health. He died on April 6th, 1884.

There was sometimes a touch of effeminate sentimentality in Geibel's work, but he did not lack force and virility, as his famous 'Twelve Sonnets' and his political poems, entitled 'Zeitgedichte,' show. He could speak strong words for right and justice, and in all his poems there is a musical beauty of language and a perfection of form that render his songs contributions of permanent value to the lyric treasury of German literature.

SEE'ST THOU THE SEA?

SEE'ST thou the sea? The sun gleams on its wave
With splendor bright;
But where the pearl lies buried in its cave
Is deepest night.
The sea am I. My soul, in billows bold,
Rolls fierce and strong;
And over all, like to the sunlight's gold,
There streams my song.
It throbs with love and pain as though possessed
Of magic art,
And yet in silence bleeds, within my breast,
My gloomy heart.

Translation of Frances Hellman. Copyright 1892.

AS IT WILL HAPPEN

"He loves thee not! He trifles but with thee!"
They said to her, and then she bowed her head,
And pearly tears, like roses' dew, wept she.
Oh, that she ever trusted what they said!
For when he came and found his bride in doubt,
Then, from sheer spite, he would not show his sorrow;
He played and laughed and drank, day in, day out,—
To weep from night until the morrow!

'Tis true, an angel whispered in her heart,
"He's faithful still; oh lay thy hand in his!"
And he too felt, 'midst grief and bitter smart,
"She loves thee! After all, thy love she is;
Let but a gentle word pass on each side,
The spell that parts you now will then be broken!"
They came—each looked on each—oh, evil pride!—
That single word remained unspoken!

They parted then. As in a church one oft
Extinguished sees the altar lamps' red fires,
Their light grows dim, then once more flares aloft
In radiance bright,—and thereupon expires,—
So died their love; at first lamented o'er,
Then yearned for ardently, and then—forgotten,
Until the thought that they had loved before
Of mere delusion seemed begotten!

But sometimes when the moon shone out at night,
Each started from his couch! Ah, was it not
Bedewed with tears? And tears, too, dimmed their sight,
Because these two had dreamed—I know not what!
And then the dear old times woke in their heart,
Their foolish doubts, their parting, that had driven
Their souls so far, so very far apart,—
Oh God! let both now be forgiven!

Translation of Frances Hellman. Copyright 1892.

GONDOLIERA

OH, COME to me when through the night
The starry legions ride!
Then o'er the sea, in the moonshine bright,
Our gondola will glide.
The air is soft as a lover's jest,
And gently gleams the light;
The zither sounds, and thy soul is blest
To join in this delight.
Oh, come to me when through the night
The starry legions ride!
Then o'er the sea, in the moonshine bright,
Our gondola will glide.

This is the hour for lovers true,
Darling, like thee and me;
Serenely smile the heavens blue
And calmly sleeps the sea.
And as it sleeps, a glance will say
What speech in vain has tried;
The lips then do not shrink away,
Nor is a kiss denied.
Oh, come to me when through the night
The starry legions ride!
Then o'er the sea, in the moonshine bright,
Our gondola will glide.

Translation of Frances Hellman. Copyright 1892.

THE WOODLAND

THE wood grows denser at each stride;
No path more, no trail!
Only murm'ring waters glide
Through tangled ferns and woodland flowers pale.
Ah, and under the great oaks teeming
How soft the moss, the grass, how high!
And the heavenly depth of cloudless sky,
How blue through the leaves it seems to me!
Here I'll sit, resting and dreaming,
Dreaming of thee.

Translation of Charles Harvey Genung.

ONWARD

CEASE thy dreaming! Cease thy quailing!
Wander on untiringly.
Though thy strength may all seem failing,
Onward! must thy watchword be.

Durst not tarry, though life's roses
Round about thy footsteps throng,
Though the ocean's depth discloses
Sirens with their witching song.

Onward! onward! ever calling
On thy Muse, in life's stern fray,
Till thy fevered brow feels, falling
From above, a golden ray.

Till the verdant wreath victorious
Crown with soothing shade thy brow;
Till the spirit's flames rise glorious
Over thee, with sacred glow.

Onward then, through hostile fire,
Onward through death's agony!
Who to heaven would aspire
Must a valiant warrior be.

Translation of Frances Hellman. Copyright 1892.

AT LAST THE DAYLIGHT FADETH

AT LAST the daylight fadeth,
With all its noise and glare;
Refreshing peace pervadeth
The darkness everywhere.

On the fields deep silence hovers;
The woods now wake alone;
What daylight ne'er discovers,
Their songs to the night make known.

And what when the sun is shining
I ne'er can tell to thee,
To whisper it now I am pining,—
Oh, come and hearken to me!

Translation of Frances Hellman. Copyright 1892.

AULUS GELLIUS

(Second Century A. D.)

Perhaps Gellius's 'Attic Nights' may claim especial mention here, as one of the earliest extant forerunners of this 'Library.' In the original preface (given first among the citations), Gellius explains very clearly the origin and scope of his work. It is not, however, a mere scrap-book. There is original matter in many chapters. In particular, an ethical or philosophic excerpt has often been framed in a little scene,—doubtless imaginary,—and cast in the form of a dialogue. We get, even, pleasant glimpses of autobiography from time to time. The author is not, however, a deep or forceful character, on the whole. His heart is mostly set on trifles.

Yet Gellius has been an assiduous student, both in Greece and Italy; and his book gives us an agreeable, probably an adequate, view of the fields which are included in the general culture of his time. Despite its title, the work is chiefly Roman. In history, biography, antiquities, grammar, literary criticism, his materials and authors are prevailingly Latin. He is perhaps most widely known and quoted on early Roman life and usages. Thus, one of his chapters gives a mass of curious information as to the choice of the Vestal Virgins. We are also largely indebted to him for citations from lost authors. We have already quoted under Ennius the sketch, in eighteen hexameters, of a scholar-soldier, believed to be a genial self-portraiture. These lines are the finest specimen we have of the 'Annales.' Similarly, under Cato, we have quoted the chief fragment of the great Censor's Roman history. For both these treasures we must thank Gellius. Indeed, throughout the wide fields of Roman antiquities, history of literature, grammar, etc., we have to depend chiefly upon various late Latin scrap-books and compilations, most of which are not even made up at first hand from creative classical authors. To Gellius, also, the imposing array of writers so constantly named by him was evidently known chiefly through compendiums and handbooks. It is suspicious, for instance, that he hardly quotes a poet within a century of his own time. Repetitions, contradictions, etc., are numerous.

Despite its twenty "books" and nearly four hundred (short) chapters, the work is not only light and readable for the most part, but

quite modest in total bulk: five hundred and fifty pages in the small page and generous type of Hertz's Teubner text. There is an English translation by Rev. W. Beloe, first printed in 1795, from which we quote below. Professor Nettleship's (in his 'Essays in Latin Literature') has no literary quality, but gives a careful analysis of Gellius's subjects and probable sources. There is a revival of interest in this author in recent years. We decidedly recommend Hertz's attractive volume to any Latin student who wishes to browse beyond the narrow classical limits.

FROM 'ATTIC NIGHTS'

Origin and Plan of the Book

More pleasing works than the present may certainly be found: my object in writing this was to provide my children, as well as myself, with that kind of amusement in which they might properly relax and indulge themselves at the intervals from more important business. I have preserved the same accidental arrangement which I had before used in making the collection. Whatever book came into my hand, whether it was Greek or Latin, or whatever I heard that was either worthy of being recorded or agreeable to my fancy, I wrote down without distinction and without order. These things I treasured up to aid my memory, as it were by a store-house of learning; so that when I wanted to refer to any particular circumstance or word which I had at the moment forgotten, and the books from which they were taken happened not to be at hand, I could easily find and apply it. Thus the same irregularity will appear in these commentaries as existed in the original annotations, which were concisely written down without any method or arrangement in the course of what I at different times had heard or read. As these observations at first constituted my business and my amusement through many long winter nights which I spent in Attica, I have given them the name of 'Attic Nights.' . . . It is an old proverb, "A jay has no concern with music, nor a hog with perfumes:" but that the ill-humor and invidiousness of certain ill-taught people may be still more exasperated, I shall borrow a few verses from a chorus of Aristophanes; and what he, a man of most exquisite humor, proposed as a law to the spectators of his play, I also recommend to the readers of this volume, that the vulgar and unhallowed herd, who are averse to the sports of

the Muses, may not touch nor even approach it. The verses are these:—

> Silent be they, and far from hence remove,
> By scenes like ours not likely to improve,
> Who never paid the honored Muse her rights,
> Who senseless live in wild, impure delights;
> I bid them once, I bid them twice begone,
> I bid them thrice, in still a louder tone:
> Far hence depart, whilst ye with dance and song
> Our solemn feast, our tuneful nights prolong.

The Vestal Virgins

The writers on the subject of taking a Vestal Virgin, of whom Labeo Antistius is the most elaborate, have asserted that no one could be taken who was less than six or more than ten years old. Neither could she be taken unless both her father and mother were alive, if she had any defect of voice or hearing, or indeed any personal blemish, or if she herself or father had been made free; or if under the protection of her grandfather, her father being alive; if one or both of her parents were in actual servitude, or employed in mean occupations. She whose sister was in this character might plead exemption, as might she whose father was flamen, augur, one of the fifteen who had care of the sacred books, or one of the seventeen who regulated the sacred feasts, or a priest of Mars. Exemption was also granted to her who was betrothed to a pontiff, and to the daughter of the sacred trumpeter. Capito Ateius has also observed that the daughter of a man was ineligible who had no establishment in Italy, and that his daughter might be excused who had three children. But as soon as a Vestal Virgin is taken, conducted to the vestibule of Vesta, and delivered to the pontiffs, she is from that moment removed from her father's authority, without any form of emancipation or loss of rank, and has also the right of making her will. No more ancient records remain concerning the form and ceremony of taking a virgin, except that the first virgin was taken by King Numa. But we find a Papian law which provides that at the will of the supreme pontiff twenty virgins should be chosen from the people; that these should draw lots in the public assembly; and that the supreme pontiff might take her whose lot it was, to become the servant of Vesta. But

this drawing of lots by the Papian law does not now seem necessary; for if any person of ingenuous birth goes to the pontiff and offers his daughter for this ministry, if she may be accepted without any violation of what the ceremonies of religion enjoin, the Senate dispenses with the Papian law. Moreover, a virgin is said to be taken, because she is taken by the hand of the high priest from that parent under whose authority she is, and led away as a captive in war. In the first book of Fabius Pictor, we have the form of words which the supreme pontiff is to repeat when he takes a virgin. It is this:—

"I take thee, beloved, as a priestess of Vesta, to perform religious service, to discharge those duties with respect to the whole body of the Roman people which the law most wisely requires of a priestess of Vesta."

It is also said in those commentaries of Labeo which he wrote on the Twelve Tables:—

"No Vestal Virgin can be heiress to any intestate person of either sex. Such effects are said to belong to the public. It is inquired by what right this is done?" When taken she is called *amata*, or beloved, by the high priest; because Amata is said to have been the name of her who was first taken.

The Secrets of the Senate

It was formerly usual for the senators of Rome to enter the Senate-house accompanied by their sons who had taken the prætexta. When something of superior importance was discussed in the Senate, and the further consideration adjourned to the day following, it was resolved that no one should divulge the subject of their debates till it should be formally decreed. The mother of the young Papirius, who had accompanied his father to the Senate-house, inquired of her son what the senators had been doing. The youth replied that he had been enjoined silence, and was not at liberty to say. The woman became more anxious to know; the secretness of the thing, and the silence of the youth, did but inflame her curiosity. She therefore urged him with more vehement earnestness. The young man, on the importunity of his mother, determined on a humorous and pleasant fallacy: he said it was discussed in the Senate, which would be most beneficial to the State—for one man to have two wives, or for one woman to have two husbands. As soon as she heard this

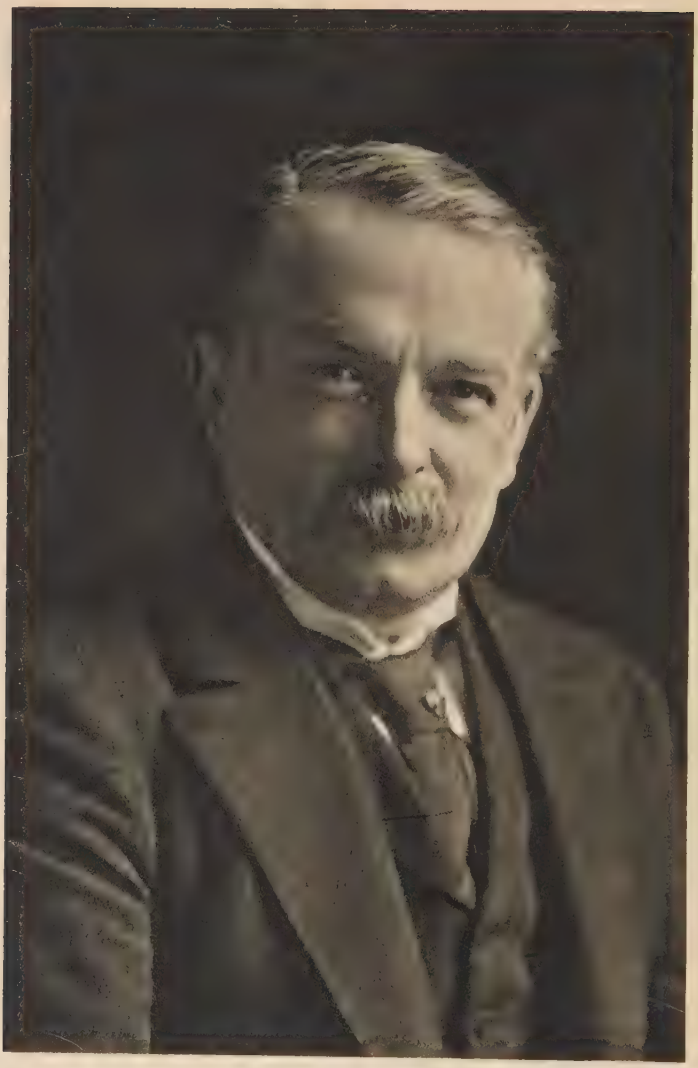
she was much agitated, and leaving her house in great trepidation, went to tell the other matrons what she had learned. The next day a troop of matrons went to the Senate-house, and with tears and entreaties implored that one woman might be suffered to have two husbands, rather than one man to have two wives. The senators on entering the house were astonished, and wondered what this intemperate proceeding of the women, and their petition, could mean. The young Papirius, advancing to the midst of the Senate, explained the pressing importunity of his mother, his answer, and the matter as it was. The Senate, delighted with the honor and ingenuity of the youth, made a decree that from that time no youth should be suffered to enter the Senate with his father, this Papirius alone excepted.

Plutarch and His Slave

Plutarch once ordered a slave, who was an impudent and worthless fellow, but who had paid some attention to books and philosophical disputations, to be stripped (I know not for what fault) and whipped. As soon as his punishment began, he averred that he did not deserve to be beaten; that he had been guilty of no offense or crime. As they went on whipping him, he called out louder, not with any cry of suffering or complaint, but gravely reproaching his master. Such behavior, he said, was unworthy of Plutarch; that anger disgraced a philosopher; that he had often disputed on the mischiefs of anger; that he had written a very excellent book about not giving place to anger; but that whatever he had said in that book was now contradicted by the furious and ungovernable anger with which he had now ordered him to be severely beaten. Plutarch then replied with deliberate calmness:—"But why, rascal, do I now seem to you to be in anger? Is it from my countenance, my voice, my color, or my words, that you conceive me to be angry? I cannot think that my eyes betray any ferocity, nor is my countenance disturbed or my voice boisterous; neither do I foam at the mouth, nor are my cheeks red; nor do I say anything indecent or to be repented of; nor do I tremble or seem greatly agitated. These, though you may not know it, are the usual signs of anger." Then, turning to the person who was whipping him: "Whilst this man and I," said he, "are disputing, do you go on with your employment."

Discussion on One of Solon's Laws

In those very ancient laws of Solon which were inscribed at Athens on wooden tables, and which, from veneration to him, the Athenians, to render eternal, had sanctioned with punishments and religious oaths, Aristotle relates there was one to this effect: If in any tumultuous dissension a sedition should ensue, and the people divide themselves into two parties, and from this irritation of their minds both sides should take arms and fight; then he who in this unfortunate period of civil discord should join himself to neither party, but should individually withdraw himself from the common calamity of the city, should be deprived of his house, his family and fortunes, and be driven into exile from his country. When I had read this law of Solon, who was eminent for his wisdom, I was at first impressed with great astonishment, wondering for what reason he should think those men deserving of punishment who withdrew themselves from sedition and a civil war. Then a person who had profoundly and carefully examined the use and purport of this law, affirmed that it was calculated not to increase but terminate sedition; and indeed it really is so, for if all the more respectable, who were at first unable to check sedition, and could not overawe the divided and infatuated people, join themselves to one part or other, it will happen that when they are divided on both sides, and each party begins to be ruled and moderated by them, as men of superior influence, harmony will by their means be sooner restored and confirmed; for whilst they regulate and temper their own parties respectively, they would rather see their opponents conciliated than destroyed. Favorinus the philosopher was of opinion that the same thing ought to be done in the disputes of brothers and of friends: that they who are benevolently inclined to both sides, but have little influence in restoring harmony, from being considered as doubtful friends, should decidedly take one part or other; by which act they will obtain more effectual power in restoring harmony to both. At present, says he, the friends of both think they do well by leaving and deserting both, thus giving them up to malignant or sordid lawyers, who inflame their resentments and disputes from animosity or from avarice.



DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

(1863–)

BY PARKER THOMAS MOON

David Lloyd George was born in Manchester, January 17th, 1863. His father, a wandering Welsh schoolmaster, died when the future premier was barely two years old, leaving Elizabeth Lloyd George almost penniless with two young children. Returning to Wales, the widow found a home with her unmarried brother, Richard Lloyd, the village shoemaker of Llanystumdwy, under whose generous and almost fatherly care the two boys were given such education as the village school afforded and were nurtured in the spirit of rigid Baptist Non-Conformity. As a mere lad, David Lloyd George learned to rebel against the control which the Anglican Church exercised over the education of Baptist and Methodist Non-Conformists in Wales. At the same time, he imbibed from his uncle a bitter hatred of aristocratic English Tories and oppressive landlords. Discontent was rife in Wales. Since the general election of 1868, when the Non-Conformist Welsh tenant-farmers for the first time had mustered courage to vote for Radical, agrarian, Non-Conformist candidates, in place of Tory aristocrats, the Radical and Nationalist agitation had gone steadily forward. It was as the eloquent apostle of Welsh Nationalism, Non-Conformity, and agrarian Radicalism that David Lloyd George made his entry into political life, after a brief but brilliant career as a solicitor, and was elected to Parliament, at the age of twenty-seven years, — «a young man, pale and stooping, and of a lounging gait.»

The young Welsh Nationalist speedily won a reputation for unexampled audacity as well as for fiery eloquence and nimble wit. In his maiden speech in the Commons he had the temerity to cross swords with two of the greatest parliamentarians of the day, Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill, whom he characterized as «a kind of political contortionists, . . . who can set their feet in one direction and their head in another, so that no one knows which way they are going.» In opposing the Boer War, which he described as «a fight for 45% dividends,» Lloyd George risked not only his political standing; he placed life itself in jeopardy. At Bangor, after delivering a pacifist speech, he was knocked senseless by a bludgeon blow on the head; at Birmingham he narrowly escaped death at the hands of an infuriated mob by donning policeman's clothes; but he continued to denounce the war.

After the Boer War, Lloyd George regained popularity and by sheer ability asserted his right to a portfolio in the Liberal cabinet of 1906. As president of the Board of Trade from 1906 to 1908, he evinced unexpected business ability and his achievements — the Merchant Shipping Act, the Port of London Act, the Patents Act, and the railway strike compromise of 1907 — won golden opinions even from Conservative business men. In 1908 he was promoted to the more responsible office of chancellor of the exchequer, in Mr. Asquith's Liberal cabinet. The complete record of Lloyd George's activity from 1908 to 1914 would be a tolerably coherent history of England in those busy years of social-political reform. It was his historic budget of 1909, rejected by the House of Lords, that furnished the occasion for the successful Liberal attack upon the constitutional authority of the upper chamber. Lloyd George himself sounded the «call to arms»: —

«The rights of the Commons of England to grant supplies and to make the redress of grievances the condition of that grant drenched England with blood. That right is the proud possession of Englishmen. They were pre-eminent in the conflict that won it. It is their noblest tradition, and I do not believe that the dauntless national spirit which won that liberty has become so degenerate that at the call of an effete oligarchy, without striking a single blow, Englishmen of to-day mean to surrender one of the finest and fairest provinces of freedom won by their ancestors.» (Speech at the National Liberal Club, December 3d, 1909.)

In his attack upon the House of Lords, the chancellor of the exchequer gave free rein to the pungent ridicule which is one of the most characteristic traits of his oratory. On one occasion, denying that his budget had proved deleterious to industry or trade, he said: —

«Only one class of stock has gone down badly. There has been a great slump in dukes. (*Laughter and cheers.*) They used to stand rather high in the market — (*Laughter*) — especially in the Tory market; but the Tory Press has discovered that they are of no value. (*Laughter.*) They have been making speeches. Recently one specially expensive duke made a speech, and all the Tory Press said, ‹Well now, really, is that the sort of thing we are spending £250,000 a year upon?› Because a fully equipped duke costs as much to keep as two Dreadnoughts —(*Laughter*) — and they are just as great a terror — (*Laughter*) — and they last longer. (*More laughter.*) As long as they were contented to be mere idols on their pedestals, preserving that stately silence which became their rank and their intelligence — (*Laughter*) — all went well, and the average British citizen rather looked up to them and said to himself — ‹Well if the worse comes to the worst for this old country, we have always got the dukes to fall back on.› (*Laughter.*)

«But then came the Budget. They stepped off their perch. They have been scolding like omnibus drivers, purely because the Budget has knocked a little of the gilt off their old stage coach.» (Newcastle Speech, October 9th, 1909.)

After vanquishing the Lords, — by the Parliament Act of 1911, which left the upper house with only a suspensive veto, — the Liberals pressed

forward with far-reaching plans of social reform. Lloyd George, «the Orator of the new Social Order,» was ever in the van. He fathered the great National Insurance Act of 1911, protecting the workingman against destitution in time of sickness or unemployment. Most radical of all was Lloyd George's program of land reform, announced in 1913, to compel noblemen to sell their deer parks for purposes of cultivation, to regulate the price of land, to impose heavier taxes on landlords, to provide homes, gardens, and fair wages for agricultural laborers, and to establish a government department of lands. Angry recriminations were exchanged between Lloyd George and the menaced landlords. Then came the great war of 1914, and all reforms were laid on the table.

Although he had opposed the Boer War, because he thought it might have been avoided, and above all because he believed in the right of small nations to existence, Lloyd George in 1914 threw heart and soul into the war against Germany. Britain in 1914, he believed, was fighting not to conquer but to defend small nations, to maintain democracy, to crush militarism, to vindicate «the righteousness that exalteth a nation.» For victory in such a cause, no price could be too great. Lloyd George was prepared to pay the price, even if it meant the temporary sacrifice of long-cherished liberties, abandonment of his party, association with his former antagonists. At the outset, as chancellor of the exchequer, he drafted the first war budget, to supply the «silver bullets» which would ultimately defeat Germany. As the most effective popular orator in the cabinet, he mounted the public platform to plead England's cause and to stimulate recruiting. The crucial task of augmenting the manufacture of munitions — a task upon which hung England's fate — was entrusted to him in May, 1915, and as minister of munitions he accomplished that task with amazing success. No study was too arduous, if needed to master the technical details of gun-making. At his magic touch hundreds of arsenals sprang into being, and an immense army of men and women set themselves to the work of supplying howitzers and high explosives to the gallant fellows at the front. After the Irish rebellion of Eastertide, 1916, Lloyd George, as «handy man» of the cabinet, was delegated to arrange a settlement of the Irish question by compromise; in this most difficult of all endeavors he had well-nigh succeeded, when the premier, Mr. Asquith, yielded to Unionist solicitations and modified the terms agreed upon, with the result that the whole scheme fell to the ground. Later that same summer, in July, Lloyd George assumed the post of war minister, vacated by Lord Kitchener's tragic death. Already the newspapers, especially the newspapers controlled by Lord Northcliffe, were beginning to clamor for the advancement of Lloyd George to an even more exalted position of authority. The premier was unsparingly denounced as a temporizing politician, unfit for command in the strenuous exigencies of war. At length, in December, 1916, when popular

discontent was at its height and the Allies' fortunes seemed to have sunk to the lowest depths, Lloyd George demanded the formation of an inner cabinet or war council, and when Mr. Asquith refused, the war minister precipitated a cabinet crisis by resigning. A few days later, Mr. Asquith's Coalition Cabinet gave place to a «war ministry,» from which Mr. Asquith and Viscount Grey — undeviating Liberals both — were excluded, and in which Lloyd George as premier occupied a position of almost dictatorial power. His closest associates in the «inner cabinet,» curiously enough, were Lord Curzon and Lord Milner, to whom seven years previously he had paid the delicate compliment, «There is one thing in common between Lord Milner and Lord Curzon. They are both very clever men, but they are that class of clever men with every gift except the gift of common sense.» But in a war cabinet, perhaps, «common sense» is less needed than energy. For a war premier, the character of Lloyd George was admirably suited. With the strong qualities of courage, candor, and resourcefulness, he combined a certain ruthless energy — an impetuous and imperious will — which would brook no obstruction in its progress toward the high goal of victory.

No formal literary essays or treatises have ever been indited by David Lloyd George. Besides some early political sketches, we have little from his pen. His great contribution to literature has been made by the living, spoken word. Even so, it must be confessed that none of his speeches possesses the grace of perfect literary finish; for Lloyd George speaks less to win the approval of the critic than to enlist the sympathy of the people. Other orators may excel him in nicety of diction or in felicity of allusion, but no British orator surpasses Lloyd George in the power of persuasion. His caustic wit, his genial broadsides of humor, his lucid expositions of facts and figures, his gusts of scathing invective, and his occasional flights of imaginative eloquence, — all are addressed straight to the heart of the common man. Lloyd George speaks in the undying accents of democracy.

AN APPEAL TO THE NATION

A speech delivered at the Queen's Hall, London, on September 19th, 1914.

THERE is no man in this room who has always regarded the prospect of engaging in a great war with greater reluctance and with greater repugnance than I have done throughout the whole of my political life. (*Hear, hear.*) There is no man either inside or outside this room more convinced that we could not have avoided it without national dishonor. (*Great applause.*) I am fully alive to the fact that every nation that has ever engaged in any war has always invoked the sacred name of honor. Many a crime has

been committed in its name; there are some being committed now. All the same, national honor is a reality, and any nation that disregards it is doomed. (*Hear, hear.*) Why is our honor as a country involved in this war? Because, in the first instance, we are bound by honorable obligations to defend the independence, the liberty, the integrity, of a small neighbor that has always lived peaceably. (*Applause.*) She could not have compelled us; she was weak; but the man who declines to discharge his duty because his creditor is too poor to enforce it is a blackguard. (*Loud applause.*) We entered into a treaty — a solemn treaty — two treaties — to defend Belgium and her integrity. Our signatures are attached to the documents. Our signatures do not stand there alone; this country was not the only country that undertook to defend the integrity of Belgium. Russia, France, Austria, Prussia — they are all there. Why are Austria and Prussia not performing the obligations of their bond? It is suggested that when we quote this treaty it is purely an excuse on our part — it is our low craft and cunning to cloak our jealousy of a superior civilization — (*Laughter*) — that we are attempting to destroy.

Our answer is the action we took in 1870. (*Hear, hear.*) What was that? Mr. Gladstone was then Prime Minister. (*Applause.*) Lord Granville, I think, was then Foreign Secretary. I have never heard it laid to their charge that they were ever Jingoes.

What did they do in 1870? That treaty bound us then. We called upon the belligerent Powers to respect it. We called upon France, and we called upon Germany. At that time, bear in mind, the greatest danger to Belgium came from France and not from Germany. We intervened to protect Belgium against France, exactly as we are doing now to protect her against Germany. (*Applause.*) We proceeded in exactly the same way. We invited both the belligerent Powers to state that they had no intention of violating Belgian territory. What was the answer given by Bismarck? He said it was superfluous to ask Prussia such a question in view of the treaties in force. France gave a similar answer. We received at that time the thanks of the Belgian people for our intervention in a very remarkable document. It is a document addressed by the municipality of Brussels to Queen Victoria after that intervention, and it reads:

«The great and noble people over whose destinies you preside has just given a further proof of its benevolent sentiments towards our country. . . . The voice of the English nation has been heard above

the din of arms, and it has asserted the principles of justice and right. Next to the unalterable attachment of the Belgian people to their independence, the strongest sentiment which fills their hearts is that of imperishable gratitude.» (*Great applause.*)

That was in 1870. Mark what followed. Three or four days after that document of thanks, a French army was wedged up against the Belgian frontier, every means of escape shut out by a ring of flame from Prussian cannon. There was one way of escape. What was that? Violating the neutrality of Belgium. What did they do? The French on that occasion preferred ruin and humiliation to the breaking of their bond. (*Loud applause.*) The French Emperor, the French Marshals, 100,000 gallant Frenchmen in arms, preferred to be carried captive to the strange land of their enemies, rather than dishonor the name of their country. (*Applause.*) It was the French army in the field. Had they violated Belgian neutrality, the whole history of that war would have been changed, and yet, when it was the interest of France to break the treaty then, she did not do it.

It is the interest of Prussia to-day to break the treaty, and she has done it. (*Hisses.*) She avows it with cynical contempt for every principle of justice. She says: «Treaties only bind you when your interest is to keep them.» (*Laughter.*) «What is a treaty?» says the German Chancellor, «A scrap of paper.» Have you any £5 notes about you? (*Laughter and applause.*) I am not calling for them. (*Laughter.*) Have you any of those neat little Treasury £1 notes? (*Laughter.*) If you have, burn them; they are only scraps of paper. (*Laughter and applause.*) What are they made of? Rags. (*Laughter.*) What are they worth? The whole credit of the British Empire. (*Loud applause.*) Scraps of paper! I have been dealing with scraps of paper within the last month. One suddenly found the commerce of the world coming to a standstill. The machine had stopped. Why? I will tell you. We discovered — many of us for the first time, for I do not pretend that I do not know much more about the machinery of commerce to-day than I did six weeks ago, and there are many others like me — we discovered that the machinery of commerce was moved by bills of exchange. I have seen some of them — (*Laughter*) — wretched, crinkled, scrawled over, blotched, frowsy, and yet those wretched little scraps of paper move great ships laden with thousands of tons of precious cargo from one end of the world to the other. (*Applause.*) What is the motive power behind them? The honor of commercial men. (*Applause.*) Treaties

are the currency of International statesmanship. (*Applause.*) Let us be fair: German merchants, German traders, have the reputation of being as upright and straightforward as any traders in the world — (*Hear, hear*) — but if the currency of German commerce is to be debased to the level of that of her statesmanship, no trader from Shanghai to Valparaiso will ever look at a German signature again. (*Loud applause.*) This doctrine of the scrap of paper, this doctrine which is proclaimed by Bernhardi, that treaties only bind a nation as long as it is to its interest, goes under the root of all public law. It is the straight road to barbarism. (*Hear, hear.*) It is as if you were to remove the Magnetic Pole because it was in the way of a German cruiser. (*Laughter.*) The whole navigation of the seas would become dangerous, difficult, and impossible; and the whole machinery of civilization will break down if this doctrine wins in this war. (*Hear, hear.*) We are fighting against barbarism — (*Applause*) — and there is one way of putting it right. If there are nations that say they will only respect treaties when it is to their interest to do so, we must make it to their interest to do so for the future. (*Applause.*)

What is their defense? Consider the interview which took place between our Ambassador and the great German officials. When their attention was called to this treaty to which they were parties, they said: «We cannot help that. Rapidity of action is the great German asset.» There is a greater asset for a nation than rapidity of action, and that is honest dealing. (*Loud applause.*) What are Germany's excuses? She says Belgium was plotting against her; Belgium was engaged in a great conspiracy with Britain and France to attack her. Not merely is it not true, but Germany knows it is not true. (*Hear, hear.*) France offered Belgium five army corps to defend her if she were attacked. Belgium said: «I do not require them; I have the word of the Kaiser. Shall Cæsar send a lie?» (*Laughter and applause.*) All these tales about conspiracy have been vamped up since. A great nation ought to be ashamed to behave like a fraudulent bankrupt, perjuring its way through its obligations. (*Hear, hear.*) What she says is not true. She has deliberately broken this treaty, and we are in honor bound to stand by it. (*Applause.*)

Belgium has been treated brutally. (*Hear, hear.*) How brutally we shall not yet know. We already know too much. What had she done? Had she sent an ultimatum to Germany? Had she challenged Germany? Was she preparing to make war on Germany? Had she inflicted any wrong upon Germany which the Kaiser was

bound to redress? She was one of the most unoffending little countries in Europe. (*Hear, hear.*) There she was — peaceable, industrious, thrifty, hard-working, giving offense to no one. And her cornfields have been trampled, her villages have been burnt, her art treasures have been destroyed, her men have been slaughtered — yea, and her women and children too. (*Cries of «Shame.»*) Hundreds and thousands of her people, their neat comfortable little homes burnt to the dust, are wandering homeless in their own land. What was their crime? Their crime was that they trusted to the word of a Prussian King. (*Applause.*) I do not know what the Kaiser hopes to achieve by this war. (*Derisive laughter.*) I have a shrewd idea what he will get; but one thing he has made certain, and that is that no nation will ever commit that crime again.

I am not going to enter into details of outrages. Many of them are untrue, and always are in a war. War is a grim, ghastly business at best or at worst — (*Hear, hear*) — and I am not going to say that all that has been said in the way of outrages must necessarily be true. I will go beyond that, and I will say that if you turn two millions of men — forced, conscript, compelled, driven — into the field, you will always get amongst them a certain number who will do things that the nation to which they belong would be ashamed of. I am not depending on these tales. It is enough for me to have the story which Germans themselves avow, admit, defend, and proclaim — the burning, massacring, the shooting down of harmless people. Why? Because, according to the Germans, these people fired on German soldiers. What business had German soldiers there at all? (*Hear, hear, and applause.*) Belgium was acting in pursuance of the most sacred right, the right to defend its homes. But they were not in uniform when they fired! If a burglar broke into the Kaiser's Palace at Potsdam, destroyed his furniture, killed his servants, ruined his art treasures, — especially those he has made himself — (*Laughter and applause*), — and burned the precious manuscript of his speeches, do you think he would wait until he got into uniform before he shot him down? (*Laughter.*) They were dealing with those who had broken into their household. (*Hear, hear.*) But the perfidy of the Germans has already failed. They entered Belgium to save time. The time has gone. (*Loud and continued applause.*) They have not gained time, but they have lost their good name. (*Hear, hear.*)

But Belgium is not the only little nation that has been attacked in this war, and I make no excuse for referring to the case of the other little nation, the case of Serbia? (*Hear, hear.*) The history of

Serbia is not unblotted. Whose history, in the category of nations, is unblotted? (*Hear, hear.*) The first nation that is without sin, let her cast a stone at Serbia. She was a nation trained in a horrible school, but she won her freedom with a tenacious valor, and she has maintained it by the same courage. (*Applause.*) If the Serbians were mixed up in the assassination of the Grand Duke, they ought to be punished. (*Hear, hear.*) Serbia admits that. The Serbian Government had nothing to do with it. Not even Austria claims that. The Serbian Prime Minister is one of the most capable and honored men in Europe. (*Hear, hear.*) Serbia was willing to punish any one of her subjects who had been proved to have any complicity in that assassination. What more could you expect? What were the Austrian demands? Serbia sympathized with her fellow-countrymen in Bosnia — that was one of her crimes. She must do so no more. Her newspapers were saying nasty things about Austria: they must do so no longer. That is the German spirit; you had it in Zabern. (*Hear, hear, and applause.*) How dare you criticize a Prussian official? — (*Laughter*) — and if you laugh, it is a capital offense — the Colonel in Zabern threatened to shoot if it was repeated. In the same way the Serbian newspapers must not criticize Austria. I wonder what would have happened if we had taken the same line about German newspapers. (*Hear, hear.*) Serbia said: «Very well, we will give orders to the newspapers that they must in future criticize neither Austria, nor Hungary, nor anything that is theirs.» (*Laughter.*) Who can doubt the valor of Serbia, when she undertook to tackle her newspaper editors? (*Laughter and applause.*) She promised not to sympathize with Bosnia; she promised to write no critical articles about Austria; she would have no public meetings in which anything unkind was said about Austria.

But that was not enough. She must dismiss from her army the officers whom Austria should subsequently name. Those officers had just emerged from a war where they had added lustre to the Serbian arms; they were gallant, brave, and efficient. (*Hear, hear.*) I wonder whether it was their guilt or their efficiency that prompted Austria's action! But, mark you, the officers were not named; Serbia was to undertake in advance to dismiss them from the army, the names to be sent in subsequently. Can you name a country in the world that would have stood that? (*Cries of «No.»*) Supposing Austria or Germany had issued an ultimatum of that kind to this country, saying: «You must dismiss from your Army — and from your Navy — (*Laughter*) — all those officers whom we shall subsequently name.»

Well, I think I could name them now. (*Laughter.*) Lord Kitchener — (*Loud applause*) — would go. Sir John French — (*Applause*) — would be sent away; General Smith-Dorrien — (*Applause*) — would go, and I am sure that Sir John Jellico — (*Applause*) — would have to go. And there is another gallant old warrior who would go — Lord Roberts. (*Applause.*) It was a difficult situation for a small country. Here was a demand made upon her by a great military Power that could have put half a dozen men in the field for every one of Serbia's men, and that Power was supported by the greatest military Power in the world. How did Serbia behave? It is not what happens you in life that matters. It is the way in which you face it — (*Hear, hear*) — and Serbia faced the situation with dignity. She said to Austria: «If any officers of mine have been guilty, and are proved to be guilty, I will dismiss them.» Austria said: «That is not good enough for me.» It was not guilt she was after, but capacity. (*Hear, hear.*)

Then came Russia's turn. Russia has a special regard for Serbia; she has a special interest in Serbia. Russians have shed their blood for Serbian independence many a time, for Serbia is a member of Russia's family, and she cannot see Serbia maltreated. Austria knew that. Germany knew it, and she turned round to Russia, and said: «I insist that you shall stand by with your arms folded whilst Austria is strangling your little brother to death.» What answer did the Russian Slav give? He gave the only answer that becomes a man. (*Hear, hear.*) He turned to Austria, and said: «You lay hands on that little fellow, and I will tear your ramshackle Empire — (*Loud applause and laughter*) — limb from limb.» And he is doing it! (*Loud applause.*)

That is the story of the two little nations. The world owes much to little nations — and to little men! (*Laughter and applause.*) This theory of bigness, this theory that you must have a *big* Empire, and a *big* nation, and a *big* man — well, long legs have their advantage in a retreat. (*Laughter and applause.*) Frederick the First chose his warriors for their height, and that tradition has become a policy in Germany. Germany applies that ideal to nations, and will only allow 6-foot-2 nations to stand in the ranks. (*Laughter.*) But ah! the world owes much to the little 5-foot-5 nations. The greatest art in the world was the work of little nations; the most enduring literature of the world came from little nations; the greatest literature of England came when she was a nation of the size of Belgium fighting a great Empire. The heroic deeds that thrill humanity through

generations were the deeds of little nations fighting for their freedom. Yes, and the salvation of mankind came through a little nation. God has chosen little nations as the vessels by which He carries His choicest wines to the lips of humanity, to rejoice their hearts, to exalt their vision, to stimulate and strengthen their faith; and if we had stood by when two little nations were being crushed and broken by the brutal hands of barbarism, our shame would have rung down the everlasting ages. (*Loud applause.*)

But Germany insists that this is an attack by a lower civilization upon a higher one. (*Derisive cries.*) As a matter of fact, the attack was begun by the civilization which calls itself the higher one. I am no apologist for Russia: she has perpetrated deeds of which I have no doubt her best sons are ashamed. What Empire has not? But Germany is the last Empire to point the finger of reproach at Russia. (*Hear, hear.*) Russia has made sacrifices for freedom — great sacrifices. Do you remember the cry of Bulgaria when she was torn by the most insensate tyranny that Europe has ever seen? Who listened to that cry? The only answer of the higher civilization was that the liberty of the Bulgarian peasants was not worth the life of a single Pomeranian soldier. But the rude barbarians of the North sent their sons by the thousand to die for Bulgarian freedom. What about England? Go to Greece, the Netherlands, Italy, Germany, France — in all those lands I could point out places where the sons of Britain have died for the freedom of those peoples. (*Loud applause.*) France has made sacrifices for the freedom of other lands than her own. Can you name a single country in the world for the freedom of which modern Prussia has ever sacrificed a single life? («*No.*») By the test of our faith, the highest standard of civilization is the readiness to sacrifice for others. (*Applause.*)

I will not say a single word in disparagement of the German people. They are a great people, and have great qualities of head and hand and heart. I believe, in spite of recent events, that there is as great a store of kindliness in the German peasant as in any peasant in the world; but he has been drilled into a false idea of civilization. It is efficient, it is capable; but it is a hard civilization; it is a selfish civilization; it is a material civilization. They cannot comprehend the action of Britain at the present moment; they say so. They say, «France we can understand; she is out for vengeance; she is out for territory — Alsace and Lorraine.» (*Applause.*) They say they can understand Russia, she is fighting for mastery — she wants Galicia. They can understand you fighting for vengeance — they can under-

stand you fighting for mastery — they can understand you fighting for greed of territory; but they cannot understand a great empire pledging its resources, pledging its might, pledging the lives of its children, pledging its very existence, to protect a little nation that seeks to defend herself. (*Applause.*) God made man in His own image, high of purpose, in the region of the spirit; German civilization would re-create him in the image of a Diesel machine — precise, accurate, powerful, but with no room for soul to operate. (*Hear, hear.*)

Have you read the Kaiser's speeches? If you have not a copy I advise you to buy one; they will soon be out of print, and you will not have many more of the same sort. (*Laughter and applause.*) They are full of the glitter and bluster of German militarism — «mailed fist,» and «shining armor.» Poor old mailed fist! Its knuckles are getting a little bruised. Poor shining armor! The shine is being knocked out of it. (*Applause.*) There is the same swagger and boastfulness running through the whole of the speeches. The extract which was given in the British Weekly this week is a very remarkable product as an illustration of the spirit we have to fight. It is the Kaiser's speech to his soldiers on the way to the front:

«Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, the German Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His sword, His weapon, and His viceregent. Woe to the disobedient, and death to cowards and unbelievers.»

Lunacy is always distressing, but sometimes it is dangerous; and when you get it manifested in the head of the State, and it has become the policy of a great Empire, it is about time that it should be ruthlessly put away. (*Loud applause.*) I do not believe he meant all these speeches; it was simply the martial straddle he had acquired. But there were men around him who meant every word of them. This was their religion. Treaties? They tangle the feet of Germany in her advance. Cut them with the sword. Little nations? They hinder the advance of Germany. Trample them in the mire under the German heel! The Russian Slav? He challenges the supremacy of Germany in Europe. Hurl your legions at him and massacre him! Britain? She is a constant menace to the predominancy of Germany in the world. Wrest the trident out of her hand! Christianity? Sickly sentimentalism about sacrifice for others! Poor pap for German digestion! We will have a new diet. We will force it upon the world. It will be made in Germany — (*Laughter and applause.*)

— a diet of blood and iron. What remains? Treaties have gone. The honor of nations has gone. Liberty has gone. What is left? Germany! Germany is left! — «*Deutschland über Alles!*»

That is what we are fighting, — (*Hear, hear*), — that claim to predominancy of a material, hard civilization, which if it once rules and sways the world, liberty goes, democracy vanishes. And unless Britain and her sons come to the rescue it will be a dark day for humanity. (*Applause.*)

Have you followed the Prussian Junker and his doings? We are not fighting the German people. The German people are under the heel of this military caste, and it will be a day of rejoicing for the German peasant, artisan, and trader when the military caste is broken. You know its pretensions. They give themselves the airs of demi-gods. They walk the pavements, and civilians and their wives are swept into the gutter; they have no right to stand in the way of a great Prussian soldier. Men, women, nations — they all have to go. He thinks all he has to say is, «We are in a hurry.» That is the answer he gave to Belgium — «Rapidity of action is Germany's greatest asset,» which means, «I am in a hurry; clear out of my way.» You know the type of motorist, the terror of the roads, with a 60-horse-power car, who thinks the roads are made for him and knocks down anybody who impedes the action of his car, by a single mile an hour. The Prussian Junker is the road-hog of Europe. (*Applause.*) Small nationalities in his way are hurled to the roadside, bleeding and broken. Women and children are crushed under the wheels of his cruel car, and Britain is ordered out of his road. All I can say is this: if the old British spirit is alive in British hearts, that bully will be torn from his seat. (*Loud applause.*) Were he to win it would be the greatest catastrophe that has befallen democracy since the day of the Holy Alliance and its ascendancy.

They think we cannot beat them. It will not be easy. It will be a long job; it will be a terrible war; but in the end we shall march through terror to triumph. (*Applause.*) We shall need all our qualities — every quality that Britain and its people possess — prudence in counsel, daring in action, tenacity in purpose, courage in defeat, moderation in victory; in all things faith. (*Loud applause.*)

It has pleased them to believe and to preach the belief that we are a decadent and degenerate people. They proclaim to the world through their professors that we are a non-heroic nation skulking behind our mahogany counters, whilst we egg on more gallant races to their destruction. This is a description given of us in Germany

— «a timorous, craven nation, trusting to its Fleet.» I think they are beginning to find their mistake out already — (*Applause*) — and there are half a million young men of Britain who have already registered a vow to their King that they will cross the seas and hurl that insult to British courage against its perpetrators on the battlefields of France and Germany. We want half a million more; and we shall get them. (*Loud applause.*)

I envy you young people your opportunity. They have put up the age limit for the Army, but I am sorry to say I have marched a good many years even beyond that. It is a great opportunity, an opportunity that only comes once in many centuries to the children of men. For most generations sacrifice comes in drab and weariness of spirit. It comes to you to-day, and it comes to-day to us all, in the form of the glow and thrill of a great movement for liberty, that impels millions throughout Europe to the same noble end. (*Applause.*) It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the thraldom of a military caste which has thrown its shadows upon two generations of men, and is now plunging the world into a welter of bloodshed and death. Some have already given their lives. There are some who have given more than their own lives: they have given the lives of those who are dear to them. I honor their courage, and may God be their comfort and their strength. But their reward is at hand; those who have fallen have died consecrated deaths. They have taken their part in the making of a new Europe — a new world. I can see signs of its coming in the glare of the battlefield.

The people will gain more by this struggle in all lands than they comprehend at the present moment. (*Hear, hear.*) It is true they will be free of the greatest menace to their freedom. That is not all. There is something infinitely greater and more enduring which is emerging already out of this great conflict — a new patriotism, richer, nobler, and more exalted than the old. (*Applause.*) I see amongst all classes, high and low, shedding themselves of selfishness, a new recognition that the honor of the country does not depend merely on the maintenance of its glory in the stricken field, but also in protecting its homes from distress. (*Hear, hear.*) It is bringing a new outlook for all classes. The great flood of luxury and sloth which had submerged the land is receding, and a new Britain is appearing. We can see for the first time the fundamental things that matter in life, and that have been obscured from our vision by the tropical growth of prosperity. (*Hear, hear.*)

May I tell you in a simple parable what I think this war is doing

for us? I know a valley in North Wales, between the mountains and the sea. It is a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blasts. But it is very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hill above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance, and to be stimulated and freshened by the breezes which came from the hilltops, and by the great spectacle of their grandeur. We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too indulgent, many, perhaps, too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation — the great peaks we had forgotten, of Honor, Duty, Patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the great pinnacle of Sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again; but as long as the men and women of this generation last, they will carry in their hearts the image of those great mountain peaks whose foundations are not shaken, though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war. (*Enthusiastic and continued applause.*)

TO AMERICAN COMRADES IN ARMS

A speech to the American Lunch Club in London, Ambassador W. H. Page presiding, April 12th, 1917.

I WAS invited to attend a small family luncheon — (*Laughter*) — but when I entered this room I found that was another American legend — dispelled when I saw this great and impressive gathering. I am in the happy position, I think, of being the first British Minister of the Crown who, speaking on behalf of the people of this country, can salute the American nation as comrades in arms. (*Cheers.*) I am glad. I am proud. I am glad not merely because of the stupendous resources which this great nation can bring to the succor of the Alliance, but I rejoice as a Democrat — (*Cheers*) — that the advent of the United States into this war gives the final stamp and seal to the character of the conflict — (*Cheers*) — as a struggle against military autocracy throughout the world.

That was the note that rang through the great deliverance of President Wilson. It was echoed in your resounding words to-day, sir. The United States of America have a noble tradition, never broken, of having never engaged in a war except for liberty — (*Cheers*) — and this is the greatest struggle for liberty they have ever embarked upon. (*Cheers.*) I am not at all surprised, when one recollects the

wars of the past, that America took its time to make up its mind about the character of this struggle. In Europe most of the great wars of the past were waged for dynastic aggrandizements and for conquest. No wonder that when this great war started there were some elements of suspicion still lurking in the minds of the people of the United States of America. There were many who thought, perhaps, that kings were at their old tricks — (*Laughter*) — and although they saw the gallant Republic of France fighting, they, some of them perhaps, regarded France as the poor victim of conspiracy and of monarchical swashbucklers.

The fact that the United States of America has made up its mind finally makes it abundantly clear to the world that this is no struggle of that character, but a great fight for human liberty. (*Cheers.*) They naturally did not know at first what we had endured in Europe for years from this military caste in Prussia. It never reached as far as the United States of America. Prussia is not a democracy (*Laughter*), but the Kaiser promises it will be a democracy after the war. I think he is right. (*Laughter and cheers.*) But Prussia not merely was not a democracy; Prussia was not a State. Prussia was an army. It had great industries, highly developed. It had a great educational system. It had its universities. It developed its sciences. But all these were subordinate to the one great predominant purpose of an all-conquering army which was to intimidate the world. The army was the spear-point of Prussia; the rest was merely the gilded shaft.

That is what we had to deal with in these old countries. It got on the nerves of Europe. They knew what it all meant. The Prussian army in recent times had waged three wars — all for conquest. And the incessant tramping of its legions through the streets of Prussia and on the parade grounds of Prussia had got into the Prussian head. The Kaiser, when he witnessed it on a grand scale in his reviews, got drunk with the sound of it. He delivered the law to the world, as though Potsdam were a new Sinai and he were uttering the law from the thunder-cloud. But make no mistake; Europe was uneasy. Europe was half intimidated; Europe was anxious; Europe was apprehensive. We knew the whole time what it meant. What we did not know was the moment it would come. This is the menace, this is the oppression, from which Europe has suffered for fifty years. It paralyzed the beneficent activities of all States, which ought to have been devoted to, and concentrated upon, the well-being of their people. They had to think about this menace, which was there constantly as a cloud, ready to burst over the land.

Take France. No one can tell except the Frenchman what they endured from this tyranny (*Cheers*), patiently, gallantly, with dignity, until the hour of deliverance came. The best energies in democratic France have been devoted to defense against the impending terror. France was like a nation which had put up its right arm to ward off a blow, and it could not use the whole of its strength for the great things France was capable of. That great, bold, imaginative, fertile mind, which would otherwise have been cleaving new paths of progress, was paralyzed. This was the state of things we had to encounter.

The most characteristic of all Prussian institutions is the Hindenburg line. What is the Hindenburg line? The Hindenburg line is a line drawn in the territories of other people with a warning that the inhabitants of those territories shall not cross it at the peril of their lives. That line has been drawn in Europe for fifty years in many lands. You recollect what happened some years ago in France when the Foreign Minister, the French Foreign Minister, was practically driven out of office by Prussian interference. Why? What had he done? He had done nothing that the Minister of an independent State had not the most absolute right to do. He crossed that imaginary line drawn in French territory by Prussian despotism, and he had to leave.

Europe, after enduring this for generations, made up its mind at last that the Hindenburg line must be drawn along the legitimate frontiers of Germany herself. (*Cheers.*) It has been an undoubted fight for the emancipation of Europe and the emancipation of the world. It was hard at first for the people of America quite to appreciate that. Germany had not interfered to the same extent with their freedom, if at all. But at last she has endured the same experience to which Europe has been subjected. Americans were told they were not to be allowed to cross and recross the Atlantic except at their peril. American ships were sunk without warning. American subjects were drowned with hardly an apology, in fact as a matter of German right. At first America could hardly believe it. They could not think it possible that any sane people could behave in that manner. And they tolerated it once, they tolerated it twice, until at last it became clear that the Germans really meant it. Then America acted and acted promptly. The Hindenburg line was drawn along the shores of America and Americans were told they must not cross it. America said, «What is this?» and was told that this was a line beyond which they must not go. Then America said, «The place for that line is not the Atlantic, but on the Rhine, and we mean to help you to roll it up.» And they have started. (*Cheers.*)

There are two great facts which clinch the argument that this is a great struggle for freedom. The first is the fact that America has come in. She could not have done otherwise. The second is the Russian Revolution. When France in the eighteenth century sent her soldiers to America to fight for the freedom and independence of that land France also was an autocracy. But when the Frenchmen were in America their aim was freedom, their atmosphere was freedom, and their inspiration was freedom. They acquired a taste for freedom and they took it home, and France became free. That is the story of Russia. Russia engaged in this great war for the freedom of Serbia, of Montenegro, and Bulgaria. Russians have fought for the freedom of Europe, and they wanted to make their own country free. They have done it. The Russian Revolution is not merely the outcome of the struggle for freedom. It is a proof of its character as a struggle for liberty. And if the Russian people realize, as there is evidence they are doing, that national discipline is not incompatible with national freedom, and know that national discipline is essential to the security of national freedom, they will indeed become a free people. (*Cheers.*)

I have been asking myself the question why is it that Germany deliberately in the third year of the war provoked America to this declaration, and to this action? Deliberately! Yes; resolutely! It has been suggested that the reason was that there were certain elements in American life which Germany was under the impression would make it impossible for the United States to declare war. That I can hardly believe; but the answer has been afforded by General Hindenburg himself in the very remarkable interview which appears, I think, this morning in the Press. He depended clearly on one of two things — that the submarine campaign would have destroyed international shipping to such an extent that England would have been put out of business before America was ready. According to his computation, America would not be ready for twelve months. He does not know America. (*Cheers.*) Then alternatively, and when America was ready at the end of twelve months with her army, she would have no ships to transport that army to the field of battle. In Hindenburg's words, «America carries no weight.» (*Laughter.*) I suppose he means that she has no ships to carry on. (*Laughter.*) That is undoubtedly their reckoning.

Well, it is not wise always to assume, even when the German General Staff has miscalculated, that they have had no ground for their calculation; and therefore it behooves the whole of the Allies — Britain and America in particular — to see that that reckoning of von Hindenburg

is as false as the one he made about the famous line which we have broken already. (*Cheers.*) The road to victory, the guarantee of victory, the absolute assurance of victory, is to be found in one word — ships. (*Cheers.*) In a second word — ships — (*Cheers*); in a third word — ships. (*Renewed cheers.*) I see that America, with that quickness of comprehension which characterizes your nation, fully realizes that, and to-day I observe that they have already made an arrangement to build — is it 1000? — («*Yes.*») — 3000-tonners for the Atlantic. (*Cheers.*) I think that the German military advisers must already begin to realize that this is another of the tragic miscalculations which is going to lead them to disaster and to ruin. (*Cheers.*)

But, Mr. Chairman, you will pardon me for just emphasizing that we are a slow people in these islands. (*Laughter.*) Yes, but sure! (*Cheers.*) Slowly, blunderingly; but we get there. (*Cheers.*) You get there sooner, and that is why I am glad to see you in. But may I say we have been in this business for three years? We have made blunders; we generally do; we have tried every blunder. (*Laughter.*) In golfing phraseology, we have gone through every bunker; but we have a good niblick stroke — (*Laughter and cheers*) — and we are now right out on the course. May I respectfully suggest that it is worth America's while to study our blunders so as to begin just where we are now — not where we were three years ago? (*Cheers.*) In war, time is everything, time has a tragic significance. A step taken to-day may lead to assured victory, but taken to-morrow may barely avert disaster. All the Allies have discovered that. It was a new country for us all. It was trackless, mapless; we had to go by instinct, but we found the way, and I am so glad that you are sending your great naval and military experts here just to exchange experiences with men who have been through all the dreary, anxious course of the last three years. (*Cheers.*)

America has helped us even to win the battle of Arras — this great battle. Those guns which destroyed the German trenches and shattered the barbed wire — I remember with some friends of mine I see here discussing the matter and arranging to order from America the machines to make those guns. (*Cheers.*) Not all. (*Laughter.*) You got your share; it was only a share, but it is a glorious one. America has been making guns, making munitions, making machinery to prepare both, supplying us with steel, and she has got all that organization, that wonderful facility, adaptability, and resourcefulness of the great people who inhabit that great continent. Ah! it was a bad day for military autocracy in Prussia when she challenged the

great Republic of the West. (*Cheers.*) We know what America can do; and we also know that now she is in it she will do it. (*Cheers.*) She will wage an effective and successful war.

There is something more important. She will ensure a beneficent peace. (*Cheers.*) I am the last man in the world — knowing for three years what our difficulties have been, what our anxieties have been, what our fears have been — to deny that the succor which is given us from America is something to rejoice in, and rejoice greatly in; but I do not mind telling you that I rejoice even more in the knowledge that America is going to win her right to be at the conference table when the terms of peace are being discussed. (*Cheers.*) That conference will settle the destiny of nations, the course of human life, for God knows how many ages. It would have been a tragedy for mankind if America had not been there, and there with all the influence, and the power, and the right, which she has now won by flinging herself into this great struggle. (*Cheers.*)

I can see peace coming now, not a peace which would be a beginning of war, not a peace which would be an endless preparation for strife and bloodshed; but a real peace. The world is an old world which has never had peace. It has been rocking, swaying like the ocean, and Europe — poor Europe — has always lived under the menace of the sword. When this war began two thirds of Europe was under autocratic rule. It is the other way about now, and democracy means peace. (*Cheers.*) The democracy of France did not want war. The democracy of Italy hesitated long before entering the war. The democracy of this country shrank from it and shuddered, and would never have entered that cauldron if it had not been for the invasion of Belgium. Democracy sought peace, strove for peace, and if Prussia had been a democracy there would have been no war. (*Cheers.*)

But strange things have happened in this war, and stranger things are to come — and they are coming rapidly. There are times in history when the world spins so leisurely along its destined course that it seems for centuries to be at a standstill. There are also times when it rushes along at a giddy pace covering the track of centuries in a year. These are the times we are living in now. Six weeks ago Russia was an autocracy. She is now one of the most advanced democracies in the world. (*Cheers.*) To-day we are waging the most devastating war that the world has ever seen. To-morrow — not perhaps a distant to-morrow — war may be abolished forever from the categories of human crimes. (*Cheers.*) This may be something

like that fierce outburst of winter which we are now witnessing before the complete triumph of spring.

It was written of those gallant men who won that victory on Monday — (*Cheers*) — men from Canada, from Australia, and from this old country — (*Cheers*) — which has proved that in spite of its age it is not decrepit — (*Cheers*) — it was written of those gallant men that they attacked with the dawn. Fitting work for the dawn to drive out of forty miles of French soil those miscreants who had defiled it for nearly three years. They attacked with the dawn. It is a significant phrase. The breaking up of the dark rule of the Turk, which for centuries has clouded the sunniest lands in the world, the freeing of Russia from the oppression which has covered it like a cloud for so long, the great declaration of President Wilson (*Cheers*), coming with the might of the great nation he represents in the struggle for liberty, are heralds of dawn. «They attacked with the dawn,» and those men are marching forward in the full radiance of that dawn, and soon Frenchmen and Americans, British, Italians, and Russians, yea, Serbians, Belgians, Montenegrins, and Rumanians will march into the full light of perfect day. (*Loud cheers.*)

BEFORE THE WAR

From a speech on Scottish Land Reform delivered at Glasgow on February 4th, 1914.

You have hundreds of thousands of men — working unceasingly for wages that barely bring them enough bread to keep themselves and their families above privation. Generation after generation they see their children wither before their eyes for lack of air, light, and space, which is denied them by men who have square miles of it for their own use. Take our cities, the great cities of a great Empire. Right in the heart of them everywhere you have ugly quagmires of human misery, seething, rotting, at last fermenting. We pass them by every day on our way to our comfortable homes. We forget that divine justice never passed by a great wrong. You can hear, carried by the breezes from the north, the south, the east, and the west, ominous rumbling. The chariots of retribution are drawing nigh. How long will all these injustices last for myriads of men, women, and children created in the image of God — how long? I believe it is coming to an end. (*Cheers.*)

I remember a story told in my youth of a very remarkable but rather quaint old Welsh preacher. He was conducting a funeral

service for a poor old fellow who had had a very bad time through life without any fault of his own. They could hardly find a space in the churchyard for his tomb. At last they got enough to make a brickless grave amidst towering monuments that rose upon it, and the old minister, standing above it, said: "Well, Davie Vach, you have had a narrow time right through life and you have a narrow place in death. But never mind, old friend; I can see a day dawning for you when you will rise out of your narrow bed and call out to all those big people—'Elbow room for the poor.'" I can see the day of the resurrection, the dawn of the resurrection of the oppressed in all lands already gilding the hilltops. (*Cheers.*)

HENRY GEORGE

(1839–1897)

BY ROBERT MURRAY HAIG

It is a peculiar fact that the most widely-read American book in the field of economics, Henry George's «Progress and Poverty,» was written by a man who was not a professional economist. It is perhaps as strange that this man, who to such a marked degree succeeded in presenting obtuse material in a form attractive enough to charm thousands of those who seldom are drawn to serious reading, was one whose formal training was very inadequate and apparently ill-adapted to the development of ability as a writer. Henry George's youth was spent under very difficult conditions; nevertheless it is in these conditions that one must search for many of the causes of his distinction, both as a writer and as an economist.

George was the son of a publisher of religious books in Philadelphia and was one of twelve children. The father's business, which had yielded a comfortable income, began to decline soon after 1839, the year of Henry George's birth, and, largely because of this, the boy left school before he had reached his fourteenth year. After spending two years in minor clerical positions, he obtained his parents' consent to go to sea and shipped as a sailor before the mast on an East Indiaman bound for Australia. The ship was in command of a friend of the family who had been especially requested to make the voyage sufficiently unpleasant to quench the boy's nautical ambitions. This plan appears not to have been entirely successful, for, upon George's return after more than a year it was only after great urging that he yielded to his parents' desire that he remain ashore and apprentice himself as a typesetter. But these were years of depression in Philadelphia, and, finding employment difficult to procure, George's thoughts soon turned westward. Toward the end of 1857, he found a way of reaching the Pacific coast by signing as steward on the United States lighthouse steamer «Shubrick» which was about to leave for San Francisco. So it came about that Henry George at the age of eighteen reached California, where he was to live until he was forty under conditions which awakened him to an appreciation of the evils involved in the private ownership of land and stirred him to initiate a battle against this form of privilege which has spread over the entire civilized world and whose issue is even yet far from a final decision.

California at this time was developing at a tremendous rate as the

result of the discovery of gold a decade before. Because of this fact, some of the disadvantages of the private ownership of land stood out with great clearness. The state had inherited a legacy of conflicting land titles from the Spanish and Mexican régimes, and the stupid land policy followed after the American occupation permitted the seizure of a huge portion of the state's choicest land by speculators who withheld much of it from the market. Henry George was to witness the retarding and depressing influence of these factors.

Conditions moreover were unstable and exceedingly dynamic. Sudden changes in fortune were taking place on all sides. New projects were constantly springing up and old ones abandoned. There was little co-ordination and evenness in the economic situation. Consequently, though wages were high, employment was irregular. The story of Henry George's efforts to make a living illustrates the situation very clearly. He was constantly losing one position after a few weeks only to take up another which was no more permanent. His bitter personal experiences, for he was often without work and was reduced sometimes nearly to desperation, undoubtedly had a very profound effect upon the development of his economic philosophy.

Hardly had he landed in San Francisco before he set forth on a fruitless quest to the Fraser River goldfields near Victoria, Vancouver Island. Returning after a few months, he found work first in a printing office and then as a weigher in a rice mill. But soon he set off once more in search of gold, tramping across country for several months but finally abandoning the project before reaching the goldfields. Returning to San Francisco, he once more took up work at the printer's case. In 1861 he bought for a pittance a share in an ill-starred newspaper venture to which he contributed his labor for a considerable length of time. Shortly after the failure of this project, when without funds and without employment, he married an orphan against the wishes of her guardian and went to Sacramento to live. Here he remained for several years, but early in 1864, having lost his position, he returned to San Francisco. Here he set type, started a job-printing venture, peddled clothes-wringers, and solicited subscriptions to newspapers — anything to secure sufficient money to support his wife and child. In January, 1865, when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb, his second child was born. He was without funds, and not knowing where to turn to secure food for his sick wife, he begged from a stranger he met on the street. He stated afterward that, if he had been refused the five dollars he asked of the man, he «was desperate enough to have killed him.» It is not strange that one who himself had had such experiences as this should be keenly interested in the question of the distribution of wealth.

During these years George had had little time for intellectual pursuits, but in his eagerness to improve his condition, he now began to

read and to write upon miscellaneous subjects, hoping to secure a reporting and editing position. Occasionally he wrote for publication, but it was not until he was twenty-seven years old that he was entirely released from the composing-room by being made a member of the staff of the San Francisco Times. He was with this paper about a year, and was then sent East on a commission for the San Francisco Herald.

The winter of 1868–1869 George spent in New York and he had the opportunity to observe economic conditions in the metropolis and to compare them with those in the far West. It was on this visit, he testifies, that he «saw and recognized for the first time the shocking contrast between monstrous wealth and debasing want,» and as the result of what was essentially a religious experience — «a thought, a vision, a call,» he described it — he vowed to «seek out and remedy» the frightful conditions among the poor. Soon after his return to California he went to Oakland as editor of the Transcript. Land speculation, based upon the prospects for the extension of the transcontinental railroad, was rife in the town, and values had risen to «extravagant figures.» Having had his attention called one day to some acreage far out from the town which was being held for an enormous price, he suddenly found what he felt was a solution of the problem which had been raised so acutely in his mind in New York. He says: «Like a flash it came upon me that *there* was the reason of advancing poverty with advancing wealth. With the growth of population, lands grow in value and the men who work it must pay for the privilege.» It was this seed thought which ripened into his little pamphlet ‹Our Land and Land Policy,› published in 1871, and which developed into the fundamental thesis of ‹Progress and Poverty› a decade later. He continued with newspaper work until 1876 when an appointment as State Inspector of Gas Meters removed for a time the most pressing of his financial worries and gave him sufficient leisure to read and to write. Early in 1879 he finished the book which was to make him famous.

‹Progress and Poverty,› in spite of the enormous popularity which it later attained, made at first no appeal at all to the publishers. After submitting the manuscript to a number of houses, George decided that the only feasible plan was to print the book privately, and persuaded a printer-friend to make the plates and issue an author's edition of five hundred copies. With the plates available he again sought a publisher, and at last persuaded Appletons to accept the book, the edition appearing early in 1880. Before the end of the year a second edition bound in paper was published. In 1881 the book was printed in serial form in Truth, a one-cent daily paper of fairly large circulation in New York. The first English edition appeared in 1881 and met with «astonishing success.» Two cheap paper editions appeared

in England in 1882 and another in America in 1883. Translations soon began to be made. Thus it early became evident that the author's confidence in his book was amply justified.

This is not the place to undertake an exposition of Henry George's views or to attempt a criticism of them. Suffice it to say that the publication of ‹Progress and Poverty› marked the beginning of the present-day Single-Tax movement, and that the strength which the movement has developed is almost entirely due to the power and appeal of this book, coupled with the personality of its author. Henry George now (1880) moved to New York, and devoted the remainder of his life to spreading his gospel of land taxation. His activities carried him five times to England and once to Australia. He developed skill as a speaker so that his lecturing became perhaps as effective a tool for propaganda as his writings. His later books never attained the position of ‹Progress and Poverty,› although his ‹Protection or Free Trade?›, published as part of the Congressional record, was circulated very widely. For a number of years he edited a weekly paper, the Standard, devoted to the interests of the Single Tax. Writing, lecturing, and editing, he set in motion forces which aroused interest in almost every civilized country.

Early in life George had political ambitions, but these failed of realization. During his later years invitations to become a candidate for public office came to him several times, and he accepted because of the opportunity they offered to further his views on the land question. Thus in 1886 he became the labor candidate for Mayor of the city of New York, and ran second in a three-cornered fight which was won by Abram S. Hewitt. The following year he ran for Secretary of State of New York, but was badly defeated. Again in 1897 he was urged to become a candidate for Mayor, and, in spite of the fact that his health was broken and he was warned that to enter the contest would be highly dangerous, he consented and inaugurated a vigorous campaign. His strength proved adequate until five days before the election, but on October 28th, after an evening during which he delivered four addresses, he collapsed and suddenly died.

Even twenty years after his death it is not an easy matter to appraise the influence and the value of the work of Henry George. He never was an economist's economist, a fact which appears to have been a source of considerable disappointment to him. Although he won disciples by the thousand who accepted his book as a revelation and who labored for the accomplishment of his program with great fervor and devotion, the professional economists either ignored him or openly opposed him. Doubtless the explanation is partly that George's fundamental theory was already familiar and that his criticisms of the classical political economy were attacks upon an explanation which was already realized to be inadequate. But probably

more important was the conviction that George's remedy was more serious than the disease; that his proposal was an attack upon what was after all a predominantly middle-class investment which would result in more evil than good. But if the economists have not felt themselves justified in hailing Henry George as the great and only prophet, they, as a class, have come to regard land as a peculiarly attractive subject for special taxation, and the various modified forms of George's proposal have won a considerable number of adherents in academic circles.

The value of George's work is, however, not to be judged by the measure of its acceptance by economists. There is little doubt that the general movement toward land reform and the special taxation of land which looms so large in the modern programs of social reform should be mainly credited to the author of ‹Progress and Poverty.› And although it appears to-day less probable than ever that the Single-Tax program will be adopted in the complete manner advocated by George, the tendency of progress in taxation is indisputably toward an arrangement which much more nearly approximates Henry George's ideal than the existing system.

The authorities mainly used are: ‹The Life of Henry George,› by Henry George, Jr., (2 vols., Doubleday, Page and Co., 1911), and ‹The Single Tax Movement in the United States› by Arthur Nichols Young (Princeton University Press, 1916).

THE PROBLEM

Introductory to ‹Progress and Poverty.› Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co., and reprinted by their permission.

THE present century has been marked by a prodigious increase in wealth-producing power. The utilization of steam and electricity, the introduction of improved processes and labor-saving machinery, the greater subdivision and grander scale of production, the wonderful facilitation of exchanges, have multiplied enormously the effectiveness of labor.

At the beginning of this marvelous era it was natural to expect, and it was expected, that labor-saving inventions would lighten the toil and improve the condition of the laborer; that the enormous increase in the power of producing wealth would make real poverty a thing of the past. Could a man of the last century — a Franklin or a Priestley — have seen, in a vision of the future, the steamship taking the place of the sailing vessel, the railroad train of the wagon, the reaping machine of the scythe, the threshing machine of the

flail; could he have heard the throb of the engines that in obedience to human will, and for the satisfaction of human desire, exert a power greater than that of all the men and all the beasts of burden of the earth combined; could he have seen the forest tree transformed into finished lumber — into doors, sashes, blinds, boxes, or barrels, with hardly the touch of a human hand; the great workshops where boots and shoes are turned out by the case with less labor than the old-fashioned cobbler could have put on a sole; the factories where, under the eye of a girl, cotton becomes cloth faster than hundreds of stalwart weavers could have turned it out with their hand looms; could he have seen steam hammers shaping mammoth shafts and mighty anchors, and delicate machinery making tiny watches; the diamond drill cutting through the heart of the rocks, and coal oil sparing the whale; could he have realized the enormous saving of labor resulting from improved facilities of exchange and communication — sheep killed in Australia eaten fresh in England, and the order given by the London banker in the afternoon executed in San Francisco in the morning of the same day; could he have conceived of the hundred thousand improvements which these only suggest, what would he have inferred as to the social condition of mankind?

It would not have seemed like an inference; further than the vision went it would have seemed as though he saw; and his heart would have leaped and his nerves would have thrilled, as one who from a height beholds just ahead of the thirst-stricken caravan the living gleam of rustling woods and the glint of laughing waters. Plainly, in the sight of the imagination, he would have beheld these new forces elevating society from its very foundations, lifting the very poorest above the possibility of want, exempting the very lowest from anxiety for the material needs of life; he would have seen these slaves of the lamp of knowledge taking on themselves the traditional curse, these muscles of iron and sinews of steel making the poorest laborer's life a holiday, in which every high quality and noble impulse could have scope to grow.

And out of these bounteous material conditions he would have seen arising, as necessary sequences, moral conditions realizing the golden age of which mankind have always dreamed. Youth no longer stunted and starved; age no longer harried by avarice; the child at play with the tiger; the man with the muck-rake drinking in the glory of the stars! Foul things fled, fierce things tame; discord turned to harmony! For how could there be greed where all had enough? How could the vice, the crime, the ignorance, the brutality,

that spring from poverty and the fear of poverty, exist where poverty had vanished? Who should crouch where all were freemen; who oppress where all were peers?

More or less vague or clear, these have been the hopes, these the dreams born of the improvements which give this wonderful century its pre-eminence. They have sunk so deeply into the popular mind as radically to change the currents of thought, to recast creeds, and displace the most fundamental conceptions. The haunting visions of higher possibilities have not merely gathered splendor and vividness, but their direction has changed — instead of seeing behind the faint tinges of an expiring sunset, all the glory of the daybreak has decked the skies before.

It is true that disappointment has followed disappointment, and that discovery upon discovery, and invention after invention, have neither lessened the toil of those who most need respite, nor brought plenty to the poor. But there have been so many things to which it seemed this failure could be laid, that up to our time the new faith has hardly weakened. We have better appreciated the difficulties to be overcome; but not the less trusted that the tendency of the times was to overcome them.

Now, however, we are coming into collision with facts which there can be no mistaking. From all parts of the civilized world come complaints of industrial depression; of labor condemned to involuntary idleness; of capital massed and wasting; of pecuniary distress among business men; of want and suffering and anxiety among the working classes. All the dull, deadening pain, all the keen, maddening anguish, that to great masses of men are involved in the words «hard times,» afflict the world to-day. This state of things, common to communities differing so widely in situation, in political institutions, in fiscal and financial systems, in density of population, and in social organization, can hardly be accounted for by local causes. There is distress where large standing armies are maintained, but there is also distress where the standing armies are nominal; there is distress where protective tariffs stupidly and wastefully hamper trade, but there is also distress where trade is nearly free; there is distress where autocratic government yet prevails, but there is also distress where political power is wholly in the hands of the people; in countries where paper is money, and in countries where gold and silver are the only currency. Evidently, beneath all such things as these, we must infer a common cause.

That there is a common cause, and that it is either what we call

material progress or something closely connected with material progress, becomes more than an inference when it is noted that the phenomena we class together and speak of as industrial depression are but intensifications of phenomena which always accompany material progress, and which show themselves more clearly and strongly as material progress goes on. Where the conditions to which material progress everywhere tends are most fully realized — that is to say, where population is densest, wealth greatest, and the machinery of production and exchange most highly developed — we find the deepest poverty, the sharpest struggle for existence, and the most of enforced idleness.

It is to the newer countries — that is, to the countries where material progress is yet in its earlier stages — that laborers emigrate in search of higher wages, and capital flows in search of higher interest. It is in the older countries — that is to say, the countries where material progress has reached later stages — that widespread destitution is found in the midst of the greatest abundance. Go into one of the new communities where Anglo-Saxon vigor is just beginning the race of progress; where the machinery of production and exchange is yet rude and inefficient; where the increment of wealth is not yet great enough to enable any class to live in ease and luxury; where the best house is but a cabin of logs or a cloth and paper shanty, and the richest man is forced to daily work — and though you will find an absence of wealth and all its concomitants, you will find no beggars. There is no luxury, but there is no destitution. No one makes an easy living, nor a very good living; but everyone *can* make a living, and no one able and willing to work is oppressed by the fear of want.

But just as such a community realizes the conditions which all civilized communities are striving for, and advances in the scale of material progress — just as closer settlement and a more intimate connection with the rest of the world, and greater utilization of labor-saving machinery, make possible greater economies in production and exchange, and wealth in consequence increases, not merely in the aggregate, but in proportion to population — so does poverty take a darker aspect. Some get an infinitely better and easier living, but others find it hard to get a living at all. The «tramp» comes with the locomotive, and almshouses and prisons are as surely the marks of «material progress» as are costly dwellings, rich warehouses, and magnificent churches. Upon streets lighted with gas and patrolled by uniformed policemen, beggars wait for the passer-by, and in the

shadow of college, and library, and museum, are gathering the more hideous Huns and fiercer Vandals of whom Macaulay prophesied.

This fact — the great fact that poverty and all its concomitants show themselves in communities just as they develop into the conditions toward which material progress tends — proves that the social difficulties existing wherever a certain stage of progress has been reached, do not arise from local circumstances, but are, in some way or another, engendered by progress itself.

And, unpleasant as it may be to admit it, it is at last becoming evident that the enormous increase in productive power which has marked the present century and is still going on with accelerating ratio, has no tendency to extirpate poverty or to lighten the burdens of those compelled to toil. It simply widens the gulf between Dives and Lazarus, and makes the struggle for existence more intense. The march of invention has clothed mankind with powers of which a century ago the boldest imagination could not have dreamed. But in factories where labor-saving machinery has reached its most wonderful development, little children are at work; wherever the new forces are anything like fully utilized, large classes are maintained by charity or live on the verge of recourse to it; amid the greatest accumulations of wealth, men die of starvation, and puny infants suckle dry breasts; while everywhere the greed of gain, the worship of wealth, shows the force of the fear of want. The promised land flies before us like the mirage. The fruits of the tree of knowledge turn as we grasp them to apples of Sodom that crumble at the touch.

It is true that wealth has been greatly increased, and that the average of comfort, leisure, and refinement has been raised; but these gains are not general. In them the lowest class do not share.[1] I do not mean that the condition of the lowest class has nowhere nor in anything been improved; but that there is nowhere any improvement which can be credited to increased productive power. I mean that the tendency of what we call material progress is in nowise to improve the condition of the lowest class in the essentials of healthy, happy human life. Nay, more, that it is still further to depress the condition of the lowest class. The new forces, elevating

[1] It is true that the poorest may now in certain ways enjoy what the richest a century ago could not have commanded, but this does not show improvement of condition so long as the ability to obtain the necessaries of life is not increased. The beggar in a great city may enjoy many things from which the backwoods farmer is debarred, but that does not prove the condition of the city beggar better than that of the independent farmer.

in their nature though they be, do not act upon the social fabric from underneath, as was for a long time hoped and believed, but strike it at a point intermediate between top and bottom. It is as though an immense wedge were being forced, not underneath society, but through society. Those who are above the point of separation are elevated, but those who are below are crushed down.

This depressing effect is not generally realized, for it is not apparent where there has long existed a class just able to live. Where the lowest class barely lives, as has been the case for a long time in many parts of Europe, it is impossible for it to get any lower, for the next lowest step is out of existence, and no tendency to further depression can readily show itself. But in the progress of new settlements to the conditions of older communities it may clearly be seen that material progress does not merely fail to relieve poverty — it actually produces it. In the United States it is clear that squalor and misery, and the vices and crimes that spring from them, everywhere increase as the village grows to the city, and the march of development brings the advantages of the improved methods of production and exchange. It is in the older and richer sections of the Union that pauperism and distress among the working classes are becoming most painfully apparent. If there is less deep poverty in San Francisco than in New York, is it not because San Francisco is yet behind New York in all that both cities are striving for? When San Francisco reaches the point where New York now is, who can doubt that there will also be ragged and barefooted children on her streets?

This association of poverty with progress is the great enigma of our times. It is the central fact from which spring industrial, social, and political difficulties that perplex the world, and with which statesmanship and philanthropy and education grapple in vain. From it come the clouds that overhang the future of the most progressive and self-reliant nations. It is the riddle which the Sphinx of Fate puts to our civilization, and which not to answer is to be destroyed. So long as all the increased wealth which modern progress brings goes but to build up great fortunes, to increase luxury and make sharper the contrast between the House of Have and the House of Want, progress is not real and cannot be permanent. The reaction must come. The tower leans from its foundations, and every new story but hastens the final catastrophe. To educate men who must be condemned to poverty, is but to make them restive; to base on a state of most glaring social inequality political institutions under which men are theoretically equal, is to stand a pyramid on its apex.

All-important as this question is, pressing itself from every quarter painfully upon attention, it has not yet received a solution which accounts for all the facts and points to any clear and simple remedy. This is shown by the widely varying attempts to account for the prevailing depression. They exhibit not merely a divergence between vulgar notions and scientific theories, but also show that the concurrence which should exist between those who avow the same general theories breaks up upon practical questions into an anarchy of opinion. Upon high economic authority we have been told that the prevailing depression is due to over-consumption; upon equally high authority, that it is due to over-production; while the wastes of war, the extension of railroads, the attempts of workmen to keep up wages, the demonetization of silver, the issues of paper money, the increase of labor-saving machinery, the opening of shorter avenues to trade, etc., are separately pointed out as the cause, by writers of reputation.

And while professors thus disagree, the ideas that there is a necessary conflict between capital and labor, that machinery is an evil, that competition must be restrained and interest abolished, that wealth may be created by the issue of money, that it is the duty of government to furnish capital or to furnish work, are rapidly making way among the great body of the people, who keenly feel a hurt and are sharply conscious of a wrong. Such ideas, which bring great masses of men, the repositories of ultimate political power, under the leadership of charlatans and demagogues, are fraught with danger; but they cannot be successfully combated until political economy shall give some answer to the great question which shall be consistent with all her teachings, and which shall commend itself to the perceptions of the great masses of men.

It must be within the province of political economy to give such an answer. For political economy is not a set of dogmas. It is the explanation of a certain set of facts. It is the science which, in the sequence of certain phenomena, seeks to trace mutual relations and to identify cause and effect, just as the physical sciences seek to do in other sets of phenomena. It lays its foundations upon firm ground. The premises from which it makes its deductions are truths which have the highest sanction; axioms which we all recognize; upon which we safely base the reasoning and actions of every-day life, and which may be reduced to the metaphysical expression of the physical law that motion seeks the line of least resistance — viz., that men seek to gratify their desires with the least exertion. Proceeding

from a basis thus assured, its processes, which consist simply in identification and separation, have the same certainty. In this sense it is as exact a science as geometry, which, from similar truths relative to space, obtains its conclusions by similar means, and its conclusions when valid should be as self-apparent. And although in the domain of political economy we cannot test our theories by artificially produced combinations or conditions, as may be done in some of the other sciences, yet we can apply tests no less conclusive, by comparing societies in which different conditions exist, or by, in imagination, separating, combining, adding, or eliminating forces or factors of known direction.

I propose in the following pages to attempt to solve by the methods of political economy the great problem I have outlined. I propose to seek the law which associates poverty with progress, and increases want with advancing wealth; and I believe that in the explanation of this paradox we shall find the explanation of those recurring seasons of industrial and commercial paralysis which, viewed independently of their relations to more general phenomena, seem so inexplicable. Properly commenced and carefully pursued, such an investigation must yield a conclusion that will stand every test, and, as truth, will correlate with all other truth. For in the sequence of phenomena there is no accident. Every effect has a cause, and every fact implies a preceding fact.

That political economy, as at present taught, does not explain the persistence of poverty amid advancing wealth in a manner which accords with the deep-seared perceptions of men; that the unquestionable truths which it does teach are unrelated and disjointed; that it has failed to make the progress in popular thought that truth, even when unpleasant, must make; that, on the contrary, after a century of cultivation, during which it has engrossed the attention of some of the most subtle and powerful intellects, it should be spurned by the statesman, scouted by the masses, and relegated in the opinion of many educated and thinking men to the rank of a pseudo-science in which nothing is fixed or can be fixed — must, it seems to me, be due not to any inability of the science when properly pursued, but to some false step in its premises, or overlooked factor in its estimates. And as such mistakes are generally concealed by the respect paid to authority, I propose in this inquiry to take nothing for granted, but to bring even accepted theories to the test of first principles, and should they not stand the test, freshly to interrogate facts in the endeavor to discover their law.

I propose to beg no question, to shrink from no conclusion, but to follow truth wherever it may lead. Upon us is the responsibility of seeking the law, for in the very heart of our civilization to-day women faint and little children moan. But what that law may prove to be is not our affair. If the conclusions that we reach run counter to our prejudices, let us not flinch; if they challenge institutions that have long been deemed wise and natural, let us not turn back.

THE REMEDY

From (Progress and Poverty.) Copyright by Doubleday, Page and Co., and reprinted by their permission.

WE have traced the want and suffering that everywhere prevail among the working classes, the recurring paroxysms of industrial depression, the scarcity of employment, the stagnation of capital, the tendency of wages to the starvation point, that exhibit themselves more and more strongly as material progress goes on, to the fact that the land on which and from which all must live is made the exclusive property of some.

We have seen that there is no possible remedy for these evils but the abolition of their cause; we have seen that private property in land has no warrant in justice, but stands condemned as the denial of natural right — a subversion of the law of nature that as social development goes on must condemn the masses of men to a slavery the hardest and most degrading.

We have weighed every objection, and seen that neither on the ground of equity or expediency is there anything to deter us from making land common property by confiscating rent.

But a question of method remains. How shall we do it?

We should satisfy the law of justice, we should meet all economic requirements, by at one stroke abolishing all private titles, declaring all land public property, and letting it out to the highest bidders in lots to suit, under such conditions as would sacredly guard the private right to improvements.

Thus we should secure, in a more complex state of society, the same equality of rights that in a ruder state were secured by equal partitions of the soil, and by giving the use of the land to whoever could procure the most from it, we should secure the greatest production.

Such a plan, instead of being a wild, impracticable vagary, has

(with the exception that he suggests compensation to the present holders of land — undoubtedly a careless concession which he upon reflection would reconsider) been indorsed by no less eminent a thinker than Herbert Spencer, who («Social Statics», Chap. ix., Sec. 8) says of it:

«Such a doctrine is consistent with the highest state of civilization; may be carried out without involving a community of goods, and need cause no very serious revolution in existing arrangements. The change required would simply be a change of landlords. Separate ownership would merge into the joint-stock ownership of the public. Instead of being in the possession of individuals, the country would be held by the great corporate body — society. Instead of leasing his acres from an isolated proprietor, the farmer would lease them from the nation. Instead of paying his rent to the agent of Sir John or his Grace, he would pay it to an agent or deputy agent of the community. Stewards would be public officials instead of private ones, and tenancy the only land tenure. A state of things so ordered would be in perfect harmony with the moral law. Under it all men would be equally landlords, all men would be alike free to become tenants. . . . Clearly, therefore, on such a system, the earth might be enclosed, occupied, and cultivated, in entire subordination to the law of equal freedom.»

But such a plan, though perfectly feasible, does not seem to me the best. Or rather I propose to accomplish the same thing in a simpler, easier, and quieter way, than that of formally confiscating all the land and formally letting it out to the highest bidders.

To do that would involve a needless shock to present customs and habits of thoughts — which is to be avoided.

To do that would involve a needless extension of governmental machinery — which is to be avoided.

It is an axiom of statesmanship, which the successful founders of tyranny have understood and acted upon — that great changes can best be brought about under old forms. We, who would free men, should heed the same truth. It is the natural method. When nature would make a higher type, she takes a lower one and develops it. This, also, is the law of social growth. Let us work by it. With the current we may glide fast and far. Against it, it is hard pulling and slow progress.

I do not propose either to purchase or to confiscate private property in land. The first would be unjust; the second, needless. Let the individuals who now hold it still retain, if they want to,

possession of what they are pleased to call *their* land. Let them continue to call it *their* land. Let them buy and sell, and bequeath and devise it. We may safely leave them the shell, if we take the kernel. *It is not necessary to confiscate land; it is only necessary to confiscate rent.*

Nor to take rent for public uses is it necessary that the state should bother with the letting of lands, and assume the chances of the favoritism, collusion, and corruption this might involve. It is not necessary that any new machinery should be created. The machinery already exists. Instead of extending it, all we have to do is to simplify and reduce it. By leaving to landowners a percentage of rent which would probably be much less than the cost and loss involved in attempting to rent lands through state agency, and by making use of this existing machinery, we may, without jar or shock, assert the common right to land by taking rent for public uses.

We already take some rent in taxation. We have only to make some changes in our modes of taxation to take it all.

What I, therefore, propose, as the simple yet sovereign remedy, which will raise wages, increase the earnings of capital, extirpate pauperism, abolish poverty, give remunerative employment to whoever wishes it, afford free scope to human powers, lessen crime, elevate morals, and taste, and intelligence, purify government and carry civilization to yet nobler heights, is — *to appropriate rent by taxation.*

In this way the state may become the universal landlord without calling herself so, and without assuming a single new function. In form, the ownership of land would remain just as now. No owner of land need be dispossessed, and no restriction need be placed upon the amount of land anyone could hold. For, rent being taken by the state, in taxes, land, no matter in whose name it stood, or in what parcels it was held, would be really common property, and every member of the community would participate in the advantages of its ownership.

Now insomuch as the taxation of rent, or land values, must necessarily be increased just as we abolish other taxes, we may put the proposition into practical form by proposing —

To abolish all taxation save that upon land values.

As we have seen, the value of land is at the beginning of society nothing, but as society develops by the increase of population and the advance of the arts, it becomes greater and greater. In every

civilized country, even the newest, the value of the land taken as a whole is sufficient to bear the entire expenses of government. In the better developed countries it is much more than sufficient. Hence it will not be enough merely to place all taxes upon the value of land. It will be necessary, where rent exceeds the present governmental revenues, commensurately to increase the amount demanded in taxation, and to continue this increase as society progresses and rent advances. But this is so natural and easy a matter, that it may be considered as involved, or at least understood, in the proposition to put all taxes on the value of land. That is the first step, upon which the practical struggle must be made. When the hare is once caught and killed, cooking him will follow as a matter of course. When the common right to land is so far appreciated that all taxes are abolished save those which fall upon rent, there is no danger of much more than is necessary to induce them to collect the public revenues being left to individual landholders.

Experience has taught me (for I have been for some years endeavoring to popularize this proposition) that wherever the idea of concentrating all taxation upon land values finds lodgment sufficient to induce consideration, it invariably makes way, but that there are few of the classes most to be benefited by it, who at first, or even for a long time afterward, see its full significance and power. It is difficult for workingmen to get over the idea that there is a real antagonism between capital and labor. It is difficult for small farmers and homestead owners to get over the idea that to put all taxes on the value of land would be unduly to tax them. It is difficult for both classes to get over the idea that to exempt capital from taxation would be to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer. These ideas spring from confused thought. But behind ignorance and prejudice there is a powerful interest, which has hitherto dominated literature, education, and opinion. A great wrong always dies hard, and the great wrong which in every civilized country condemns the masses of men to poverty and want will not die without a bitter struggle.

GESTA ROMANORUM

WHAT are the 'Gesta Romanorum'? The most curious and interesting of all collections of popular tales. Negatively, one thing they are not: that is, they are not *Deeds of the Romans*, the acts of the heirs of the Cæsars. All such allusions are the purest fantasy. The great "citee of Rome," and some oddly dubbed emperor thereof, indeed the entire background, are in truth as unhistorical and imaginary as the tale itself.

Such stories are very old. So far back did they spring that it would be idle to conjecture their origin. In the centuries long before Caxton, the centuries before manuscript-writing filled up the leisure hours of the monks, the 'Gesta,' both in the Orient and in the Occident, were brought forth. Plain, direct, and unvarnished, they are the form in which the men of ideas of those rude times approached and entertained, by accounts of human joy and woe, their brother men of action. Every race of historic importance, from the eastern Turanians to the western Celts, has produced such legends. Sometimes they delight the lover of folk-lore; sometimes they belong to the Dryasdust antiquarian. But our 'Gesta,' with their directness and naïveté, with their occasional beauty of diction and fine touches of sympathy and imagination,—even with their Northern lack of grace,—are properly a part of literature. In these 'Deeds' is found the plot or ground-plan of such master works as 'King Lear' and the 'Merchant of Venice,' and the first cast of material refined by Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, Schiller, and other writers.

Among the people in mediæval times such tales evidently passed from mouth to mouth. They were the common food of fancy and delight to our forefathers, as they gathered round the fire in stormy weather. Their recital enlivened the women's unnumbered hours of spinning, weaving, and embroidery. As the short days of the year came on, there must have been calls for 'The Knights of Baldak and Lombardy,' 'The Three Caskets,' or 'The White and Black Daughters,' as nowadays we go to our book-shelves for the stories that the race still loves, and ungraciously enjoy the silent telling.

Such folk-stories as those in the 'Gesta' are in the main made of, must have passed from district to district and even from nation to nation, by many channels,—chief among them the constant wanderings of monks and minstrels,—becoming the common heritage of many peoples, and passing from secular to sacerdotal use. The

mediæval Church, with the acuteness that characterized it, seized on the pretty tales, and adding to them the moralizing which a crude system of ethics enjoined, carried its spoils to the pulpit. Even the fables of pagan Æsop were thus employed.

In the twelfth century the ecclesiastical forces were appropriating to their use whatever secular rights and possessions came within their grasp. A common ardor permitted and sustained this aggrandizement, and the devotion that founded and swelled the mendicant orders of Francis and Dominic, and led the populace to carry with prayers and psalm-singing the stones of which great cathedrals were built, readily gave their hearth-tales to illustrate texts and inculcate doctrines. A habit of interpreting moral and religious precepts by allegory led to the far-fetched, sometimes droll, and always naïve "moralities" which commonly follow each one of the 'Gesta.' The more popular the tale, the more easily it held the attention; and the priests with telling directness brought home the moral to the simple-minded. The innocent joys and sad offenses of humanity interpreted the Church's whole system of theology, and the stories, committed to writing by the priests, were thus preserved.

The secular tales must have been used in the pulpit for some time before their systematic collection was undertaken. The zeal for compiling probably reached its height in the age of Pierre Bercheure, who died in 1362. To Bercheure, prior of the Benedictine Convent of St. Eloi at Paris, the collection of 'Gesta Romanorum' has been ascribed. A German scholar, however, Herr Österley, who published in 1872 the result of an investigation of one hundred and sixty-five manuscripts, asserts that the 'Gesta' were originally compiled towards the end of the thirteenth century in England, from which country they were taken to the Continent, there undergoing various alterations. "The popularity of the original 'Gesta,'" says Sir F. Madden, "not only on the Continent but among the English clergy, appears to have induced some person, apparently in the reign of Richard the Second, to undertake a similar compilation in this country." The 'Anglo-Latin Gesta' is the immediate original of the early English translation from which the following stories are taken, with slight verbal changes.

The word *Gesta*, in mediæval Latin, means notable or historic act or exploit. The Church, drawing all power, consequence, and grace from Rome, naturally looked back to the Roman empire for historic examples. In this fact we find the reason of the name. The tales betray an entire ignorance of history. In one, for example, a statue is raised to Julius Cæsar twenty-two years after the founding of Rome; while in another, Socrates, Alexander, and the Emperor Claudius are living together in Rome.

It is a pleasant picture which such legends bring before our eyes. The old parish church of England, which with its yards is a common meeting-place for the people's fairs and wakes, and even for their beer-brewing; the simple rustics forming the congregation; the tonsured head of the priest rising above the pulpit,—a monk from the neighboring abbey, who earns his brown bread and ale and venison by endeavors to move the moral sentiments which lie at the root of the Anglo-Saxon character and beneath the apparent stolidity of each yokel. Many of the tales are unfit for reproduction in our more mincing times. The faithlessness of wives — with no reference whatever to the faithlessness of husbands — is a favorite theme with these ancient cenobites.

It is possible, Herr Österley thinks, that the conjecture of Francis Douce may be true, and the 'Gesta' may after all have been compiled in Germany. But the bulk of the evidence goes to prove an English origin. The earliest editions were published at Utrecht and at Cologne. The English translation, from the text of the Latin of the reign of Richard II., was first printed by Wynkyn de Worde between 1510 and 1515. In 1577 Richard Robinson published a revised edition of Wynkyn de Worde's. The work became again popular, and between 1648 and 1703 at least eight issues were sold. An English translation by Charles Swan from the Latin text was first published in 1824, and reissued under the editorship of Thomas Wright in 1872 as a part of Bohn's Library.

THEODOSIUS THE EMPEROURE*

THEODOSIUS reigned a wise emperour in the cite of Rome, and mighty he was of power; the which emperoure had three doughters. So it liked to this emperour to knowe which of his doughters loved him best; and then he said to the eldest doughter, "How much lovest thou me?" "Forsoth," quoth she, "more than I do myself." "Therefore," quoth he, "thou shalt be heighly advanced;" and married her to a riche and mighty kyng. Then he came to the second, and said to her, "Doughter, how muche lovest thou me?" "As muche forsoth," she said, "as I do myself." So the emperoure married her to a duke. And then he said to the third doughter, "How much lovest thou me?" "Forsoth," quoth she, "as muche as ye be worthy, and no more." Then said the emperoure, "Doughter, since thou lovest me no more, thou shalt not be married so richely as thy sisters be." And then he married her to an earl.

*The story of King Lear and his three daughters.

After this it happened that the emperour held battle against the Kyng of Egipt, and the kyng drove the emperour oute of the empire, in so muche that the emperour had no place to abide inne. So he wrote lettres ensealed with his ryng to his first doughter that said that she loved him more than her self, for to pray her of succoring in that great need, bycause he was put out of his empire. And when the doughter had red these lettres she told it to the kyng her husband. Then quoth the kyng, "It is good that we succor him in his need. I shall," quoth he, "gather an host and help him in all that I can or may; and that will not be done withoute great costage." "Yea," quoth she, "it were sufficiant if that we would graunt him V knyghtes to be fellowship with him while he is oute of his empire." And so it was done indeed; and the doughter wrote again to the fader that other help might he not have, but V knyghtes of the kynges to be in his fellowship, at the coste of the kyng her husband.

And when the emperour heard this he was hevy in his hert and said, "Alas! alas! all my trust was in her; for she said she loved me more than herself, and therefore I advanced her so high."

Then he wrote to the second, that said she loved him as much as her self. And when she had herd his lettres she shewed his erand to her husband, and gave him in counsel that he should find him mete and drink and clothing, honestly as for the state of such a lord, during tyme of his nede; and when this was graunted she wrote lettres agein to hir fadir.

The Emperour was hevy with this answere, and said, "Since my two doughters have thus grieved me, in sooth I shall prove the third."

And so he wrote to the third that she loved him as muche as he was worthy; and prayed her of succor in his nede, and told her the answere of her two sisters. So the third doughter, when she considered the mischief of her fader, she told her husbond in this fourme: "My worshipful lord, do succor me now in this great nede; my fadir is put out of his empire and his heritage." Then spake he, "What were thy will I did thereto?" "That ye gather a great host," quoth she, "and help him to fight against his enemys." "I shall fulfill thy will," said the earl; and gathered a greate hoste and wente with the emperour at his owne costage to the battle, and had the victorye, and set the emperour again in his heritage.

And then said the emperour, "Blessed be the hour I gat my yonest doughter! I loved her lesse than any of the others, and now in my nede she hath succored me, and the others have failed me, and therefore after my deth she shall have mine empire." And so it was done in dede; for after the deth of the emperour the youngest doughter reigned in his sted, and ended peacefully.

Moralite

Dere Frendis, this emperour may be called each worldly man, the which hath three doughters. The first doughter, that saith, "I love my fadir more than my self," is the worlde, whom a man loveth so well that he expendeth all his life about it; but what tyme he shall be in nede of deth, scarcely if the world will for all his love give him five knyghtes, *scil.* v. boards for a coffin to lay his body inne in the sepulcre. The second doughter, that loveth her fader as muche as her selfe, is thy wife or thy children or thy kin, the whiche will haply find thee in thy nede to the tyme that thou be put in the erthe. And the third doughter, that loveth thee as muche as thou art worthy, is our Lord God, whom we love too little. But if we come to him in tyme of oure nede with a clene hert and mynd, withoute doute we shall have help of him against the Kyng of Egipt, *scil.* the Devil; and he shall set us in our owne heritage, *scil.* the kyngdome of heven. *Ad quod nos* [etc.].

ANCELMUS THE EMPEROUR*

Ancelmus reigned emperour in the cite of Rome, and he wedded to wife the Kinges doughter of Jerusalem, the which was a faire woman and long dwelte in his company. . . . Happing in a certaine evening as he walked after his supper in a fair green, and thought of all the worlde, and especially that he had no heir, and how that the Kinge of Naples strongly therefore noyed [harmed] him each year; and so whenne it was night he went to bed and took a sleep and dreamed this: He saw the firmament in its most clearnesse, and more clear than it was wont to be, and the moon was more pale; and on a parte of the moon was a faire-colored bird, and beside her stood

*The story of the three caskets in 'The Merchant of Venice.'

two beasts, the which nourished the bird with their heat and breath. After this came divers beasts and birds flying, and they sang so sweetly that the emperour was with the song awaked.

Thenne on the morrow the emperoure had great marvel of his sweven [dream], and called to him divinours [soothsayers] and lords of all the empire, and saide to them, "Deere frendes, telleth me what is the interpretation of my sweven, and I shall reward you; and but if ye do, ye shall be dead." And then they saide, "Lord, show to us this dream, and we shall tell thee the interpretation of it." And then the emperour told them as is saide before, from beginning to ending. And then they were glad, and with a great gladnesse spake to him and saide, "Sir, this was a good sweven. For the firmament that thou sawe so clear is the empire, the which henceforth shall be in prosperity; the pale moon is the empresse. . . . The little bird is the faire son whom the empresse shall bryng forth, when time cometh; the two beasts been riche men and wise men that shall be obedient to thy childe; the other beasts been other folke, that never made homage and nowe shall be subject to thy sone; the birds that sang so sweetly is the empire of Rome, that shall joy of thy child's birth: and sir, this is the interpretacion of your dream."

When the empresse heard this she was glad enough; and soon she bare a faire sone, and thereof was made much joy. And when the King of Naples heard that, he thought to himselfe: "I have longe time holden war against the emperour, and it may not be but that it will be told to his son, when that he cometh to his full age, howe that I have fought all my life against his fader. Yea," thought he, "he is now a child, and it is good that I procure for peace, that I may have rest of him when he is in his best and I in my worste."

So he wrote lettres to the emperour for peace to be had; and the emperour seeing that he did that more for cause of dread than of love, he sent him worde again, and saide that he would make him surety of peace, with condition that he would be in his servitude and yield him homage all his life, each year. Thenne the kyng called his counsel and asked of them what was best to do; and the lordes of his kyngdom saide that it was goode to follow the emperour in his will:—"In the first ye aske of him surety of peace; to that we say thus: Thou hast a doughter and he hath a son; let matrimony be made between them, and so

there shall be good sikernesse [sureness]; also it is good to make him homage and yield him rents." Thenne the kyng sent word to the emperour and saide that he would fulfill his will in all points, and give his doughter to his son in wife, if that it were pleasing to him.

This answer liked well the emperour. So lettres were made of this covenaunt; and he made a shippe to be adeyned [prepared], to lead his doughter with a certain of knightes and ladies to the emperour to be married with his sone. And whenne they were in the shippe and hadde far passed from the lande, there rose up a great horrible tempest, and drowned all that were in the ship, except the maid. Thenne the maide set all her hope strongly in God; and at the last the tempest ceased; but then followed strongly a great whale to devoure this maid. And whenne she saw that, she muche dreaded; and when the night come, the maid, dreading that the whale would have swallowed the ship, smote fire at a stone, and had great plenty of fire; and as long as the fire lasted the whale durst come not near, but about cock's crow the mayde, for great vexacion that she had with the tempest, fell asleep, and in her sleep the fire went out; and when it was out the whale came nigh and swallowed both the ship and the mayde. And when the mayde felt that she was in the womb of a whale, she smote and made great fire, and grievously wounded the whale with a little knife, in so much that the whale drew to the land and died; for that is the kind to draw to the land when he shall die.

And in this time there was an earl named Pirius, and he walked in his disport by the sea, and afore him he sawe the whale come toward the land. He gathered great help and strength of men; and with diverse instruments they smote the whale in every part of him. And when the damsell heard the great strokes she cried with an high voice and saide, "Gentle sirs, have pity on me, for I am the doughter of a king, and a mayde have been since I was born." Whenne the earl heard this he marveled greatly, and opened the whale and took oute the damsell. Thenne the maide tolde by order how that she was a kyng's doughter, and how she lost her goods in the sea, and how she should be married to the son of the emperour. And when the earl heard these words he was glad, and helde the maide with him a great while, till tyme that she was well comforted; and then he sent her solemnly to the emperour. And

whenne he saw her coming, and heard that she had tribulacions in the sea, he had great compassion for her in his heart, and saide to her, "Goode damsell, thou hast suffered muche anger for the love of my son; nevertheless, if that thou be worthy to have him I shall soon prove."

The emperour had made III. vessells, and the first was of clean [pure] golde and full of precious stones outwarde, and within full of dead bones; and it had a superscription in these words: *They that choose me shall find in me that they deserve.* The second vessell was all of clean silver, and full of worms: and outwarde it had this superscription: *They that choose me shall find in me that nature and kind desireth.* And the third vessell was of lead and within was full of precious stones, and without was set this scripture [inscription]: *They that choose me shall find in me that God hath disposed.* These III. vessells tooke the emperour and showed the maide, saying, "Lo! deer damsell, here are three worthy vessellys, and if thou choose [the] one of these wherein is profit and right to be chosen, then thou shalt have my son to husband; and if thou choose that that is not profitable to thee nor to no other, forsooth, thenne thou shalt not have him."

Whenne the doughter heard this and saw the three vessells, she lifted up her eyes to God and saide:—"Thou, Lord, that knowest all things, graunt me thy grace now in the need of this time, *scil.* that I may choose at this time, wherethrough [through which] I may joy the son of the emperour and have him to husband." Thenne she beheld the first vessell that was so subtly [cunningly] made, and read the superscription; and thenne she thought, "What have I deserved for to have so precious a vessell? and though it be never so gay without, I know not how foul it is within;" so she tolde the emperour that she would by no way choose that. Thenne she looked to the second, that was of silver, and read the superscription; and thenne she said, "My nature and kind asketh but delectation of the flesh, forsooth, sir," quoth she; "and I refuse this." Thenne she looked to the third, that was of lead, and read the superscription, and then she saide, "In sooth, God disposed never evil; forsooth, that which God hath disposed will I take and choose."

And when the emperour sawe that he saide, "Goode damesell, open now that vessell and see what thou hast found." And when it was opened it was full of gold and precious stones.

And thenne the emperour saide to her again, "Damesell, thou hast wisely chosen and won my son to thine husband." So the day was set of their bridal, and great joy was made; and the son reigned after the decease of the fadir, the which made faire ende. *Ad quod nos perducat!* Amen.

Moralite

Deere frendis, this emperour is the Father of Heaven, the whiche made man ere he tooke flesh. The empress that conceived was the blessed Virgin, that conceived by the annunciation of the angel. The firmament was set in his most clearnesse, *scil.* the world was lighted in all its parts by the concepcion of the empress Our Lady. . . . The little bird that passed from the side of the moon is our Lord Jesus Christ, that was born at midnight and lapped [wrapped] in clothes and set in the crib. The two beasts are the oxen and the asses. The beasts that come from far parts are the herds [shepherds] to whom the angels saide, *Ecce annuncio vobis gaudium magnum*, — "Lo! I shew you a great joy." The birds that sang so sweetly are angels of heaven, that sang *Gloria in excelsis Deo.* The king that held such war is mankind, that was contrary to God while that it was in power of the Devil; but when our Lord Jesus Christ was born, then mankind inclined to God, and sent for peace to be had, when he took baptism and saide that he gave him to God and forsook the Devil. Now the king gave his doughter to the son of the emperour, *scil.* each one of us ought to give to God our soul in matrimony; for he is ready to receive her to his spouse [etc.].

HOW AN ANCHORESS WAS TEMPTED BY THE DEVIL

There was a woman some time in the world living that sawe the wretchedness, the sins, and the unstableness that was in the worlde; therefore she left all the worlde, and wente into the deserte, and lived there many years with roots and grasse, and such fruit as she might gete; and dranke water of the wellespryng, for othere livelihood had she none. Atte laste, when she had longe dwelled there in that place, the Devil in likenesse of a woman, come to this holy woman's place; and when he come there he knocked at the door. The holy woman come to the door and

asked what she would? She saide, "I pray thee, dame, that thou wilt harbor me this night; for this day is at an end, and I am afeard that wild beasts should devour me." The good woman saide, "For God's love ye are welcome to me; and take such as God sendeth." They sat them down together, and the good woman sat and read saints' lives and other good things, till she come to this writing, "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be caste downe, and burnt in helle." "That is sooth," saide the Fiend, "and therefore I am adread; for if we lead oure life alone, therefore we shall have little meed, for when we dwelle alone we profit none but oure self. Therefore it were better, me thinketh, to go and dwelle among folke, for to give example to man and woman dwelling in this worlde. Then shall we have much meed." When this was saide they went to reste. This good woman thought faste in her heart that she might not sleep nor have no rest, for the thing that the Fiend had said. Anon this woman arose and saide to the other woman, "This night might I have no reste for the words that thou saide yester even. Therefore I wot never what is best to be done for us." Then the Devil said to her again, "It is best to go forth to profit to othere that shall be glad of oure coming, for that is much more worth than to live alone." Then saide the woman to the Fiend, "Go we now forthe on oure way, for me thinketh it is not evil to essay." And when she should go oute at the door, she stood still, and said thus, "Now, sweet Lady, Mother of mercy, and help at all need, now counsell me the beste, and keep me both body and soule from deadly sin." When she had said these words with good heart and with good will, oure Lady come and laide her hande on her breast, and put her in again, and bade her that she should abide there, and not be led by falsehood of oure Enemy. The Fiend anon went away that she saw him no more there. Then she was full fain that she was kept and not beguiled of her enemy. Then she said on this wise to oure Blessed Lady that is full of mercy and goodnesse, "I thanke thee nowe with all my heart, specially for this keeping and many more that thou hast done to me oft since; and good Lady, keep me from henceforward." Lo! here may men and women see how ready this good Lady is to help her servants at all their need, when they call to her for help, that they fall not in sin bestirring of the wicked enemy the false Fiend.

DISCARDED
BETHANY
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

808.8
W244
v. 10

4113